THE

YOUNG PHILOSOPHER:

A NOVEL.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

By CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Of MAN, when warm'd by Reaſon's pureſt ray,
No ſlave of Avarice, no tool of Pride;
When no vain Science led his mind aſtray,
But NATURE was his law, and GOD his guide.

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THE

YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

CHAP. I.

Pour moi je n'ai point de ſyſteme à ſoutenir, moi, homme ſimple et vrai, que la fureur d'aucun partie n'entraine.

MR. ARMITAGE, ſending up a meſſage that he was a ſtranger, who waited upon her about buſineſs, was admitted to Mrs. Crewkherne. Had he given his name to the ſervant, ſhe would certainly have refuſed him an audience; ſhe expreſſed herſelf very much ſurpriſed when he announced himſelf; for notwithſtanding the virulence of her animoſity againſt him, ſhe did not know him even by ſight.

The good lady was in her dreſſing-

room, and with her was one of thoſe men who ſeem to have taken in ſome houſes the place formerly occupied by the director and confeſſor. Mr. Armitage, from his countenance and appearance, immediately gueſſed what he was; but as he wiſhed the whole world, had it been poſſible, might witneſs what he had to ſay, he heſitated not to addreſs himſelf immediately to Mrs. Crewkherne on the ſubject of his viſit.

"I came to you, Madam," ſaid he, "to remonſtrate with you. It will not be eaſily poſſible for me to forget that there is a certain degree of reſpect due to your age and your ſex; but as a human being, as a perſon who has, without any provocation, done me the greateſt injury in your power, I mean not to diſſemble my ſentiments."

"I, Sir!" interrupted the lady, her voice trembling, and her complection aſſuming a deep orange hue; "I injured you! Sir, what do you mean? I never ſaw you that I know of, I am ſure, in my life before."

"Had

"Had the malice with which, notwithſtanding you never ſaw me before, you have inceſſantly purſued me," ſaid Armitage coolly, "been levelled againſt me as an individual, I ſhould never have taken the trouble to have ſpoken to you; but your unprovoked aſſaults may have been of ſerious conſequence to an innocent and excellent woman; to a young and lovely girl her daughter. Theſe ladies you never ſaw, or at leaſt obtained a ſight of them only by impertinent and unjuſtifiable intruſion on their ſolitude."

Mrs. Crewkherne, whoſe wrath had began to conquer her fears at the words *age* and *ſex*, now found it riſing to a degree not eaſy to be reſtrained.

"Upon my word, Sir, you take great liberties," cried ſhe. "Very extraordinary indeed, that *I* am to be inſulted in this manner."

"I mean not to inſult you, Madam —I only intend to put an end to the unwarrantable conduct by which you have injured others. Why, Madam, did

you aſſume it as a fact, that Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter were people of doubtful character?"

"Since you oblige me to ſpeak, *I will* then. I ſaid ſo, Mr. Armitage, becauſe I was told ſo; and becauſe . . . becauſe . . . why becauſe that nobody could ſuppoſe that a woman of any faſhion, of any character and reputation, would conceal herſelf clandeſtinely in a . . . a ſort of an obſcure, mean place, as if ſhe had ſome bad deſign in view—and I ſuppoſe you wont *proſecute* me—as I am free to ſay what all the world ſays—as free, I hope, as another—I ſuppoſe it is no ſcandal to ſay, that every body knows your name is not very good, and that it was not very likely any perſon who was very nice about their reputation would put themſelves into the care of a perſon of your character."

"Since *my* character then," replied Armitage, "thus becomes the means of injury to my friends, it is worth my while to aſk you, my good lady, what parts of it have the misfortune to be ſo diſpleaſing to you?"

"All,

"All, Sir, let me tell you, all. I am aſſured that you are an atheiſt, a deiſt, a freethinker, an illuminy; I don't know what, not I; a jacobin, and a republican."

The grave perſonage that ſat by turned up his eyes, lifted up his hands, and uttered a deep groan.

Armitage ſmiled.—"Really, Madam," ſaid he, "theſe charges are ſo numerous, and ſo heavy, that I hardly know where to begin my defence. I fear too," turning a little towards Mr. Habbukkuc Cramp, (the man who ſat by) "that my audience are not very favourably diſpoſed towards me. Firſt, however, I muſt beg leave to remark, that I cannot be both an atheiſt and a deiſt."

"I don't ſee why not—I am ſure there are people that go the length of being every thing that's bad and abominable."

"I don't imagine you expect that I ſhould make to you, or this gentleman,

a confeſſion of my faith; but I beg leave to aſſure you, that I am not only not an atheiſt myſelf, but that I do not believe any man exiſts who will ſincerely aſſert himſelf to be one. I ſpeak not of fools or coxcombs, who may fancy ſome daring deviation from common ſenſe, or ſome wild ſyſtem, of which they underſtand nothing, gives them a ſort of conſequence with the ignorant and ſuperficial; I ſpeak of men of ſolid underſtanding and ſober reflexion; I beg leave therefore to aſſure you I am not of that deſcription of men called atheiſts. If you will give me leave to quote a play, which was written by one of the beſt and moſt pious men of the laſt age, I would ſay in his words:

If there's a power above us,
(And that there is all nature cries aloud
Through all her works) he muſt delight in virtue*.

And the queſtion what that virtue is, in which a benevolent and omnipotent being muſt delight, ſeems to me as clear

* Addiſon, in Cato.

as

as the indiſputable fact of his exiſtence. I imagine that our way to pleaſe God is, to do all the good that is in our power to his creatures; never wilfully or wantonly to hurt or injure one of them; never, that we may gratify ourſelves as individuals, violate that immutable law which he has given to every man—a ſenſe of rectitude we have agreed to call conſcience—Conſcience, which till it is ſtifled, and at length deſtroyed by ſophiſtry and falſehood, is implanted in the breaſt of every human being who has common ſenſe."

Mrs. Crewkherne here teſtified marks of extreme impatience, and Mr. Habbukkuk Cramp ſeemed very uneaſy in his chair; but Armitage not appearing to notice their inquietude, proceeded.

"Now, Madam, I have really ſpoken more on this ſubject than I ſhould have thought worth my while, if this declaration of my opinion did not lead to an inference in regard to the perſon on whoſe account I came hither. Theſe

being my ſentiments, and theſe the maxims by which I govern myſelf, I am the laſt man in the world who would rob another of his honour or his peace; I ſhould moſt certainly conſider it as a great crime to deprive a ſtranger of the affection of the woman he loved, but to injure my *friend*, the *friend* who truſted me, who made me the temporary guardian of thoſe who conſtituted the ſole happineſs of his life! to become the baſeſt of all traitors, to violate the ſacred charge he has given me! There *have been*, I believe, hypocrites, and even men profeſſing unuſual piety, who have committed ſuch crimes. They are ſaid to have ways of appeaſing this conſcience, this internal monitor, and that ſometimes the loud declamation of the pulpit, or the preſcriptive clamour of the bar, are engaged to bribe it to ſilence—but *I* find nothing proceding from either, that would be capable of reconciling *me* to myſelf, if I broke through the fundamental rule of all religion and all morality — Do unto

others

others as thou would'ſt they ſhould do unto thee."

"Humph!" cried Mrs. Crewkherne, "I ſee the wolf *can* put on ſheep's clothing —I ſpeak my mind, Sir. *You* can quote ſcripture as well as plays. I am ſure it's a ſhame, if you don't follow it more, that you know it at all."

"I not only know it, Madam, but have ſtudied it, as well as my time and means have permitted, and I dare venture to recommend ſundry excellent maxims to you, particularly all that relates to lying and ſlandering; to taking away the fair name of innocent and blameleſs perſons, and that merely to gratify a paltry deſire of lowering them, which, if your pride was not ſo remarkable a feature in your character, one might ſuppoſe to be, becauſe you *felt* their ſuperiority."

"There is no bearing this inſolence!" exclaimed Mrs. Crewkherne, hardly able to reſtrain tears of malevolent rage, which might well have become the iron cheeks of Alecto.—"Mr. Cramp, I am at a loſs

to underſtand how you can ſit ſilent, and ſee me ſo affronted."

"Indeed, Mr. Archimage," ſnuffled the preacher of the tabernacle—"Indeed, Sir, this is very odd behaviour—to a lady, ſo reſpectable and worthy a lady, in her own apartment and *ous!*—I don't, Sir—I ſay, Sir, I don't, Sir, I can't, Sir, underſtand why you pertend for to perſume on any ſuch like freedom; and I begs leave...."

"I have nothing to do with you, Doctor. Pray do not interpoſe. What I have to ſay to this lady is for her good—you know that humility and charity are among the virtues it is your practice to enforce.—Mrs. Crewkherne is not yet too old to liſten to lectures on any of the cardinal virtues, and ſhe will now be ſo good as to hear me, remembering that ſhe has been the aggreſſor.—Beſides, Sir, the lady, as I recollect, has not heard my vindication of the other charges ſhe brought againſt me, and it is an equitable maxim, which you have undoubtedly been taught

taught at ſchool, to hear before you give judgment. I think, Madam, that beſides the names I have diſclaimed, you were pleaſed to ſay I was a freethinker, an illuminé—a ſomething elſe which I had not the honour to underſtand, a jacobin and a republican—and firſt of the firſt.

"If you mean by a freethinker, that I venture to think on every topic of human enquiry, and moſt on thoſe which ſeem moſt to involve the happineſs or miſery of my ſpecies, I muſt plead guilty to the charge; but I hope and believe there is no turpitude annexed to the uſe of that faculty with which God has diſtinguiſhed man above the reſt of his creatures. I claim the boundleſs uſe of this power of thinking, of this power of enquiry; but I by no means am offended at thoſe who find more convenience and eaſe in letting their own faculties in this way lie dormant, and commiſſion others to think for them; they may be very good ſort of people, and fit for five hundred excellent purpoſes. Not

a ſentence ſhall I ever utter, not a line ſhall I ever write to diſturb their quieſcent tranquillity, and all I aſk of them is, that if I do not perplex them by putting it into *their heads* to exerciſe this troubleſome quality, *they* would generouſly permit *me* to make what uſe I pleaſe of my own, which certainly in that caſe (if it is a bad thing to do) can hurt nobody but myſelf. Having allowed then, that if to be a freethinker is not to think always as I am bid by thoſe who perhaps know no more than myſelf, I muſt ſubmit to that appellation. The third count is, I believe, that I am an illuminé. I have read one nonſenſical book on that ſubject, and tried to read another, but it was ſo childiſh and fooliſh, and I ſo little comprehended what the author means to eſtabliſh, that I could not get through it. If you, Madam, or if you, Sir, who doubtleſs are better informed, will have the goodneſs to acquaint me what an illuminé means, I will tell you whether I belong to the ſect or no; but at preſent

I know

I know not how I can be a member of a party whoſe maxims I am ſo far from underſtanding, that I doubt the very exiſtence of the ſociety itſelf. It ſeems to me to be a chimera raiſed to terrify the credulous with apprehenſions of plots and machinations imagined by they know not whom, they know not where; and whatever is involved in myſtery and obſcurity always impreſſes a ſort of dread which no ſpecified and diſtinct object of alarm could effect. The next charge againſt me (but really they are ſo grave and numerous that I ought to have taken notes); the next charges againſt me are, that I am a democrate and a jacobin. An explanation of each moſt alarming term is almoſt as neceſſary to me as an explanation of the former. I remember, when I was a boy, hearing in every ſociety a vaſt deal about whigs and tories, though the names were then becoming more obſolete than they had been ſome years before — I read even more than I heard about them, and Fielding and Smollet introduced the mention of parties

parties ſo diſtinguiſhed into novels, while every pamphlet of fifty years ago, which I read in a collection of my father's, vented the virulence of one of theſe parties againſt the other. After an interregnum, during which nobody ſeemed to care about either, have ſucceeded the names of ariſtocrate and democrate, which I wiſh people, who uſe them as terms of reproach on either ſide, would firſt underſtand. We more immediately borrowed the name from France; but like many other imported words, we apply them in ſenſes wholly foreign to their real meaning. I believe, however, you, Madam, underſtand a democrate and a jacobin to mean nearly the ſame thing."

"To be ſure I do," anſwered Mrs. Crewkherne, indignantly—"And I wiſh, with all my heart, they were all deſtroyed."

"Doubtleſs you do," reſumed Armitage, "the charity which you ſo loudly profeſs would induce you to order them all to fire and faggot; but even the power of executing ſo benevolent a pur-

a purpoſe would not gratify your humane intention towards *me*; ſince in your ſenſe of the words I am neither. You *apprehend* that theſe democrats have a prodigious and unquenchable hatred againſt all eſtabliſhed governments, and have an horror of kings and of nobility. Now I have nothing of all this. I reſpect the eſtabliſhed government of my country, and never diſturb it. If I could not live contented under it, I would go to another. I venerate, I honour, I would die, were it neceſſary, for a good king—for a king ſhewing himſelf worthy of the ſacred charge, by devoting himſelf to the real happineſs and proſperity of the people; and ſo far from having any deteſtation of nobility, I think the common objections made againſt their order, puerile and inconſequent. I do not believe the order inimical to the community, and I hold all the wild ſchemes of univerſal equality as utterly impracticable, and altogether abſurd; ſo impracticable, that if it could be eſtabliſhed to-

to-morrow, inequalities more unjuſt and more ſhocking would exiſt in ſix weeks; if, therefore, you annex this ſyſtem to the word democrats, I am none.

"Laſtly, as to my being a jacobin, which, I take it for granted, includes every thing that you can imagine horrible, and to be a ſort of a conſtellation of terrible charges; I have only to ſay, that if you mean, among other heavy miſdemeanors included under it, that I either approve, or ever did approve of the violence, cruelty, and perfidy, with which the French have polluted the cauſe of freedom, you are greatly miſtaken; far from thinking that ſuch meaſures are likely to eſtabliſh liberty, and the general rights of mankind, I hold them to be exactly the means that will delay the period when rational freedom, and all that its enjoyment can give to humanity, ſhall be eſtabliſhed in the world. I deny many of their maxims, and I abhor almoſt the whole of their conduct. I never do believe that axiom of politicians, which ſays, that evil may be done to produce good. In the preſent

preſent caſe I know the evil to be certain and immediate; I am not arrogant enough to pretend to calculate the amount of the good, which may never be produced at all; or if it is, may not be conſidered as ſuch by thoſe who ſhall then live; but you muſt allow me to remark, that if the folly and wickedneſs, by which mankind have, in every age of the world, endeavoured to eſtabliſh tenets, either of religion or government, were to prove the falſity of thoſe tenets, there is no one ſyſtem which would not be liable to the ſame objections as have been made to the revolution of France; that it has been the ſource of miſery, of bloodſhed, of crimes, from which reaſon and humanity recoil with terror and deteſtation. I believe I have now told you why I deſerve none of the epithets with which you have choſen to load me, and in return for this plain dealing you will tell me, whether you know the preſent reſidence of Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter."

There is nothing half ſo irritating to determined

determined malice as the conſciouſneſs that it is impotent.—Mrs. Crewkherne found that, repelled by integrity and truth, the ſhafts ſhe had delighted to throw againſt Armitage would fail of every effect ſhe intended. She was one of thoſe worthy perſonages who are never in the wrong in their own opinion; and ſhe had too much money to have heard the poſſibility hinted as being the opinion of others; but ſhe felt, however unwilling to acknowledge it, all the power of truth; yet deteſted more than ever him who had brought home to her the humiliating conviction of that black malevolence which lurked in her heart.

Malignant ſatisfaction therefore flaſhed on her mind, when ſhe underſtood by Mr. Armitage's manner of aſking, that he knew not what was become of Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter; that they had both been removed from the reſidence where they had occaſioned her ſo much concern, ſhe knew; and believed a circumſtance ſo fortunate had been occaſioned

caſioned by the information ſhe had given to Lady Mary, who had taken meaſures to prevent their diſturbing Miſs Cardonnel in the rightful poſſeſſion of her grandfather's eſtates; and though the ſcheme, ſo warmly adopted by Mrs. Crewkherne, was now no longer in queſtion, though Miſs Goldthorp's fortune had probably eſcaped her family for ever, ſhe was overjoyed to believe that Delmont had loſt ſight of Medora, who was the occaſion of his overlooking his own advantage, and deſpiſing her advice, ſhe

"Grinn'd horribly a ghaſtly ſmile;"

therefore while ſhe anſwered—"*I* know the preſent reſidence of thoſe people! No, indeed! *I* have no acquaintance with them—it is not likely I ſhould! What, don't *you* know where they are? Perhaps your friend *Delmont*," added ſhe with a particular emphaſis and toſs of the head, "may be able to inform you. I dare ſay the perſon you call Mrs. Glenmorris

underſtood

underſtood her own intereſt too well to loſe ſight of *him*."

Though Armitage imagined, that by watching the countenance of any one, he generally diſcovered their real ſentiments, he could make nothing of the expreſſion, compounded of ill-natured triumph and gratified malice, that predominated on the hard features of Mrs. Crewkherne. His remonſtrance, far from having made any impreſſion on her, appeared to have added to the horrid delight with which ſhe ſeemed determined to hunt down by defamation his injured friends; but he doubted, whether ſhe knew how ſtrangely they had diſappeared, and feared to afford her a new ſubject of triumph if he diſcovered it. Inſtead therefore of purſuing the enquiry, he ſaid, he ſhould probably be able to obtain a direction to Mrs. Glenmorris from ſome of her acquaintance in town, and then added,

"Look ye, Madam—I came to you to repreſent

repreſent to you the injuſtice and cruelty of the attacks you have made on the reputation, and, for ought you know, on the peace of two perſons, who are not only innocent, but eminently ſuperior to *you*; becauſe they are as incapable, not only of the crimes you have ſo induſtriouſly attempted to brand them with, as of that inhuman ſpirit, which generates in your breaſt the paſſions of envy and malice, and, one may truly ſay, all uncharitableneſs. So good, ſo blameleſs, do I know them to be, that if I could for a moment believe in the doctrine of eternal puniſhment, I might be tempted to parody what the brother, whoſe feelings were outraged by a cruel bigot, is made to ſay by Shakeſpeare:

> "I tell thee, damned prieſt,
> A miniſtering angel ſhall my ſiſter be
> Whilſt thou lieſt howling."

But *I* who have not always maxims of charity in my mouth, have yet ſo much in my heart, that it would give me pain to ſuppoſe that even ſuch crimes as you are guilty

guilty of ſhould be ſo chaſtiſed. Nevertheleſs, as neither your age, your ſex, nor your fortune, ought to give you the privilege you have hitherto taken, I deſire to tell you before this gentleman, your friend, that if I hear that you continue to purſue with inveterate malignity theſe inoffenſive and deſerving ladies, I ſhall be compelled to notice it in a very different manner." Armitage then, without waiting for the anſwer, which was retained by rage, and trembled on the lips of Mrs. Crewkherne, opened the door, and departed, while ſhe, breathleſs between anger and awe, could not for ſome time recover herſelf, or find ſufficient voice to utter the virulent abuſe with which ſhe, however, at laſt loaded him, her obſequious confeſſor liſtening with ſomething like terror, while he ſaw her diſtorted countenance, and her mouth foaming with fury. Inſtead of ſpeaking to her of patience and calmneſs, he acquieſced in the heavy accuſations ſhe continued to inſiſt upon againſt Armitage,

exclaiming

exclaiming — "Oh! madam, madam, my worthy lady!—what times do we live in, when ſuch ſentiments as we have juſt heard are not only entertained, but avowed and gloried in! Verily the dragon, and the winged ſerpent, and the griffin, and the hippopotamus are aſſembled, and the nations of the earth ſhall be ſubdued."

There was, however, an aſſemblage juſt then announced to be on the table of Mrs. Crewkherne, which Mr. Habbukkuk Cramp contemplated with more pleaſure—A ſmall turbot, an excellent neck of veniſon from Mr. Bethune's park, a fricaſee of chicken, and a marrow pudding. So the dragon and Co. and even Mr. Armitage himſelf, and all his ſhocking opinions, were for the time forgotten.

CHAP. II.

L'argent fait tout; va, c'eſt choſe tres ſûre
Hâtons nous donc, ſur ce pied de conclure.

BAFFLED in his hopes of obtaining any information from Mrs. Crewkherne, Armitage returned in increaſed uneaſineſs to find Delmont.—Delmont, on his ſide, diſappointed in every ſcheme he had formed to trace either the mother or the daughter, had ſet out poſt for Upwood, leaving a ſhort note to inform Armitage, that he thought it poſſible, by the means of Suſanne, who he intended to bring to London with him, to find ſome perſon who might give them information.—He would return, he ſaid, immediately. Armitage did not foreſee much advantage from this plan, but conſcious that he had nothing better to propoſe, he continued to occupy himſelf in the ſame fruitleſs ſearch.—His pain and ſolicitude increaſing

increaſing in proportion as time wore away, and deeper myſtery involved the objects of his anxiety.

A fleet from North America, which had been detained by the neceſſity of waiting for convoy, and ſince by contrary winds, now arrived at the port of London. Armitage haſtened to the compting-houſe of Petrify; he found there ſeveral letters to Mrs. Glenmorris from her huſband, one to Delmont, and one to himſelf alſo from Glenmorris. Petrify, careful only about the poſtage, which Armitage willingly paid, delivered him the letters, and he retired, eager to read that which was addreſſed to himſelf.

But the pleaſure with which the huſband and the father ſpoke of the return of his wife and child; the ſatisfaction he expreſſed at the approaching marriage of his Medora with a man ſo eſteemed as Delmont, and his lively expreſſions of gratitude towards Armitage, gave extreme pain to him they were addreſſed to.—"How often," ſaid he, "have I re-

flected on the different lots which have fallen to Glenmorris and to me; rejoicing, indeed, in the happineſs *he* poſſeſſed in ſuch a charming wife, in ſo ſweet a daughter, yet regretting the cold and comfortleſs life to which *I*, who have neither, ſhould be condemned, did I not animate my otherwiſe joyleſs exiſtence by the intereſt I take in the friends I love —But now I have only to ſhare by anticipation in the pain this once happy huſband, this once fortunate father, muſt endure, when he knows theſe objects of his affections are—what are they?—Alas! I know not; and this fearful uncertainty ſeems to me more hideous, and will ſurely appear to him (ſhould I be compelled to the wretched taſk of relating it) more diſtracting than if I were to tell him that they were no more."

To reflect, to argue, and to content himſelf with moraliſing inſtead of acting was never any part of Armitage's character, when the ſervice of his friends, or of the diſtreſſed, of whatever deſcription, was in

in queſtion; yet he had now abſolutely exhauſted every plan which conjecture had pointed out, and he knew not whither to go next.—His affection for every body that was related to Delmont, rather than any hope of hearing of Mrs. Glenmorris, led him to the houſe where he underſtood was the temporary abode of Louiſa.—He enquired for her, heard ſhe was at home, and not remembering at the moment that he wiſhed to ſee her alone, found himſelf in the midſt of a circle, which he ſoon underſtood to be compoſed of Dr. and Mrs. Winſlow, their ſon, Miſs Goldthorp, and four or five of the Doctor's friends.

Louiſa, bluſhing and trembling, was hardly reſtrained by the preſence of ſo many witneſſes from queſtioning Armitage about Mrs. Glenmorris and Medora. The ſudden departure of her brother George, in ſuch exceſſive anxiety and diſtreſs of mind, had cruelly affected her; and incapable of giving much attention to any thing elſe, ſhe endeavoured to diſ-

cover if Armitage had brought any favourable news; but his countenance ſoon declared that nothing ſatisfactory had been heard. Miſs Goldthorp, however, who knew but little, and cared ſtill leſs about the real cauſe of the uneaſineſs ſhe could not but obſerve in Louiſa, was herſelf very deſirous of attracting the notice of Armitage; firſt, becauſe ſhe heard he was an author, and a man of uncommon taſte and erudition; and ſecondly, becauſe of the aſcendancy he was ſuppoſed to have over Delmont, for whom, though her pride had aſſiſted her to conquer every apparent ſymptom of it, her heart ſtill entertained a decided preference, and to whom, had he even now offered humbly to put on the chains he had before rejected, ſhe would moſt willingly have reſigned herſelf and her fortune.

To obtain the ſuffrage of Armitage would, ſhe knew, be no ſmall advantage; ſhe therefore threw out her lure by ſaying, "Oh! Mr. Armitage! if you knew how

how much you gratify me by being ſo good as to call here."

Armitage, though he had by no means her gratification in contemplation, anſwered in the common words uſed on ſuch occaſions—"You do me great honour, Madam."

"You muſt know," rejoined the lady, "that no creature alive is ſo enthuſiaſtically fond of poetry as I am. When I had the ill fortune, or, perhaps, I ought to ſay, the good fortune to be confined in conſequence of my couſin's ſkill in driving a curricle," (poor Middleton, on whom ſhe caſt a look half malicious half contemptuous, ſhrunk back) "by which you know, perhaps, I had a broken arm, at the hoſpitable houſe of Mr. George Delmont, he uſed frequently to read to me paſſages from your charming works; I have purchaſed them all ſince, and read them over and over with ſuch delight!"

Armitage, who had really all the modeſty of real merit, was diſtreſſed and diſguſted; he was too ſincere to affect

what he did not feel, and was beſides too anxious and unhappy at this moment to be amuſed by this fooliſh affectation of admiration and literary taſte; he anſwered, however, civilly, and ſoon ſickened by ſuch ſort of ſociety as he was now among, was enquiring of Louiſa at what hour the next morning he could ſee her alone for a few moments, when the door opened, and a ſervant loudly announced—"Mr. Delmont." Louiſa ſtarted forward out of the circle; Miſs Goldthorp was violently fluttered, and adjuſted her hair and her handkerchief. A tall, handſome, faſhionable man entered. It was not George Delmont; but Louiſa, running to embrace him, acknowledged her elder brother, the Major.

He ſaluted her rather politely than affectionately, and apologizing for his intruſion, told her he had occaſion for her introduction to enable him to make his excuſes properly to her friends. Mrs. Winſlow, delighted with every thing that was toniſh and *elegant*, was ſoon pleaſed with

with her gueſt; but Dr. Winſlow fancied this gallant and martial looking ſoldier might be a much more formidable competitor for the favour of Miſs Goldthorp than his brother, and dreading every body likely to impede his favourite project, which he hoped to conclude in a few months, he expreſſed himſelf but coldly towards the Major, while Miſs Goldthorp, immediately penetrating his motives, was at once deſirous of teaſing this mercenary monitor, and of attracting the notice of the elder Delmont, who in his figure ſo much reſembled one, whoſe image had taken poſſeſſion of her mind as the perfection of maſculine beauty.

It was not difficult either to alarm the divine or attract the ſoldier; and one was the immediate conſequence of the other. Mr. Armitage, who ſaw that the literary enthuſiaſm of the fair lady was now forgotten, moſt willingly relinquiſhed her notice, and telling Louiſa he would ſee her the next morning, retired; while the Major, who had not without deſign

ſought his ſiſter at Dr. Winſlow's, found himſelf favourably received by the only perſon to whoſe reception of him he annexed any conſequence. His natural vanity and ſelf opinion, which ſeldom ſuffered him to doubt of his own power of pleaſing, gave his converſation ſo much animation, threw ſo much agreeable aſſurance, mingled with an affectation of admiration and ſentiment, into his air and manner, that he had not converſed half an hour with Miſs Goldthorp before ſhe thought him infinitely more agreeable than his brother, and if there was any difference, rather handſomer; much ſuperior to him as a man of the world, and beyond compariſon better informed, more elegant, more poliſhed, with a certain gallantry and ſcavoir vivre that ranked him in the very firſt claſs of irreſiſtibles!

Adolphus Delmont ſaw all his advantages, and purſued them. It was in vain the Doctor, who was very reſtleſs, endeavoured to engage for a moment the attention

tention of his viſitor. Adolphus ſeemed hardly to recollect that he was in the room. Mrs. Winſlow as fruitleſsly talked of faſhionable people and *elegant* houſes, and all the charming things that occupied her imagination. The Major ſtared at her a moment, totally careleſs of anſwering, and then recommenced his attack on the heart of Miſs Goldthorp, to beſiege which, he now determined to proceed in form. Her perſon was better than he had imagined it; but had ſhe been only four feet high,

" Lame, ſwart, prodigious,
" Full of foul blots and ugly blemiſhes,"

he would have been nearly as content, and as much pleaſed by her evident and ſudden partiality; for not only the circumſtances that had obliged him to call on his brother for money, but others yet more recent, had made a preſent, and a great acquiſition of fortune, an affair of the firſt neceſſity.

Miſs Goldthorp, throwing herſelf careleſsly

leſsly back in her chair, while her new admirer ſeemed diſpoſed to proſtrate himſelf at her feet, beckoned to Louiſa to ſit by them, and underſtanding that ſhe wiſhed to have ſome converſation with her brother, invited him to ſtay ſupper.—Dr. Winſlow, who was neither prepared for his entertainment, or deſirous of his company, could hardly refrain from expreſſing the diſpleaſure he felt, while he took occaſion to lament that he had no ſervants in town—no cook—only a kitchen maid—quite an ignorant creature—and it therefore was not in his power to entertain his friends. Adolphus would not underſtand him; but aſſuring Miſs Goldthorp that no mortal was ever more indifferent to the pleaſures of the table, ſaid in a whiſper, "If *you* continue to invite me, I ſhall ſtay, notwithſtanding the Doctor's repulſive attacks." Then, turning ſuddenly to Middleton Winſlow, who had fidled up to the part of the room where they ſat, he ſaid, "You are in the army, I think, Sir?"

"No,

"No, Sir, no," replied Middleton, who felt the ſuperiority of this man of war, and ſeemed to ſhrink into nothing—"No, Sir, I never was in the army."

"I beg your pardon, Sir; I judged only by your appearance," cried the Major, as he proudly ſurveyed him.

"Why, as you obſerve, Major," ſaid Mrs. Winſlow, "Mr. Middleton Winſlow has an air, an appearance, that has given people very often the ſame idea. I have had it remarked to me frequently—he has the air of a . . . .!"

"Of an haberdaſher's apprentice," whiſpered the Major to Louiſa, loud enough for Miſs Goldthorp to hear, "or a ſpruce paſtry-cook, in his Sunday's ſuit."

Miſs Goldthorp could not reſiſt her deſire to laugh. Middleton, who, like all weak people, ſuſpected himſelf to be the ſubject of mirth, aſſumed all his courage, and ſtepping up to his couſin, endeavoured to ſay, in what his mother uſed to call his *elegant ſprightly* way, "Pray, dear Matty, what's the joke?"

"You are," replied ſhe.

"I am! am *I* indeed! I'm ſure I'm very glad you are amuſed, though—I don't know, though, how I've contrived to be ſo entertaining juſt now."

"Oh! you are always infinitely agreeable—the moſt uſeful, good, little pocket couſin in the world."

"Pocket couſin! Lord, Miſs Goldthorp, that is ſomehow ſuch an odd expreſſion; pocket couſin!"

"Yes, for you know you are always creeping ſo cloſe to one as if you were ready to neſtle into one's pocket like a ſquirrel; and really, if one had a conveyance of that ſort made a little bigger than ordinary, one might pop you into it if one was weary of you, and juſt give a ſignal for you to come out in any public place, you know, or at any time when a creature in the ſhape of a man was neceſſary to one's protection."

"Upon my word!" ſobbed Middleton, ſtifling his vexation under an ill-diſguiſed

diſguiſed laugh—"Really, Couſin Matty, you are very kind!"

"Nothing can be a greater inſtance, I think, of kindneſs," cried the Major; "would I had any pretenſions to ſo happy a *gite!*"

"You!" exclaimed the Lady—"Heavens! what a pocket companion would you be!"

"Try me," whiſpered the Major, "and you will find me, though a ſort of a folio compared to your little duodecimo of a couſin, as *correct* as he can be, and then I ſhall look as well *bound.*"

"Bleſs me, Mr. Delmont, what do you mean!" replied Miſs Goldthorp in the ſame tone.

"Shall I give you an explanation? Will you have a catalogue raiſonée of my good qualities?—Firſt, then, I am in love to diſtraction."

"Now, for goodneſs ſake, do not talk ſuch exceſſive nonſenſe—one would really think you mad."

"Then

"Then I am in the next place the moſt ſincere, the moſt faithful, the moſt attached of human beings."

"My dear Louiſa," ſaid Miſs Goldthorp aloud, "do ſpeak to your brother —He really has ſo ſingular a way of talking . . . . !"

"No, no, Louiſa, do you entertain Mr. Winſlow. Sir, I aſſure you, if you do not happen to know it already, my little ſiſter Louy here is one of the moſt agreeable and accompliſhed young ladies of the age. She can write an admirable riddle, gueſs at the moſt intricate charade, and develope a conundrum like a little ſphinx. She has written at leaſt two eaſtern tales, and had it not been that the market was overſtocked, would already have had a novel, "by a young lady," in the preſs. She has, moreover, very conſiderable talents for poetry, *though I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it*, and has frequently figured in the Ladies Magazine, under the name of Parnaſſia.

—and,

—and, to ſay nothing of her odes, her ſonnets are exquiſite, and, I aſſure you, ſtrictly legitimate."

"Good heavens! brother!" cried Louiſa, "what do you mean?"

"I told you," exclaimed Miſs Goldthorp, laughing exceſſively, "that your brother had really loſt his ſenſes."—

"Dear Adolphus," ſaid Louiſa, "what do you intend by all this rattle."—"Nothing in the world," replied the Major, applying ſtill more gayly to Miſs Goldthorp, "but like a good brother to diſplay the extraordinary qualities of my pretty Louiſa here, which her exceſſive modeſty would conceal. I dare ſay now, Sir," (addreſſing himſelf to Middleton Winſlow, who ſtood half petrified before the group) "I dare ſay you have never diſcovered half her accompliſhments." Winſlow underſtood nothing of this ſtyle of raillery, but took literally whatever was ſaid; and his grave profeſſions of admiration towards Louiſa, which he thought the Major expected of him, redoubled

doubled the burſts of laughter that Miſs Goldthorp either could not, or did not wiſh to reſtrain.

The Doctor, in the mean time, caſt many an anxious look towards that ſide of the room, hardly heeding what the Reverend Mr. Kittiwake and Mrs. Kittiwake, his lady, were talking of, though Mr. Kittiwake was a popular preacher, and his lady one of Mrs. Winſlow's moſt *elegant* friends, who knew all the lateſt faſhions, and retailed all the moſt recent little hiſtories in *the upper circles*, and told the moſt intereſting anecdotes in the world of ſome of the greateſt people in it, who poſſeſſed the greateſt number of virtues, and were the greateſt wits as well as the greateſt politicians upon its ſurface. Not even ſuch delectable converſation, nor Mr. Kittiwake's account of a perſon who had ſeen the apparition of Algernon Sidney without an head, (raiſed by the magic powers of one of the illuminati, who was ſuppoſed to have ſold himſelf to the devil on condition of being able to raiſe the ſpirits

ſpirits of traitors, either with heads or without, at his pleaſure); no, not even an anecdote ſo ſtrange, ſo well authenticated, and ſo much to the Doctor's taſte, could win his attention from what was paſſing at the oppoſite end of the room—He caught now and then a word; he underſtood his ſon to be the object of ridicule; and he thought that he and his wife ſhould be as little ſpared, if Miſs Goldthorp once got into her violent ſpirits; and the figure, the manner of the Major, who was handſome, tall above the common ſize, conſcious of his own perfections, and knowing how to diſplay them, diſtracted him; he could not bear it, but approaching the young people, who were ſtill laughing immoderately, he cried, "Upon my word, good folks, you are very merry!"—"And that is very delightful, Sir," ſaid his niece. "It happens ſo ſeldom that it is quite a novelty to—to me."

"Cannot I be permitted to participate in your mirth?" enquired the Doctor.

"Oh!

"Oh! moſt undoubtedly, Sir," replied Adolphus; "and if you will only give us the ſubject we will be as merry over it as poſſible. My brother, you know, was a grave, ſententious, proſing fellow; his philoſophy was of the ſober kind; now mine is a light, gay, airy ſyſtem—a vaſt deal more amuſing—I can laugh either with my friends . . . ."

"Or at them," ſaid Miſs Goldthorp.

"Yes, if they deſerve it—why not you know?—but faith I ſeldom take the trouble—for if the honeſt fellows are vaſtly abſurd, I am ſo apprehenſive of laughing in their faces, that I generally cut—So *now*, Louiſa, if you have any thing to ſay, I am ready to go down ſtairs with you—Doctor, I have your permiſſion." The Doctor, whom the ſtroke in the laſt ſpeech did not eſcape, and whoſe jealouſy and apprehenſion were now raiſed to an higher pitch than they had ever been at Upwood, was willing to underſtand that this formidable viſitor was taking his leave; he therefore ſaid, "I wiſh you a very

a very good night, Major Delmont—Sorry we cannot aſk the honour of your company to ſupper—Hope we ſhall be more fortunate another time."

"Lord, uncle," cried Miſs Goldthorp, "Major Delmont means to ſup here. Louiſa, my love, bring your brother back. I am ſurpriſed, Sir," continued ſhe, as ſoon as the drawing-room door was ſhut, "that you can be ſo rude to a man of Major Delmont's family and faſhion—a family too that we are ſo much obliged to."

"And *I* am ſurpriſed," replied the Doctor; "I ſtand amazed at you, Niece Goldthorp; I muſt ſay, that when one is ſo unprepared, and here at one's town-houſe, at this ſeaſon of the year too, it is not at all a pleaſant or deſirable thing to have ſtrangers, and I know not who, invited without any notice to ſup with one; I ſay, Niece Martha, I ſtand amazed."

"Well, Sir, do ſit down then, and get rid of your amazement. *I* have the moſt reaſon, I think, to be ſurpriſed; for you know

know when I conſented, fooliſhly enough, I think, to give up to my aunt's entreaties, my darling ſcheme of having an houſe and eſtabliſhment of my own, you aſſured me I ſhould have the liberty of inviting to your's any perſon I pleaſed, and . . . ."

" Yes, child, yes, my dear Martha, yes; that to be ſure is true, and it is very proper and right, in general; but then conſider, dear child! conſider a little what is conſiſtent, and *decorous* you know, and right. A young lady's reputation, my dear niece—a young lady's reputation is like . . . like a ſheet of the fineſt white paper—it muſt not have the leaſt, the minuteſt blot or ſtain—it has been juſtly compared to . . . to . . . to . . ."

" To a fiddleſtick," cried the impatient heireſs; " for God's ſake, my dear Doctor Winſlow, keep all this common place ſtuff for your pariſhioners at Gandersfield Green; it may do well enough for May-day girls and love ſick dairy maids, and may keep them from the

falſe arts of parjury lovyers, who woo them with a Sunday poſey all ſet round with ſweet marjorum, and win them by half a pound of gingerbread and a cherry coloured top knot from the fair; but do not, beſeech you, my nunky now, do not lecture *me*, juſt for all the world as Squire Alworthy preaches to Jenny Jones in the Foundling."

Miſs Goldthorp then, half ſportively, and half indignantly, courteſyed, and went up to her own apartment to conſult her glaſs, and adjuſt her looks againſt the hour of ſupper, leaving Dr. Winſlow ſtanding more amazed than ever, Mrs. Winſlow ready to go into a fit, and their ſon but little recovered from the ſhock his vanity and ſelf love had received from the ſtriking ſuperiority of Delmont, and the arrogant manner in which he had been treated by him.

In the mean time Adolphus Delmont no ſooner ſaw himſelf alone with Louiſa, than he ſaid—"Well, Louy, ſhall I have her or no?"

"Have

"Have who, my dear brother?"

"Why, Miſs Goldthorp, the fifty thouſand pounder. Hah! how lies the ground? George has not renewed his addreſſes there, has he?"

"George! no, not renewed them, certainly; for he never made any."

"But ..... prythee tell me, Louiſa; has nothing happened lately in regard to that girl, that American, that, what was ſhe? with whom he carried on ſome ridiculous, romantic connection; has nothing happened which may have reſtored him to his ſenſes, and have brought him back to your heireſs here?"

"How long have you been in London, Adolphus?

"I came laſt night; but that is a ſtrange way, methinks, of anſwering my queſtion."

"I would know," ſaid Louiſa, "what you have heard, and from whom?"

"Never mind what I have heard, nor when, nor where—Tell me briefly what

what is become of George's American girl?"

"American girl! what a way of ſpeaking of her, brother!"

"Nay, nay, call her what you will—where is ſhe?"

"Indeed I do not know, Adolphus; but by your manner of enquiring, perhaps you do?"

Major Delmont, ſmiling ſignificantly, ſaid—"And how ſhould *I* know, Louiſa? Do you think our philoſophical farmer would not keep this phenomenon out of *my* way, of whoſe libertiniſm his philoſophyſhip has ſuch terrible ideas?"

"Now this is merely cruel, Adolphus; where is Miſs Glenmorris?"

"Aye, where is ſhe? that is exactly what I aſk you."

"We know not where ſhe is—poor George has been diſtracted on her account. Surely *you* have had nothing to do with her diſappearance?"

"How is it poſſible I ſhould, Louiſa; you know I am but juſt come from Dublin.

lin. By what magic doſt think, my poor little Louy, that I could win this Anglo-columbian, or whatever ſhe is, from that exemplary young man, ſo ſober, ſo good, our own brother George! you know I never ſaw her in my life . . . but, Louy, pray tell me —— you were in their ſecrets—of what nature was Delmont's connection with this girl?"

"Of what nature?" ſaid Louiſa, confuſedly.

"Aye, child—of what nature? come, come, no prudery. He kept her, I ſuppoſe, as a miſtreſs—Eh! He did not pretend, whatever the girl may do, that it was what you call honourable love?"

"Good God, Adolphus! what have you got in your head? From all I ever heard, I believe Miſs Glenmorris is a young woman of the moſt unblemiſhed character, ſuch a one as George was well authorized to conſider as his future wife, and to whom he would have, by this time, have been married, if . . . . . ."

"If ſhe had not eloped while he was in

in Ireland, with ſomebody elſe! Poor George! I am really ſorry for him; his coup d'eſſai in ſentimental, honourable love, has ſucceeded miſerably to be ſure."

"Let me beſeech you, dear Adolphus," ſaid Louiſa, "let me entreat you, if you know any thing of this unfortunate young woman, or of her mother, to tell me; you know not the conſequence of your concealing any thing."

"Tell *me*," anſwered the Major, "whether you are quite ſure, that of whatever nature might be George's engagements with this girl, he has no deſign to make his addreſſes to Miſs Goldthorp."

"I am very ſure he has no ſuch intention."

"And you believe I may ſucceed with her?"

"I don't ſee why you ſhould not, unleſs her engagements, ſo long talked of, with her couſin, ſhould . . . . ."

"Her couſin! What, that little milk-faced ſplacknuc *? Pooh! ſhe is a girl of too much ſenſe and ſpirit to waſte a

* Splacknuc. Vide Swift's Gulliver's Travels.

thought on ſuch a thing as that. Louiſa! what are the odds ſhe is not Mrs. Delmont in ſix weeks?—Oh! I'll tell you what I have had time to hear—That the brat produced by our fair Jezabel of an aunt, and who now is called Earl of Caſtledanes, has never been well ſince he had the meaſles, and the mother, who by the bye is going to be married again, is carrying the little wretch about for the air. He'll die, I hope, and I ſhall be a little nearer the place from whence the damned folly of a dotard and the art of a coquet have thrown me."

"There is ſtill another little boy, however."

"Oh! but he was a poſthumous child you know, and mama's grief for the loſs of papa of courſe renders that little ſquab unhealthy—So you muſt *ſay*, however, to Miſs Goldthorp, Louiſa, for I intend to make the moſt of all my advantages, and to put the poor Doctor's mind at eaſe as ſoon as I can."

"And would you really, brother, marry ſo precipitately?"

"To

"To be ſure I would; why not? there are no doubts, I ſuppoſe, about her fortune?"

"But you cannot be acquainted with her temper, with her diſpoſition?"

"I ſhall know enough of them afterwards, never fear—more, egad! than I wiſh to know."

"But if you ſhould not be happy together?"

"Why then we muſt be happy as other folks are, apart."

"And are thoſe your notions of marriage, my dear Adolphus?"

"Yes, and very good notions too, Louiſa. I cannot conceive how a man of faſhion can ever have any other. Thine, I ſuppoſe, are ſweet, pretty ideas of connubial felicity, taken from novels, where the hero and heroine are ſo vaſtly happy at laſt, as never was the like, and have a ſweet babe every year, the very picture of their amiable parents—Oh! delectable! Well, Louiſa, if I ſhould meet with a dear, gentle youth, likely to ſuit

you, I'll recommend you as a very beautiful and accompliſhed young lady, adorned with every excellence likely to render the marriage ſtate completely happy; and do you, my good girl, in your turn, do your beſt for *me* with your fair friend, for to tell you the truth, that is an affair which will not conveniently admit of any delay, and I intend that it ſhall be ſettled forthwith."

The Major was then about to return to the company, but his ſiſter ſtopping him, entreated him to tell her what he knew of the Glenmorris's. He ſmiled in a way peculiar to him, and ſaid, "Why, what would you think of a young lady, vaſtly modeſt, and inexorably virtuous, and ſo forth, who ſhould run up to a man in the court of an inn, throw her arms about him, and call him by the ſweeteſt names!"

"Who has done this? what can you poſſibly mean? who has acted in this manner?"

"Oh! it may be the American mode perhap

perhaps—the Tranſatlantic way for young ladies—or the hint may have been taken from our Gallic neighbours. Don't you think aunt Crewky would be immeaſurably delighted with a niece who ſhould ſo comport herſelf?"

He then haſtened away, leaving Louiſa in aſtoniſhment, and without any clue by which ſhe could gueſs at more, than that he knew ſomething of Medora, and that it was greatly to her diſadvantage.

The vexation and diſtreſs of her brother George, which would, ſhe knew, be extreme, and the uncertainty how ſhe ought to act in revealing or concealing ſuch imperfect intelligence, hung upon her ſpirits the reſt of the evening; but Adolphus, gay, preſumptuous, and not doubting of his ultimate ſucceſs, made ſo great a progreſs in the heart of Miſs Goldthorp, that ſhe conſented to an appointment with him the next day at the houſe of a friend, where he was to explain himſelf fully; and he no ſooner took leave at a late hour, than the im-

patient reproaches of Dr. Winſlow provoked her to declare ſhe had now met with the man of her heart, and was determined to give him her hand. It was in vain the Doctor implored, ſoothed, threatened, and lamented; in vain that Middleton produced tears, and his mother an hyſteric; the cruel and reſolute fair one went very calmly to her room, and poor Louiſa, who found ſhe was conſidered as having been the cauſe of all this, was impatient to ſee Mr. Armitage in the morning, to whom ſhe meant to diſcloſe what ſhe had heard from Adolphus, and to aſk his protection to Upwood, if George Delmont was not likely immediately to return, for at the houſe of Doctor Winſlow ſhe was certainly now a moſt unwelcome viſitor.

CHAP. III.

A ray, half ſeen, from hope at length appears!

WHILE the elder brother purſued his project of re-eſtabliſhing his fortune by marriage, the younger paſſed two days at Upwood in a ſtate of mind ſuch as he had never before experienced, and had not imagined poſſible. The ſcenes which he had hitherto conſidered as the moſt ſoothing to his taſte and his imagination preſented nothing now but images of his loſt happineſs. The charm which the preſence of a beloved object had lent to them was vaniſhed, and he no longer poſſeſſed that tranquillity which, before he had ſeen her among them, he had found in this lovely ſolitude.

He now wandered about reſtleſs and wretched, unable to endure the thoughts that crowded on his mind in regard

to Medora, yet incapable for a moment to think of any thing elſe. From Suſanne he obtained no information; the faculties of the poor creature ſeemed annihilated; ſhe wept inceſſantly, and was comforted by nothing but Delmont's aſſurances that ſhe ſhould go to London, and aſſiſt him in the ſearch which he was reſolved unremittingly to make till he could obtain ſome information.

From every purſuit that uſed either to occupy or delight him he now recoiled with a kind of dread. His books he feared to open; he had read them to Medora; her ſweet intelligent countenance would beam upon him no more, when he remarked on ſome favourite paſſage; he ſhould no more ſee her lovely eyes filling with tears of native ſenſibility, at a deſcription of human miſery, or gaze enraptured on the ſmile irradiating like an emanation from Heaven her ſoft face. As little could he endure to viſit his garden, and when at night he paſſed through the conſervatory to go into

into the houſe, the ſcent of the plants, the receſs where Medora had often ſat at work or drawing, ſeemed ſo forcibly to recall his paſt happineſs, ſo forcibly to contraſt it with preſent miſery, that he fled as if for refuge into his ſtudy; yet there he again found that Medora purſued him; and no alleviation of his torments offered itſelf, but what he could find in forming new projects to unveil the unaccountable myſtery that the loſs he had ſuſtained was involved in . . .

Some papers that he had brought from Ireland lay on his writing table; the ſight of them renewed in his recollection all the vexation he had endured in an ill-fated journey, owing to which his preſent inſupportable misfortune had befallen him, and he took them up to throw them into a drawer, that he might ſee them no more, when among them he remembered a ſmall packet of the ſketches of poetry left by the unfortunate young woman, Elizabeth Liſburne; *they* at leaſt were

likely to be in uniſon with his preſent feelings. The following lines, though deſcriptive of a later ſeaſon of the year, were highly congenial to the comfortleſs and deſolate ſenſations of the preſent moment.

SONNET; written in October 179—.

The blaſts of Autumn, as they ſcatter round
The faded foliage of another year,
And muttering many a ſad and ſolemn ſound,
Drive the pale fragments o'er the ſtubble ſere,
Are well attuned to my dejected mood;
(Ah! better far than airs that breathe of Spring!)
While the high rooks that hoarſely clamouring
Seek in black phalanx the half-leafleſs wood
I rather hear, than that enraptur'd lay
Harmonious, and of love and pleaſure born,
Which from the golden furze or flowering thorn
Awakes the ſhepherd in the ides of May;
Nature delights *me* moſt, when moſt ſhe mourns,
For never more to me the Spring of Hope returns.

Delmont ſhuddered—If the ſad cloſe of this little melancholy effuſion ſhould be prophetic of his own deſtiny! Another, however, preſented itſelf; a few

ſlight

ſlight and ſimple lines, which appeared to be almoſt an impromptu

To VESPER.

Thou! who behold'ſt with dewy eye
The ſleeping leaves and folded flowers *,
And hear'ſt the night wind lingering ſigh
Thro' ſhadowy woods and twilight bowers;
Thou waſt the ſignal once that ſeem'd to ſay,
Hillario's beating heart reprov'd my long delay.

I ſee thy emerald luſtre ſtream
O'er theſe rude cliffs and cavern'd ſhore;
But here, oriſons to thy beam
The woodland chauntreſs pours no more,
Nor I, as once, thy lamp propitious hail,
Seen indiſtinct thro' tears, confus'd, and dim, and pale!

Soon ſhall thy arrowy radiance ſhine
On the broad ocean's azure wave,
Where this poor cold-ſwoln form of mine
Shall ſhelter in its billowy grave,
Safe from the ſcorn the world's ſad out-caſts prove,
Unconſcious of the pain of ill-requited love.

Images like theſe, where deſpair ſeemed to have taken entire poſſeſſion of the

* "The ſleeping leaves and folded flowers." Vide notes on the ſenſibility and ſleep of plants, and on the horologe of Flora, in the Œconomy of Vegetation, &c.

mind that aſſembled them, were but ill calculated to relieve the exceſſive depreſſion of Delmont; he reproached himſelf for yielding to it; there was indeed but little wiſdom or philoſophy in lamenting evils that were not yet irremediable. He ſtarted up to ſhake off this enfeebling temper, and once more meant to put away the packet, the melancholy memorial of an unhappy attachment; a paper folded like a letter dropped out from it; he ſtooped to replace it, when caſting his eyes on the words written on it, he ſaw they were a direction to himſelf —and in the hand of Medora.

His heart beat violently; yet he immediately recollected that it muſt be ſome note written before he left Upwood. On examining it, however, he found it had never been opened. He eagerly unſealed it, and to his aſtoniſhment read theſe words:

"I know not the day of the month—I have loſt ſome days by the terror and fear they have paſſed in.—Oh! Delmont, Oh! my

my mother, where are you both! what have I ſuffered, what have I dreaded for you!—I write, not knowing whether you will ever get my letter.—I know not where to direct; but ſurely Delmont will be at Upwood.—My dear, dear mother, I dare not truſt myſelf to think on the ſtate of mind you may have been thrown into.—I am watched—I am confined—Hardly dare I hope ever to ſee you more—and I know not where I am, but it is far to the northward of London.—I hear footſteps, and dread leaſt the only opportunity that occurs may be loſt.—If . . . . The houſe is, I have juſt heard, in Yorkſhire—the name of the woman, Dartnell, or ſomething like it. God preſerve my mother; and you, my friend Delmont! my dear friend, do not forſake her.

"M. G."

Delmont, hardly crediting his ſenſes, ran over the paper a ſecond time. The writing was indiſtinct, and had evidently been done

done by ſhatches. How long had it been written, and from whence came it? There was only the London poſt mark, and he decyphered with difficulty the date of that mark, which aſcertained that the letter had left London about eight days before, and that it had lain at Upwood when he arrived there, before he went to London. Trembling and agitated more than certainly became his philoſophy, he now ſummoned his ſervants, to enquire wherefore this letter had not been given him among others at his arrival, and at length the houſe maid, who had newly ſupplied the place of one who had married out of the family, acknowledged that ſhe had been abſent on a viſit to her friends for ſome days before her maſter's return, and had engaged the cook to receive in her place a ſiſter of her's, a girl of thirteen, who, having been employed to duſt the library, had probably received this letter, and put it there, and afterwards bundled it up, not knowing its conſequence, among the other papers

which

which Clement had taken out of his maſter's portmanteau.

With this account Delmont was compelled to be ſatisfied; but his impatience to return to London, and recommence his ſearch, now that he had ſome clue to guide him, was beyond all he had ever felt before.—Hardly giving poor Suſanne time to arrange her little packet, he hurried with her into a poſtchaiſe as ſoon as it could be obtained, and travelling all night, reached London at day-break; then ſcarce allowing himſelf time to take the neceſſary refreſhment, he haſtened to Armitage, for whom, being an early riſer, he did not long wait.

A ſhort conſultation followed, when Armitage related what he had heard from Louiſa, by which they thought it certain that Major Delmont knew ſomething of Medora. Conjectures were vain and uſeleſs. George Delmont flew to the lodgings of his brother, who, as ſoon as he knew he was waiting for him, aroſe, and came to him. "What,

"What, George!" cried the Major, in his uſual tone; "what has my young Cincinnatus again quitted his plough? Well, however, I'm glad to ſee thee—But you are not come, I hope, to renew your pretenſions in a certain quarter, becauſe, if you are, we ſhall have ſomething to ſay to each other in the way of Caſtalio and Polidore, and I ſhall wave my droit d'aineſſe and enact the younger brother."

"I am not lucky enough to underſtand you," ſaid Delmont; "ſpeak plainly and immediately, for it is a ſubject on which I cannot bear raillery."

"Nor I neither; of what would you have me ſpeak plainer than I do?"

George Delmont thought only of Medora; for though Louiſa had hinted to Armitage what ſhe ſuppoſed was likely to happen as to her elder brother's ſucceſsful addreſs to Miſs Goldthorp, he had been ſo entirely occupied by his anxiety for his friend's child as to have omitted

omitted naming it in his ſhort conference with the younger.

"You have ſeen, I underſtand, a young lady, for whom, you know, I am very deeply intereſted."

"Oh! yes, certainly, ſhe is a fine girl, but a deviliſh coquet."

"A coquet! what can you poſſibly mean?"

"Call it what you will; if the word coquet offends you, ſhe is fond of admiration, and cares not much what advances ſhe makes to obtain it. However they are all alike, and I have nothing to object on that ſcore. I hope you are not going to try your fortune with her again."

"To try my fortune *again*, with Medora, with Miſs Glenmorris!"

The Major could not, or at leaſt did not try to check a ſort of triumphant ſmile, which would have amounted to a laugh, but that he never laughed.

"You have then been very ſucceſsful already," ſaid he, "have you?"

"It is impoſſible for me to comprehend you,

you, Major Delmont," anſwered his brother. "This may become much more ſerious than you ſeem to imagine."

"What, my philoſopher thrown quite out of his ſteady courſe, and ready to cut his own brother's throat about a woman! —Oh! fye, fye!—What would all the cynics, and ſtoics, and other ſage fellows, both ancient and modern, ſay to ſuch a violation of their magnanimous rules and orders. You will never be niched with . . . . . faith I have forgotten their names . . . . ."

"I muſt inſiſt," ſaid George Delmont, with ſtill more gravity, "that you end this ill timed railing, and tell me where, when, and by what chance you ſaw this young lady?"

"Firſt then I anſwer, that as to the place *where*, it was at the houſe of Dr. Winſlow; the time *when*, was the evening before yeſterday, and again yeſterday evening; and as to by what chance, chance had nothing to do with it, it was

was altogether deſign. I went to ſee her, and I ſaw her, and perhaps too I might ſay with Cæſar, *Veni, vidi, vici.*"

"Saw Miſs Glenmorris at Dr. Winſlow's! went on purpoſe to ſee her! impoſſible! there muſt be ſome miſtake in all this—Of whom are you talking?"

"Of the lady *my brother* (having leſs pretenſions to be ſure than *I* have) is ſaid to have *ſcorned* and *rejected*—of Miſs Goldthorp."

"Miſs Goldthorp!—I imagined you were ſpeaking of Medora Glenmorris; I underſtood you had ſeen her?"

"And ſuppoſe I have! What the devil, is no one to ſee pretty women but yourſelf, I wonder!"

"Tell me, I conjure you, Adolphus; it is more ſerious to me than you ſeem to ſuppoſe. *Have* you ſeen Medora, Glenmorris?"

"What, if I ſhould anſwer that I *have* ſeen her; that I . . . (I ſuppoſe, though, you will not believe me, if I were to tell you) that I . . . have had her pretty arms,

potelè

potelè et blanc, encircling my neck . . . and . . . ."

" Damnation," exclaimed George Delmont, totally loſing his temper, " 'tis impoſſible."

" I will not take in offence the lie you ſo unequivocally give me, George—but I tell you, on the honour of a gentleman and a ſoldier, and if it ſtill has credit enough in your eyes to enforce the truth, on the honour of a Delmont, a name that till lately was never ſtained either by the falſehood or folly of thoſe who bore it; I *do* tell you, Sir, that all this happened, and a great deal more."

Never till that moment had Delmont felt ſuch acute pain; there ſeemed no motive for a falſehood ſo cruel and ſo uſeleſs; but to believe Medora a guilty, an abandoned wanton!—Delmont was unequal to ſuſtain the hideous idea a moment; his faculties ſeemed for a while cruſhed and annihilated, and he could only utter in a mournful tone.

" I am prepared, Major Delmont, to hear

hear all you have to ſay—Only relate plain matter of fact, and keep me not needleſsly in ſuſpenſe and anguiſh."

"I thought you worthy gents, who profeſs philoſophy, and ſo forth, diſbanded all this paltry ſort of anguiſh—Look upon women as only neceſſary machines in the eternal dance of atoms, and with true Mahometan ſang froid do not conſider them as having ſouls of conſequence enough to recall by their miſconduct *your* elevated minds from the haut volée of abſtract ſtudies on matter and ſpace, materialiſm, immaterialiſm, and all the incomprehenſibility of metaphyſics."

"This is inhuman trifling, Major Delmont," ſaid George.

"Upon my ſoul, conſidering what you profeſs, George, you do moſt terribly betray the cauſe of philoſophy; however I'll humour your frailty, and relate briefly my adventure with your Tranſatlantic nymph, aſſuring you, however, that if it had not another cataſtrophe, it was no fault of mine."

"Where

"Where is ſhe now?" cried Delmont, impatiently.

"Acroſs the Atlantic again for what I know; but liſten to me like a diſciple of the ſtoic philoſophers, and then—

"I will a round unvarniſhed tale deliver
"Of my ſhort day of love; what ſighs, what oaths,
"What proteſtation, and what charm of flattery
"(If ſuch proceeding I am charged withal)
"I would have won her with."

"I am in the wrong, Sir," cried George Delmont, "to expect from you any thing but unfeeling ridicule and miſplaced buffoonery."

"Poor George! jilted by a baby! croſſed in love by a coquet in leading ſtrings. This comes of your horror of women, "in a certain ſtyle of faſhion." Oh! forſooth, you had the trembling abhorrence of a country curate towards women of the world. They were diſſipated, they were vain, unfeeling, inſatiable in avarice for money to ſtake at the gaming table;

They liſped, and they ambled, and nick-nam'd
God's creatures.

You would have a creature freſh from the hands of nature; a beautiful piece of unadulterate clay, which you might mould as you would.

"But the firſt "lawyer" ſhe ſaw, ſhe changed her love."

"A lawyer!" cried Delmont with increaſed paſſion and impatience.

"Yes, yes, let me recollect. Upon my ſoul I have forgotten now whether it was the lawyer himſelf, or the lawyer's clerk, or only his brother, or couſin, or ſome relation; however there was a lawyer in queſtion, who decoyed her, poor pretty maiden, from her Mama."

"Decoyed her! Curſes light on . . ."

"Why now there it is again. I am trying to recollect all about it, and you wont have patience to hear me. I ſhould get through my ſtory as well again if you would not diſturb my naturally clear and methodical manner of narration by bouncing and flying round the room like a mad cat."

George ſaw that his ſolicitude really defeated

defeated its own purpoſe, and therefore made an effort to ſtifle the expreſſion of the cruel emotions he felt. His brother went on——

"I was travelling, as you know, from my friend Willeſly's in Yorkſhire. My way was on the great north road. I ſtopped at Skipton to change horſes. It was evening, I ordered coffee, and while it was preparing, ſauntered in an idle ſort of way into the inn-yard. The people were tedious. I went up to the bar, and aſked ſome inconſequential queſtions of the barmaid. The wench was pretty and ſaucy, and I remained talking a country-quarter kind of nonſenſe to her, till I was ſuddenly, faith I may call it embraced, by two very ſweet white arms, and called upon by the name of "Delmont, dear Delmont," to which of courſe I anſwered like a preux chevalier, and the more readily when I ſaw thoſe very kind words were uttered by the pretty mouth, and aſſiſted by two bright yet ſoft eyes of a very lovely girl."—He pauſed.

"Go

"Go on," ſaid George Delmont—"Go on, I beſeech you."

"But however flattering this was, it did not proceed quite ſo delectably; for the dear little flutterer no ſooner ſaw my face, and heard me ſpeak, than ſhe gave a ſcream, and fled away like a lapwing."

George now thought he comprehended, that Medora had miſtaken his brother for him, ſince in their height and ſize they very nearly reſemble each other. He became more impatient than ever when the Major added, "However, I could not let the charmer eſcape me, ſo I purſued her."

"You did not dare to inſult her?"

"The moſt unpardonable inſult to a fine girl would ſurely be to ſeem inſenſible of her charms, and eſpecially, you know, after ſuch an attractive ſalutation as that. So I made the beſt of my way to apologiſe to her, and at the end of a long paſſage, up ſtairs, overtook her, and returned with intereſt the *accolade* ſhe had favoured me with."

"Medora! my Medora!" cried George, "Good God, to be ſo treated."

"How ſhould I know ſhe was your Medora? She ſeemed to me to be every body's Medora. But ſhe made, to do her juſtice, a very tolerable ſtory of it; but take notice, I did not know it was your little Yanky till . . . ."

"Till when?"

"Why, not till—till I had made violent love to her, and propoſed her making the ſame journey with me, that ſhe had intended with the fooliſh fellow ſhe ſet out with—Not that I meant to have carried on the joke even as far as the blackſmith's—I thought there would be no great difficulty in perſuading ſuch a pretty chitterface as that long before we reached the confines of Scotland, that ſhe had made an excellent exchange. However, inſtead of liſtening to me a l'aimable, as the little dears generally do, ſhe made a prodigious to do about her mammy, moaning like a ſtray lambkin, and at laſt told me ſhe belonged to you."

* "And

"And had *that* declaration," ſaid George Delmont, ſternly, "no power to reſtrain your licentious conduct towards her?"

"How do you know," replied his brother, "that my conduct *was* licentious, as you call it. But have patience, and I'll go on. The mention of your name of courſe brought on an explanation. The dear little girl made it out very prettily, though not very probably, that ſhe was carried away by a ſtratagem from the hotel where ſhe lodged, and taken great part of the way into Scotland; but the adventurous cavalier, who was, as far as I could underſtand, a lawyer's clerk,

Some clerk foredoom'd his maſter's ſoul to croſs,
Who ſought adventures while he ſhould engroſs;

this knight of the quill, unuſed to any ſuch refractory damſels as was this young ſquaw from the wilds of America, was ſo much alarmed by her threats, or awed (if you like that better) by her *virtue*, that inſtead of carrying her any farther, and marrying her whether ſhe would or no,

he *took* her to his mother's, and as the mother was not likely to prevail where the ſon's gallantry had failed, they kept her pretty much confined, for poor Quill began to be frightened at what he had done. However, there was no reſtraining a nymph who had been reared on the broad baſis of continental freedom, and off ſhe went out of the window to get *from* a lover, who, for aught I knew, ſhe had ſprung out of another to get at; but the fellow was certainly a fool, and knew not how to manage what he had undertaken, and the girl was of courſe ſick of him."

"What was the name of this accurſed raſcal? and where may I find him?"

"His name I am not clear in—Never mind his name—Let me go on with my ſtory—So not liking, I tell you, her confinement, your fair Columbian, *un belle ſoirée*, the moon being at full (which in ſuch caſes is always requiſite) ſat forth alone, and walked with ſupernatural powers, as your heroines always do, till ſhe overtook a cart with a woman and her

her children in it, who were removing on ſome pariſh complaint to Skipton—They were a ſad ſick crew, and dying of an infectious fever . . . ."

George Delmont ſtarted in horror, claſped his hands eagerly together, and ſeemed almoſt unable to endure this additional ſhock.

" Fever!" cried he, " an infectious fever! and my Medora!"

" Your Medora, as the woman at the inn told me, nurſed the children, and gave money to the mother; all ſhe had about her, and bought them wine; and ſo they all got to a ſmall hedge ale-houſe together, from whence the carter, who had driven them, ſhewed her the way to a better inn —and there ſhe put herſelf into the protection of the man and his wife, who had agreed to put her into one of the night coaches for London, when from a window on the other ſide of the inn-yard ſhe ſaw me, and, as many other beautiful young ladies have done, threw herſelf into my arms."

"You cannot miſunderſtand *that*, I think, Major Delmont, it was on *my* protection ſhe meant to throw herſelf. You muſt immediately, nay you did immediately, underſtand it ſo. And *had* you then ſo little honour, ſo little principle, as to abuſe this confidence? Tell me, Sir, where is ſhe now?"

"Really, George, this ſort of treatment I do not underſtand, though I have borne it for ſome time."

"Nay, Major Delmont, it is I who have had to endure the contumely, which not only now, but on all occaſions, you think proper to treat me with; but which, on any other occaſion, I could much better forgive. To end diſcourſe which is inſupportable, tell me where Miſs Glenmorris now is?"

"Upon my ſoul I do not know."

"That anſwer, Major Delmont, will not ſatisfy me."

"It muſt, Farmer Delmont, for I have no other to give you."

"Where did you leave her, Sir?"

"I did

"I did not leave her at all—the little ungrateful baggage left me."

"And would ſhe have done ſo? would ſhe have fled from protection which, from ſo near a relation of mine, ſhe would have thought ſhe had a right to claim, had you not, inſtead of befriending her as a brother, inſulted her as a libertine? I know Medora well, and know that no falſe prudery would have driven her away alone and deſtitute. You rudely, you cruelly took advantage of her helpleſs ſituation."

"Upon my ſoul I only told her ſhe was a bewitching girl; and would you, who are a profeſſed lover of truth, quarrel with me for that?"

"It was unworthy of you as a gentleman and as a man."

"I repreſented to her, that if ſhe was diſpoſed to continue her journey northward, I was very much at her ſervice; or if ſhe would honour me with her company in my poſtchaiſe to London, ſhe

would make me the happieſt of beings, and ſo forth."

"And if you had made ſuch an offer as a man of humanity, of honour, ought to have made it, would ſhe not joyfully have accepted it?"

"I aſſure you I intended ſhe ſhould have accepted it; and upon my ſoul ſhe was frightened at nothing; or ſhe might repent, for ought I know, and wiſh to return to Gooſequill. Yet, hang it, the dear rogue looks too intelligent for that; ſhe can never have ſo bad a taſte. I declare, George; nay, now I am ſerious, that I began playing the fool, that is, only making fine ſpeeches; for I did not touch the end of her imperious little finger; I began, I ſay, playing the fool—only becauſe the witch was deviliſh handſome, and I had no very exalted opinion of her ſublime virtue from what I had learned one way or other about her; but when I ſaw I could make nothing of her for myſelf, and had been convinced ſhe was a true turtle dove

dove to thee, why I ſhould have quietly made the beſt of it, and brought her back as properly and ſoberly as a cardinal or a judge. The monkey, I tell you, took fright at nothing. A girl, who had ſeen only one winter in London or Dublin, would never have thought of ſuch ſkittiſh nonſenſe; but your rice bird, forſooth, would not truſt me, a little deceitful toad, but was off again in the morning—I could not find where or for what."

"And have you no means of telling me, Major Delmont," ſaid George, ſhewing him the letter he had found at Upwood, "whether this letter was written before or after you met Miſs Glenmorris."

"Before, I think moſt likely," ſaid Adolphus, after he had peruſed it. "Well! —and ſo now. What do you intend to do?"

"I know not. I am diſtracted! Oh! Adolphus, would *I* have acted towards the woman you loved, as you have done towards this dear, innocent, injured girl!"

George Delmont then, without waiting for an anſwer, went again to conſult Armitage, meaning to ſet out inſtantly for the north. His brother, forgetting in five minutes all that had paſſed, dreſſed himſelf to ride in the park, where Miſs Goldthorp had promiſed to meet him, and where the plan was finally arranged. Miſs Goldthorp, in a week afterwards, became Mrs. Delmont. Dr. Winſlow ſtood amazed at her cruelty, and loſt his appetite in conſequence of this bitter diſappointment. Mrs. Winſlow's fits were ſo ſerious, that ſhe was haſtened to the ſea; and poor Middleton determined to eſcape from the raillery of his acquaintance, the amazement of his father, and the nervouſneſs of his mother, by driving his curricle on a tour to the Lakes, about which he cared nothing.

The Major and his bride ſat out in great ſplendor for Southampton, in the neighbourhood of which his regiment was quartered.

CHAP. IV.

Helas!—où trouver des traits et des couleurs,
Qui puiſſent retracer l'exces de ſes douleurs?

TEN miſerable days had paſſed ſince Mrs. Glenmorris had been confined and treated as a mad woman. Reduced to the laſt ſtage of weakneſs by a devouring fever, ſhe recovered her reaſon only to know that ſhe had loſt every thing elſe. Why ſhe was where ſhe found herſelf ſhe knew not, nor by whoſe authority ſhe had been placed there. Her extreme languor and feebleneſs permitted her not to remonſtrate; it hardly ſuffered her mildly and plaintively to entreat of the perſons ſhe ſaw around her information as to the cauſe and duration of her confinement, and implore them to tell her if Medora, her dear child, had been heard of, and would be reſtored to her.

Thoſe whoſe buſineſs it was to attend the invalids in the houſe treated her now with gentleneſs and humanity; but they told her that all queſtions were uſeleſs, and that ſhe muſt forbear to make them. Very fain would ſhe have known if the idea, that confuſedly floated in her mind, of having ſeen her mother, had any foundation, or was merely the dream of delirium. It was in vain the unfortunate mother of Medora endeavoured to recal diſtinctly the ſucceſſion of images which ſeemed to have paſſed through her mind, before they were totally loſt in the overwhelming miſery of her loſs; a loſs which, though it had not at firſt wholly annihilated her faculties, had from its very commencement ſo ſhaken them as to be abſolutely inſupportable when her endeavours to recover that loſs were evidently vain; and even now, when ſhe thought of what the preſent ſtate of her daughter might be, ſhe became ſick and giddy. The earneſt, the agonizing deſire to ſet forth once more in ſearch of

Medora,

Medora, and the cruel certainty that ſhe was herſelf a priſoner, continually overcame the little ſtrength ſhe had acquired, and ſhe was compelled to throw herſelf on her bed, and ſhut out the light —the light that ſeemed to reproach her for beholding it, when the only object ſhe delighted to gaze upon was no where to be ſeen.

The woman, who was chiefly her attendant, endeavoured ſometimes to reaſon with her and ſometimes to amuſe her; but in ſuch a ſtate of mind the moſt profound reaſoning would have failed; and ſuch as a coarſe and uneducated woman could offer, ſerved only to teaſe and irritate her; yet as ſhe could never prevail on the woman to leave her alone any where but in her own room, ſhe often declined what the woman told her was directed by her phyſicians, to walk in a large garden that belonged to the houſe. It was ſurrounded by an high wall, and terminated by a group of old limes, to which there had formerly been a walk of

cut

cut holly, but it had long been ſuffered to grow as a ſhade and ſcreen for the unhappy patients, of which there were never leſs than ſix or eight in this large and melancholy abode, which had formerly been a nobleman's villa, and fifty years ago had frequently received the ſtateſman at his hours of retirement, and the courtier in his moments of relaxation; but ſold on the extinction of the male branch of the family, it had been now for many years a receptacle for lunatics, whoſe friends could afford to give very high prices for their accommodation.

Like all thoſe, who with even morbid ſenſibility, have encountered ſingular calamities, Mrs. Glenmorris found nothing, that during her convaleſcence, was ſo ſoothing to her as the air—There, it ſeemed as if, ſhaking off the weight that impelled her to the earth, ſhe could expatiate in boundleſs ſpace, and again meet that angelic creature, who, ſhe feared, was for ever loſt to her in this world of woe and diſappointment. In the air ſhe breathed

breathed more freely; her heart, though it unceaſingly vibrated to anguiſh, was leſs choked (if ſuch an expreſſion is allowable) in the air than when in a room, and with the poor equivocal maniac, who was for a while the object of *(talked of)* charity, and then heard of no more, the unhappy mother of Medora often ſaid, while deep drawn ſighs ſeemed at once to rend and to relieve her heart, that *there was nothing good but liberty and freſh air* *.

This indulgence, however, was now for ſome days poſitively refuſed her, unleſs her guard accompanied her, whoſe prate was diſtracting to her, and who, by way of reconciling the poor languid patient to the loſs of reaſon, real or ſuppoſed, thought it very proper to tell her how many ladies ſhe had attended in the ſame diſorder,

* I believe I have made ſome of my heroines (I know not which) ſay the ſame thing, but it is a ſenſation ever ſo preſent to me in my own perſon that it muſt be forgiven if it is here a repetition, or an inſtance of egotiſm.

ſome

ſome of whom had been releaſed after two or three years, while others had died in the deplorable condition of lunatics. Mrs. Glenmorris had no heart now to attend to the ſorrows of others; her ſenſes, her feelings were all abſorbed in her own. Hardly conſcious that the world had contained any other than her huſband and her child, ſhe was awake to little elſe than the conſciouſneſs that from Glenmorris ſhe was divided by the great Atlantic Ocean; and that the wretchedneſs that had overturned her reaſon, and was hurrying her faſt to the grave, would, as ſoon as Glenmorris ſhould know it, deprive him of reaſon, and probably of life.—Hourly feeling it more and more impoſſible to ſurvive the loſs of Medora, ſhe was conſcious that Glenmorris could as ill outlive the certainty either of her death or her diſgrace—the diſgrace of his adored child would be to him more inſupportable than death.

Images of what might have been came inceſſantly to her mind, aggravating by contraſt

contraſt that which was.——If at any time ſhe could prevail on her talkative attendant to be ſilent, as ſhe ſat on a bench in the ſmall grove of limes, ſhe cloſed her eyes, and wrapping the green ſarcenet round them, with which her bonnet was enveloped, felt the air blow ſoftly on her face, and liſtened to the ſighing of the wind among the trembling leaves, ſuch were the ſenſations, ſuch the ſounds ſhe felt and heard in the beginning of ſummer, when Delmont and Medora were with her, or when ſhe looked towards the woodwalk, certain of ſeeing them return with collections of wild flowers, Medora, perhaps, ſinging to Delmont one of thoſe ſimple airs ſhe had learned in America, or Delmont repeating to her ſome favourite paſſage in one of thoſe poets in whoſe works he delighted. The breath of Heaven was ſtill freſh and pleaſant, diffuſing the muſky ſcents of ſummer declining into autumn; but fancy could not long delude her; ſhe opened her eyes after it had

had embodied awhile the figures ſhe uſed to ſee; ſhe looked around her, but how different were the objects from thoſe ſo dear to her heart—a woman ſet over to control her, from the idea that ſhe had loſt her reaſon, and was no longer capable of ſelf-government, and every inanimate object ſtrange and foreign to her; ſhe neither knew the gloomy place where ſhe was, by whoſe means ſhe was conveyed thither, or who ſupported her—to die unknown here would have been her only wiſh, had ſhe been ſure that ſhe ſhould never again have ſeen Medora.—Medora happy as the wife of Delmont, or in the protecting arms of her father.

As from mere inability to reſiſt, the unfortunate Mrs. Glenmorris had ſunk into paſſive ſilence, and did or ſubmitted to whatever ſhe was deſired to do, the perſons about her, and the medical man who attended her, took it for granted that ſhe was gradually ſettling into melancholy madneſs, a tranſition very frequent from raving delirium; they therefore

fore by degrees contented themſelves with keeping from her every inſtrument by which ſhe could injure herſelf, and inſenſibly relaxed in that vigilance which had at the beginning of her recovery ſo diſtreſſed her. Her guard at firſt truſted her to walk within her ſight at ſome diſtance; then ſatisfied herſelf with looking after her now and then, and at length ſuffered her to walk or ſit whole hours alone among the lime trees. The attending apothecary (for the phyſician only came in caſes of emergency) perceiving that his intereſting patient became calmer in proportion as ſhe was ſubjected to leſs reſtraint, ordered all appearance of ſuſpicion to be as much withdrawn as was conſiſtent with her ſafety; and nothing contributed ſo much as this releaſe from officious perſecution to reſtore to the poor mourner the power of thinking, which the irritability of her nerves had ſo long taken from her.

By degrees then Mrs. Glenmorris recalled, though it was ſtill confuſedly, the circumſtances

circumſtances that had preceded her total loſs of reaſon. She had no traces of any thing afterwards, but ſome faint yet terrific idea of Lady Mary de Verdon. If it could once be aſcertained that ſhe had really been in the preſence of her mother, it would give her an inſight into the cauſes of Medora's diſappearance, for ſhe well knew that the Lady Mary was capable of taking any means, however unjuſtifiable, to prevent what ſhe ſo greatly dreaded, the ſucceſs of a competitor for Miſs Cardonnel's fortune. There was ſo much eaſe in the hope that Lady Mary had conveyed away her grandchild, that the mother delighted to cheriſh it; for though, only a few weeks before, ſhe would have conſidered ſuch a deprivation as the moſt cruel outrage, yet as Lady Mary would merely prevent the appearance of Medora to claim the eſtate, and ſhe would ſuffer no other injury than confinement remote from her mother, the contemplation of this ſort of robbery now was relief and ſatisfaction, compared

to

to thoſe fearful apprehenſions that had driven that mother to diſtraction.

This hope, which hourly became ſtronger, ſerved more than any thing to relieve the mind of Mrs. Glenmorris, and reſtore it to its former tone. She aſſumed a more tranquil air, flattering herſelf that ſhe ſhould by that means induce the people ſhe ſaw, and particularly the apothecary, to truſt her with the ſecret they had hitherto ſo guardedly kept, viz. *who* had engaged their care of her, and by whom they were paid? But the man, on whom ſhe principally relied for information, though very attentive to her, and appearing unuſually intereſted for her health and eaſe, was ſo cautious in his anſwers, and ſo artfully evaded the oblique interrogatories of his patient, that, though ſhe could find nothing to contradict her hopes, nothing eſcaped from him that confirmed them.

Mr. Seton (which was the apothecary's name) was one day ſitting with her, when ſhe commanded herſelf ſo much as

to

to converſe on indifferent matters, which ſhe had never done before, and even with ſome degree of cheerfulneſs. On a ſudden ſhe ſaid, "Mr. Seton, whatever may have been the ſtate of my mental or bodily health when firſt I came under your care, I think you muſt now for ſome time have been ſatisfied that my confinement is wholly unneceſſary; it becomes therefore ſo unjuſt, that I am convinced you, who are an honeſt and a good man, will never be acceſſary to its continuance. You cannot deny but that I am perfectly in my ſenſes. Who has a right to make me a priſoner? By whoſe orders am I detained here?"

Seton appeared very much confuſed. "I own, Madam" anſwered he, reddening, and in great agitation; "I own that your cure has very happily advanced within theſe laſt few days; I ſhall undoubtedly make my report accordingly; but you muſt be ſenſible, dear Madam, *that* is all I can do. I am not a principal in this concern—I am merely employed

ployed to follow the orders of Sir John St. Dennis, the phyſician, and beyond the directions Sir John has given, you muſt be ſenſible I can do nothing."

"Yes," ſaid Mrs. Glenmorris, taking a letter out of her pocket, which ſhe had prepared, "you can oblige me in an inſtance with which Sir John St. Dennis has nothing to do; you can convey this letter for me to the poſt."

Mr. Seton looked at the addreſs; it was to Armitage; he ſhrunk back, and again his countenance, which Mrs. Glenmorris narrowly watched, expreſſed ſomething extraordinary.

"No, no indeed," ſaid he, "I cannot; 'tis utterly impoſſible—I muſt not—I am particularly *ordered* not to take any letter to *that* . . . . . any letter at all, I mean, from any of the patients in this houſe."

"And particularly not from me to *that* gentleman," ſaid Mrs. Glenmorris—"Oh! I underſtand—you received that prohibition from Lady Mary de Verdon, or from Mrs Grinſted."

"No

"No indeed, Madam; I never ſaw Lady Mary, never in my life."

"Nor Mrs. Grinſted?"

"I proteſt, dear Madam, that I am not acquainted with Mrs. Grinſted."

"You may as well tell me; for that ſort of evaſion by which a man of natural integrity ſhrinks from the falſehood he is aſhamed of, while he yet cannot determine to tell the truth, is ſo eaſily underſtood, that I need no other than the ſentence you have juſt uttered to convince me, that my being here, as well as the cauſe which gave an excuſe for hurrying me hither, is owing to the machinations of Mrs. Grinſted (whom I truſted) under the directions of my mother, Lady Mary de Verdon. Nay," continued Mrs. Glenmorris, "do not look ſo much alarmed at my having diſcovered this; it is ſo far from being unwelcome to me, that nothing will ſo greatly relieve my mind as a confirmation that I am right in my ſuppoſition. My mother alas! muſt I call *her* mother who would rob me of

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my child! My mother, who expelled me from her affections long before I could have done any thing to forfeit them, had firſt the cruelty to take from me my only delight, the ſole pleaſure and comfort of my life, by which ſhe knew I ſhould be driven to deſpair, and then took advantage of the anguiſh ſhe inflicted, to affix on me the charge of lunacy, and to confine me, *ſhe* hopes, for life. And why has ſhe done all this? To prevent the juſt claims of my child, and my own, from being eſtabliſhed, while for the daughter of my ſiſter ſhe is accumulating more than any one perſon ought to poſſeſs, with the hope of marrying her to ſome man of equal fortune, as if ſuch exorbitant wealth had the power of beſtowing happineſs. Gracious God!" exclaimed Mrs. Glenmorris, eagerly claſping her hands, and *looking* the appeal ſhe made to heaven—"Gracious God! what is there in this redundancy of fortune that can ſecure one hour of ſuperior enjoyment! I,

who have poſſeſſed ſo little of the great riches of my father, have never been unhappy on that account. Medora has learned to do without any ſuperfluities; her pleaſures are all ſuch as are eaſily obtained; her wiſhes moderate; the ſweet ſimplicity of her character has formed her taſte." (Mrs. Glenmorris could with difficulty proceed to ſpeak of her daughter.) "Medora has a thouſand times implored me to relinquiſh the attempt we were perſuaded to make for the acquiſition of fortune, which ſhe deſired not. Oh! would to God we had done ſo! I ſhould not now in bitterneſs of heart have miſſed my lovely girl without knowing what has been her fate.

"But," added ſhe, after a momentary pauſe, during which ſhe endeavoured to conquer theſe painful emotions, and to ſpeak with firmneſs. "But if Lady Mary has deprived me of my daughter, I know that deprivation can be only temporary; and let me, Sir, implore you to bear to

this mother, who has outlived her feelings, my meſſage relative to my child and me. Oh! tell her, Mr. Seton; go to her inſtantly, and tell her that I will ſign any paper ſhe ſhall ſend me, reſigning every claim I can poſſibly have, either for myſelf or my poſterity, on the eſtate of Gabriel Anthonio de Verdon, my father. Tell her, if ſhe will reſtore Medora to me, we will moſt ſolemnly engage ourſelves to go immediately to America; and indeed I will neither reſent the inhumanity of her conduct towards me, or ever again let her hear my name or my child's."

Mr. Seton, in fact, underſtood nothing of the latent cauſe of Mrs. Glenmorris's confinement; he only knew that ſhe really was, at the time ſhe was brought to the houſe he attended, in a ſtate fit only for confinement; and that Mrs. Grinſted, in the name of Lady Mary de Verdon, had given directions for her reception, and undertaken the payment. All that the intereſting patient ſaid, therefore, appeared ſo

probable, and her earneſt, her affecting manner influenced him ſo much, that hardly had the ſenſe of his own intereſt weight enough to induce him to refuſe her firſt requeſt of conveying a letter; yet he had been ſtrictly enjoined not to take any letter, and had heard orders given againſt ſuffering her to ſee or to hear from a perſon of the name of Armitage.

Mrs. Glenmorris, though now appearing ſo clear and reaſonable, might be only in a lucid interval, and he ſhould commit himſelf both profeſſionally and otherwiſe if he yielded to her importunity. All he would do, therefore, was to aſſure her, that though he could not charge himſelf with a letter, ſince it was contrary to a general promiſe he had given, which ought to have the force of an oath, yet he would make ſuch enquiries as might help to tranquilliſe her mind about her daughter, and give ſuch a report as ſhould, he hoped and believed, haſten her own releaſe from confinement.

Having

Having ſaid this, Mr. Seton, afraid of hearing again the voice, and liſtening again to the entreaties he had no power to reſiſt, haſtened away, and left Mrs. Glenmorris more and more convinced that her conjectures were well founded, and that Medora had merely fallen into the power of her grandmother; and while her heart revolted from the cruelty of ſuch a proceeding, it was yet ſoothed by the hope that Medora had ſuffered no outrages from the profligate, no perſonal diſtreſſes, either from poverty or inſult.—"No," ſaid ſhe, "Lady Mary will content herſelf with taking from us the power of ſharing her fortune with Miſs Cardonnel, and *that* we are ready to reſign—She will give me again my Medora, innocent and lovely as ſhe was when I loſt her. Delmont will not love her leſs becauſe theſe viſionary projects of fortune, on which he never beſtowed a thought, are faded for ever. We ſhall be reunited, and rejoin Glenmorris before his heart

can be wounded by the intelligence of this myſterious, this cruel ſeparation."

This way of accounting for all that had befallen her was ſo ſalutary, ſo ſoothing to the ſick heart of Mrs. Glenmorris, that it conſiderably accelerated the return of her ſtrength, for ſhe now ſlept, and ſtill awoke in the hope of terminating her confinement and being reſtored to her daughter. Three days thus paſſed, and in their progreſs ſhe endeavoured to amuſe her mind by a recurrence to ſuch of thoſe ſtudies as uſed to delight her, and were ſtill within her reach; but when ſhe contemplated a flower, or gazed of an evening on the immenſe volume of magnificence and radiance above her, all the precious hours ſhe had paſſed with her daughter, inſtructing her in botany or aſtronomy, returned to her recollection, and the queſtion, ſhall our morning our evening ſtudies ever be again ſo enjoyed? came to her mind ſo embittered with doubt and apprehenſion, that it was impoſſible

poſſible to proceed, and ſhe threw away the jaſmine which ſhe gathered, as it half embowered the window, being the growth of half a century againſt the wall of the houſe, or cloſed the ſhutter, rather than behold the ſtars or the moon, whoſe brilliance or whoſe progreſs had ſo often been the ſubject of their evening converſations.

CHAP. V.

Spes addita ſuſcitas iras.

DELMONT, after a ſhort conference with Armitage, ſet out in hopes to obtain on the road, where the cruel behaviour of his brother had driven her from the protection ſhe ſought, ſome intelligence of Medora.

He haſtened to Skipton, cautiouſly at every place on the way making ſuch enquiry as he thought might lead to the diſcovery of the perſon he ſought. Arrived at the town, and at the inn, he aſked with a beating heart after the young perſon who at ſuch a time (of which he had taken care correctly to inform himſelf) came from a remote part of the county with a family of paupers, and afterwards was conducted to this inn.—It was of the landlady he made this enquiry,

quiry, who ſeemed extremely unwilling to anſwer.

"Oh! Madam," ſaid Delmont, who could no longer conceal the deep intereſt he took in her relative to whom he aſked information, "if it were poſſible for you to underſtand all the anxiety the abſence of this young lady creates, I cannot but believe that I ſhould intereſt your kindneſs to aſſiſt me in diſcovering her."

"I know nothing of her now, Sir, I aſſure you," was the anſwer.

"But, Madam, ſhe diſappeared from hence?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And without your knowing whither?"

"I aſſure you again, Sir, that at preſent I know nothing at all of her.—I wiſh I did; for ſhe ſeemed to be a mighty pretty ſort of a young body, and I am afraid is too handſome not to have fallen into ſome bad hands."

"If you had ſuch favourable thoughts of her, Madam, how very unfortunate it

was that ſhe was under the neceſſity of quitting the protection you were ſo kindly diſpoſed to give her."

"Yes, indeed; but perhaps you know more of all that than another, for the gentleman who drove her away by his bad behaviour was ſo like you, that if it is not himſelf I am talking to, which I ſhould really almoſt fancy, only that he was a little luſtier than you, and ſomewhat darker; I ſay, that if it was not for thoſe differences, I am ſure I ſhould think it was the ſame perſon".

"It was my brother," ſaid Delmont.

"I am ſure then, if I knew where Miſs was, I ſhould not be over fond, Sir, of letting you into the ſecret."

"Surely you would, if you were aſſured that I have long been engaged to marry her with the approbation of her parents and her own, and that her having been ſtolen, I know not how or by whom, has made her mother as well as myſelf moſt wretched."

There was in the air and manner of Delmont

Delmont ſo much candour and openneſs, that it was impoſſible, looking at his countenance and hearing him ſpeak, to ſuſpect him of any deceit. Mrs. Tarbat, however, ſtill recollecting that the Major, who ſo much reſembled him, had behaved very unlike what he profeſſed to be his intentions, could not entirely diveſt herſelf of doubt; but Delmont continuing to ſpeak to her, ſhe became at length convinced of his ſincerity, and declared ſhe would relate all ſhe knew relative to the young lady.

"I cannot exactly recollect," ſaid ſhe, "how long it is ago, ſince a young gentleman in a poſtchaiſe and four, and this pretty looking creature with him, came here late one evening, and as you know we ſee ſuch parties our way very often, our folks thought, to be ſure, they would take four horſes to go on; but inſtead of that, the man that went into the room to carry a glaſs of negus ſaid, the gentleman ſeemed in a great deal of trouble, and tried to make the lady alter ſome reſolution ſhe

had taken, yet did not like to have her ſpeak before the waiter, and kept ſaying, 'Pray, my dear madam, let us talk of this when we are alone.' 'No, Sir,' ſaid the young lady; 'No, Sir, I will not be alone with you; you have infamouſly trepanned me from my friends, and I inſiſt upon being carried back to my mother, or rather left here, for with you I will not travel.'—Upon this, Sir, as my waiter told me, the gentleman was in a moſt terrible paſſion, yet was ſomehow afraid, as it were, of ſhewing it to the young lady, ſeeing her ſo reſolute—and he kept ſaying, 'After your conduct towards me, my dear Miſs . . . .' calling her by ſome chriſtian name that my man forgot—'after you had favoured me ſo far as to come hither, this ſure is very ſtrange.' —'It is falſe,' ſaid the young woman—as falſe as Heaven is true; you know I never did give you any encouragement, never, never; you know you brought me hither by a baſe and ſhameful artifice; you know I deteſt, deſpiſe, abhor you.'

—'Go

—'Go out of the room you fellow,' ſaid the gentleman to my ſervant' (who could not help ſtopping, for you know, Sir, it was natural enough to wiſh to hear the end of ſuch a long converſation,) 'Go out of the room,' ſaid he.

'No, ſtay, I beg of you,' cried the young lady, 'or if you do go out of the room, let it be only to call other witneſſes to what I declare, that I did not voluntarily leave my friends with this man, whom I do not even know; and that I abſolutely will not proceed with him.'—Upon this, Sir, the waiter comes out and tells me what was paſſing, and I went in. —The young lady immediately ſpoke to me, and with great ſpirit, and told me juſt the ſame as ſhe had ſaid before, only ſaid beſides, that the young man, who I thought looked very fooliſh and ſheepiſh, had declared to her that he would carry her back at every ſtage, inſtead of that, when he had perſuaded her to get into the chaiſe, the poſtillions had always had ſecret orders to drive forward, and that ſhe would

would be ſo impoſed upon no longer.—I own I was quite taken with the ſpirit and beauty of the young gentlewoman, and the man I thought, ſomehow, ſeemed undeſerving of her."

"What ſort of a man did he appear to be?" ſaid Delmont impatiently.

"A middling ſized man, rather thick made, pale, rather large featured and with a ſtrutting ſort of a way with him, ſomehow as if he thought a great deal of himſelf—I thought him a very ordinary man to be ſure."

"Pray proceed, Madam," ſaid Delmont.

"So, Sir, I ſaid that I hoped there was nobody as would think of carrying a young lady to Scotland to be married againſt her will; that I could not think of ſuffering any perſon to go with ſuch a deſign from *my* houſe, nor would not. The man had the aſſurance to ſay it was only a lover's quarrel, and that the young lady had promiſed over and over again to be his wife; but ſhe denied it

in

in the moſt poſitive way, and ſeemed ſo hurt and provoked, that ſhe burſt into tears. Well, Sir, after a great deal had been argued, ſhe continuing to inſiſt on returning to her mother, and the gentleman trying to perſuade her againſt it, ſhe would not give up, but declared that ſhe put herſelf under my protection and my huſband's.—I told her I had no huſband, having been a widow above five years, but that I thanked God I had ſpirit enough to hinder any body from ſuch a monſtrous proceeding as to marry a young creature whether ſhe would or no. So Miſs, ſaid I, if you are in earneſt in wiſhing to quit that gentleman, I'll take care that neither he nor nobody ſhall moleſt you."

"A thouſand bleſſings on you, my dear woman," cried Delmont. "But how, after that, did you loſe her? Satisfy my impatience, I intreat you."

"The young lady, Sir, after that, would never ſuffer me to leave her. She deſired me to let her have a bed in my room, which I did, happening to have a good

good bed in a cloſet within it, where my daughter Nancy ſleeps when ſhe is at home for the holidays. Well, Sir, all the next day ſhe ſtaid with me, nor would ſhe ſee the gentleman, the Captain, as he called himſelf, upon no account. He was in a great fuſs, and wrote ſeveral letters; ſome he ſent by the poſt, and he wrote the young lady one or two, for ſhe would not ſee him.

"In this way paſſed another day. Miſs wrote a letter alſo, but I have ſince had reaſon to think he contrived to ſtop it.

"I talked to him a great deal, and told him how ſad a thing it was, and what trouble he would get into; and I thought he ſeemed to repent of what he had done, and to wiſh himſelf out of the ſcrape, which I don't believe he would have undertaken himſelf, only it was put into his head. He always, however, maintained, that Miſs came away with him of her own accord.

"At laſt, on the evening of the ſecond day, he ſent for me and ſaid, that ſince it was

was ſo that the young lady had altered her mind, he was come to a reſolution not to reſtrain her will, and ſo he would take her back, and deliver her up ſafe to her friends, if ſo be as ſhe would truſt his honour; and he ſwore abundance of oaths, and ſaid, that by all that was ſacred he would not offer her the leaſt rudeneſs, and bade me aſk her if he had attempted the ſmalleſt ill behaviour all the time they had been travelling together. So, Sir, he begged ſo hard, that I went with this meſſage to the poor young lady, who, though ſhe began to recover a little from her fatigue was yet very ill, I thought, and did nothing but fret about her mother, who would be diſtracted, ſhe ſaid, to think what would become of her. I did not know very well what to adviſe, but as the man ſeemed to promiſe ſo faithfully, I thought perhaps it might be beſt upon the whole for her to determine to go back with him. I thought, as he would have our poſt-horſes, we ſhould know

know how he went on the firſt ſtage from here to London, and that he ſeemed to have had enough of it, and would give the attempt up. The young lady was very unwilling to be perſuaded, but at laſt did agree; and he took an oath before me, that he would carry her back, and beg pardon of her friends.

"Accordingly the next day, though when the time came the young lady was not very willing to truſt him, they ſet out in a poſtchaiſe and pair, for the gentleman ſaid he was in no ſuch haſte to go back as he had been to come, and ſo that he ſhould not hurry ſo much. I thought that did not look very well, I muſt own. However away they went, and my poſtillion, a boy that drove them, came back at the uſual time, and ſaid that they were going on; and I was in hopes the Captain, though I cannot ſay I ever quite liked the looks of him much, had repented him of this raſh attempt."

"Oh!

"Oh! why," exclaimed Delmont, paſſionately, why did you ſuffer her to put herſelf in his power again?"

"Why, Sir, what could *I* do? it is difficult interfering in theſe matters. The gentleman, though to be ſure he looked at every ſhilling he paid as if a drop of blood came from his heart, did pay, however, very handſome; and you know I did not know what might be the young Miſs's means. Indeed I knew that as to herſelf, at the time, ſhe had not much above a guinea in her pocket, for ſhe told me ſo."

Delmont was ſo ſhocked to think that Medora might finally be loſt from the operation of theſe mercenary politics, that he had hardly patience to ſuffer Mrs. Tarbat to go on. He checked himſelf, however, and ſhe proceeded——

"Well, Sir, I have not much more to tell you. Some days paſſed on, it may be eight or nine, and I thought no more of the matter, when all of a ſudden one night, as I was a ſitting in the bar, in comes

comes the ſame young lady, and falling into quite a paſſion of tears as it were, entreated me to protect her. I promiſed to do my beſt, for I am ſure I was very ſorry for her—and ſo after ſhe recovered herſelf a little ſhe told me, that inſtead of carrying her back to her friends as he had promiſed, the falſe baſe fellow had had the monſtrous audaciouſneſs to take her acroſs the country about ſixteen miles, to an houſe which belonged to his mother, where it ſeems he had confined her ever ſince, till ſhe got out of a window, and partly by walking, partly by getting into a cart with ſome ſick people that were ſent away by the pariſh, ſhe got back here, and knowing by the name of the place that it was the ſame as ſhe had ſtaid at two days, ſhe came away to me.

"The next day we conſulted how ſhe might be ſent ſafe to London; and to be ſure the ſtage coach was a great deal the beſt conveyance. So ſhe gave me her direction where to ſend for the money,

ney, and I agreed to let her have enough to pay her expences up to London; but that evening an officer, a fine handſome comely man to be ſure he was, came on his way from Ireland, as we underſtood, having been ſtopping on the road ſomewhere to viſit ſome friend of *his'n*, and for my part I am free to ſay I was quite aſtounded, as it were, and did not know what to think of my young gentlewoman, when the moment ſhe ſpied him, away ſhe flew, and almoſt embraced him as ſhe would her father or her brother. To be ſure when ſhe ſaw his face ſhe was, or ſeemed as if ſhe was, frighted; but I thought it a vaſtly odd thing that ſhe ſhould behave ſo, and was afraid I had been deceived in her. The gentleman ſeemed mightily familiar with her, and aſſured me ſhe was one of his acquaintance, and in ſhort, when ſhe declared it was no ſuch thing, and began to deſire to explain, I looked as if I doubted the truth; and to ſpeak plainly, I did then

begin to believe that ſhe was ſome poor young creature quite loſt, that one might get into trouble about, and loſe one's cuſtom, and could not do much good neither; I hope I am not uncharitable, but what could one think—and then when a man, that ſeemed to be quite a man of high rank, and that his ſervants ſaid was related to great lords, and would one day or other be a lord himſelf, I ſay, Sir, when ſuch a gentleman ſeemed to ſpeak of, and treat this young lady like one of ſlight character, what you know *could* I ſuppoſe. However my doing any thing one way or t'other was ſoon out of the queſtion; for that night the young body diſappeared. She left a piece of paper, here it is, with theſe gold bracelets in it, and this ſmelling bottle ſet in gold." Delmont took them trembling, and read theſe words:

"Madam,

"Having expended the little money I had about me, I have no other means of ſecuring

ſecuring you the repayment of the expence you may have incurred on my account, than by leaving the only things of any value that I have here. If you will ſend them to Mrs. Glenmorris, as Dalebury Farm near * * * * *, ſhe will thankfully redeem them, and pay you whatever may be farther your due from,

" Madam, your humble ſervant,

" M. GLENMORRIS."

Delmont was ready to weep over and to worſhip this proof of independent and courageous ſpirit; but fearing that if he appeared too deeply intereſted, he might not prevail on the landlady to tell him what might betray her own mercenary conduct, he only deſired ſhe would proceed to inform him of what elſe ſhe knew.

" Why but little more," ſaid Mrs. Tarbat; " next to nothing indeed, for I never heard of the young lady afterwards, only a few days ago I diſcovered that ſhe had changed almoſt all her

her clothes with one of my chamber maids."

"Her clothes!"

"Yes, and to be ſure ſhe did it that ſhe might not be known. She gave Sally Watts her fine laced cloak for a common handkerchief ſhawl, and her hat, and her beautiful ſprigged muſlin gown for a common cotton gown, an oldiſh black bonnet, and ſome articles of clean coarſe linen of Sally's. I was very angry with the wench when I knew it, for I ſhould have been glad to have given Miſs much better things in change for her's, myſelf."

Delmont, who found his indignation was not likely to ſubſide while he continued to hear the narrow minded and illiberal views with which all this woman's profeſſions of zeal for Medora ended, was now deſirous of cloſing the converſation. He reimburſed every charge ſhe made, as well for what Medora had had during her ſtay as the earneſt the woman pretended ſhe had paid to the coach, in which ſhe was to have proceeded to

London.

London. He kiſſed the trinkets he redeemed, as precious proofs of that ſtrength of conduct to which he ſtill looked forward as being what was to conſtitute the future happineſs of his life, and then ſending for the ſervant girl, who had exchanged clothes with Medora, he procured from her a deſcription of the gown, and every thing elſe that might aſſiſt him to trace the diſguiſed wanderer, for whom his heart bled even while he ſuffered not himſelf to doubt but that he ſhould, from the information he had received, recover her.

Two circumſtances ſtill appeared very unaccountable to Delmont; one was, who the man could be that had hazarded a meaſure at once ſo infamous and ſo dangerous; the other, by what arts Medora had been betrayed to take another route inſtead of going on towards London. As the poſtillion who drove the chaiſe was the only perſon who could on that laſt point give him any information, he ſpoke to him, but though he gave him

a crown, and promiſed him that no harm ſhould befal him if he ſpoke the truth, the boy perſiſted in ſaying, that he ſet the lady and gentleman down at the White Lion at ———, and knew nothing more about them. Delmont did not think it true, but finding every attempt vain to extort any thing elſe from the boy, he haſtened back to that town, where he hoped to recover traces of his fair fugitive.

CHAP. VI.

Paſſo di pene in pene,
Queſta ſuccede a quella;
Ma l'ultima chi viene,
E ſempre la peggior.

As Delmont proceeded along the road he had before paſſed, meditating on the moſt probable way of obtaining ſome farther intelligence of Medora, all the inconveniencies, diſtreſſes, and terrors that ſhe muſt have undergone occurred to him. Expoſed, in the diſguiſe ſhe had aſſumed, to the familiarity of the inferior ranks of people, whoſe groſſneſs muſt ſhock her, whoſe licentious freedoms terrify her, he thought with apprehenſion of all ſhe might have endured, and with ſtill greater of the uncertainty whether he ſhould diſcover and protect her; her mother too, in anguiſh and deſpair, was perpetually before him, and

his mind turned with diſguſt from the reflections he was compelled to make on his brother's conduct, ſo ungenerous, ſo little like what he felt he ſhould have done if they could have changed places; for it was evident that the laſt diſappearance of Medora was entirely owing to the alarm ſhe had felt from the behaviour of one, towards whom, from his relationſhip to her betrothed lover, ſhe had probably looked in the hope of protection.

It would not be eaſy therefore to find a man (whoſe misfortunes were not *certainly* irremediable) more miſerable than Delmont was at this moment. His imagination full of Medora under the appearances of a ſervant, he rode ſlowly along, looking earneſtly at every group of country people, or every peaſant girl he ſaw, and occaſionally conſulting Clement, his old and faithful ſervant, from whom he concealed nothing.

Clement was of opinion that Miſs Glenmorris would certainly endeavour to return

return to London, and moſt likely would procure a conveyance in ſome waggon or return chaiſe. The idea of Medora expoſed to hear the converſation, and being liable to be treated as a perſon of their own rank, by waggoners and hackney chaiſe drivers, again conjured up all Delmont's fears; he allowed, however, that is was extremely probable ſhe had been reduced to ſome ſuch expedient, and began himſelf, while he commiſſioned Clement to do the ſame, to enter into converſation with ſuch men of thoſe deſcriptions as they met on the road.

Clement for this purpoſe ſometimes preceded and ſometimes followed his maſter. On the ſecond day of their journey, Delmont having gone on without him, waited for him at a little cottage on a heath, where a ſign was hung out. It was now the laſt week of Auguſt, the weather was intenſely hot, and Delmont, afraid of proceeding, ſince every ſtep he took might lead him farther from the object of his

ſolicitude, remained for ſome hours ſtationary, in that ſort of hopeleſs languor which is the uſual conſequence of a man's not knowing whether the means he is purſuing are not rather inimical than advantageous to his views.

As he ſauntered in this way in a ſort of garden reclaimed from the heath, and divided from it by a ſlight fence of earth and thorns, he perceived Clement at a conſiderable diſtance, galloping through the deep ſandy road with a degree of ſpeed that made it certain he had ſomething important to tell. Delmont ſprang over the fence, and they met. Clement, half breathleſs between eagerneſs and haſte, replied to his maſter's earneſt queſtion—"Oh! Sir, I do think I've got news of Miſs Glenmorris!"

"You have not found her then?—you have not ſeen her?"

"No, Sir—Oh no! not ſo lucky as that neither; but, Sir, we're on the wrong road; there are four different roads, and I'll venture my life we are not right."

Clement

Clement then, diſmounting, began, amidſt much puffing and gaſping, to relate the reaſon he had for hoping he had diſcovered ſome traces of Medora.

"I overtook," ſaid he, "a waggon that goes twice a week from Skipton to a town, I forget the name on't, eleven miles t'other ſide Harrowgate. It comes as far this way as a place you might have noted, Sir, as you came along, where three roads meet, and then turns off to the left; ſo ſeeing the waggoner riding along after his carriage, I began to talk with him, and from one thing and another led the diſcourſe to the matter of my wiſhing to know if he had had among any paſſengers that he might have carried acroſs the country, ever a pretty looking young woman, quite young, that was dreſſed ſo and ſo, as you had told me, Sir; for, ſays I, I have a niece, as I am afeard, has fallen into bad hands; for her friends have not heard of her ſince ſhe came this way for to go to a ſervice. The man, who had children grown of his

own, as he told me, began to conſider with himſelf, and after a little, ſays he, 'I do think, mon, now I cooms to remember, that I *did* give ſuch a young body a lift in my waggon.' Then, Sir, he aſked me how long agone it was, and when I told him, 'Gollys,' ſays he, 'I do believe 'twas the very ſame, and,' ſays he, 'I'll tell you how it was,' ſays he."

"Prythee, my good fellow," cried Delmont, "make thy ſtory as ſhort as thou canſt; I am upon the rack."

"I will Sir—I'll not make more words than I can help—ſo Sir, ſays the waggoner, whoſe name is Thomas Smithſon."

"Never mind his name."

"Well Sir, ſo ſaid Thomas Smithſon to me, "It was much about the toime, friend, (for he is a north-countryman, and talks broad Yorkſhire, with a burr like in his throat) it was much about that toime you ſpeaak on."

"Don't make thy narrative more tedious

ous by imitating his dialect; what ſignifies *how* he ſpoke, tell me only what he ſpoke."

"I am going on, Sir; 'about the time,' ſaid he, 'as you name, that a little beyond, it may be a mile or ſo beyond this place where we are now, but out of the high road, that there is a ſharp hill called Cobthorn Top, and plaguey ſandy for the poor beaſts. So a woman body as I had in my waggon, who was a going to live at one of Sir Harry Richmond's farms; (I knew her, ſhe came from Boroughbridge, a middle aged woman, who was hired for the dairy by Mrs. Crowling, Sir Harry's ſteward's wife, who manages all them there things') I put down the names Sir, upon this here paper," added Clement, "for fear I ſhould forget them."

"You did well," anſwered Delmont, "but if you explain yourſelf no faſter you will drive me mad."

"Well Sir, ſo ſays the waggoner. 'This dairy woman was feign to get out to

walk up this pull, and I drived on, when preſently on the ſide of the road, and out in a ſort of green patch among the buſhes, I ſees a young girl ſitting on a piece of ſtump of an old tree, and leaning her head againſt a pollard that was there, and ſhe looked ſo pale and faint, and ſeemed ſuch a pretty young thing, that I could not help aſking her what ſhe ſat there for? and if ſhe was by herſelf? She ſeemed ready to cry, and told me ſhe was a ſtranger in this country, and was walking towards London, when ſhe became ſo tired that ſhe could go no farther. And to be ſure well ſhe might be tired. So I aſked her if ſhe would get up into my waggon a bit; but ſhe ſeemed *timmerſome* and to be afeard, though I ſpoke to her as 'twere to one of my own children. At laſt the other woman overtook us, and then ſeeing a good decent looking ſort of a perſon to keep her company, and finding there was no body but ſhe and I and the boy, ſhe was perſuaded, and went with us as far as

Bardſley

Bardſley Croſs, which is juſt as you turns to go to the lodge at Sir Harry's; and there they both got out; the other woman body having perſuaded the young gentlewoman, for to my thinking ſhe looked more like a lady than a poor man's child, to go along with her.' This Sir," continued Clement, "was the moſt part of what Thomas Smithſon ſaid, but I'm almoſt as ſure as if I had ſeen her myſelf, that it is Miſs Glenmorris, and nobody elſe that this man has ſeen; and as I knew you would like to ſpeak to him yourſelf, I made haſte after you, becauſe though he is five or ſix miles on before, upon the croſs road, I am partly certain we ſhall overtake him if we make haſte, and he can ſhew us the very ſpot where he ſet Miſs down."

Delmont, aware of the advantage thus gained in a point which was ſo near his heart, loſt not a moment to haſten, according to the direction ſhewn him; and with leſs conſideration for his horſe than it was his cuſtom to ſhew, overtook the

man about two miles from the place, where, from all the circumſtances Delmont could gather, it ſeemed certain that Medora had indeed been left in company with a woman with whom ſhe had become acquainted on the way.

Informing himſelf then of every particular which could aſſiſt him; Delmont diſmiſſed his guide with an handſome preſent, and leaving his ſervant and tired horſes at the neareſt public houſe on the road, he determined to reconnoitre on foot the houſe of Sir Harry Richmond, which he was ſhewn at a diſtance, among old woods, and extenſive plantations creeping above them, half way up hills which were naturally rude and barren, and appeared groteſque and wild, and once to have been covered, as the colour of their ſummits ſtill denoted, with heath. The place called Bardſley Croſs was where the road turned that led to the avenues and ridings cut through the woods with which this fine old ſeat was every way ſurrounded. A lodge, where lived the widow

of

of an huntſman and her children, gave entrance to this foreſt-like domain, and Delmont, giving the woman half a crown (which ſhe received with thankfulneſs that denoted a neceſſity not very creditable to the humanity of the maſter ſhe ſerved) he accepted her invitation to reſt himſelf a moment in "the poor place," as ſhe termed it, where ſhe lived.

There were great remains of beauty in the features of this woman, who, though yet young, appeared to be the victim of ſorrow and of poverty. In her face, though marked by the hard lines that adverſity engraves, there was a ſoftneſs of dejection extremely intereſting, and far removed from that harſh feeling of the injuries and injuſtice of the world, that too often gives even to the female countenance, in inferior and laborious life, an expreſſion which excites a ſentiment compounded of diſguſt and compaſſion. Mrs. Billſon ſeemed quite reſigned to a deſtiny that Delmont wondered ſhould be ſo wretched, ſince ſhe was, he ſuppoſed,

ſtill

ſtill conſidered as a ſervant to Sir Harry Richmond, a man who with one of the largeſt fortunes in the county had only a ſon and a daughter, both grown up, and both poſſeſſing, in right of their mother and maternal grandmother, independent and even affluent fortunes.

Delmont now engaged Mrs. Billſon in converſation, hoping he might gather ſomething from her that related to the object of his ſolicitude, and among other things he ſaid, "I would not be inquiſitive, but it ſeems to me that your maſter is, for ſo affluent a man, not ſo kind as he might be to his ſervants; perhaps he may be unacquainted with your diſtreſs?"

"Ah! no, Sir," replied Mrs. Billſon, "his honour, Sir Harry, knows it well enough," (and ſighed deeply) "he cannot well help knowing it, indeed; but great gentlefolks don't conſider always what poor folks ſuffers; Sir Harry, you know, Sir, has always been a rich and proſperous gentleman,

gentleman, and beſides (ſhe heſitated) there be ways that ſuch as we know nothing of, that great gentlemen *muſt* lay out their money in."

"He keeps a great deal of company, I ſuppoſe?"

"No, Sir, very little indeed now. The gentlemen and ladies of the country round ſeldom comes unleſs Miſs Richmond is here."

"Sir Harry then is not fond of company?"

"Not of ſet dinners, Sir—and there ben't much offal victuals now to give away, as I have heard ſay there was in my lady's time."

"Sir Harry is a great ſportſman, perhaps. Pray has he a large family of ſervants?"

"About twenty, Sir, beſides thoſe in the gardens and ſtables."

"And who directs the œconomy of his houſe?"

The poor woman annexed but one idea

idea to the word œconomy, and ſeemed tempted to ſmile.

"There's not much œconomy," ſaid ſhe, "in the caſe. I believe, indeed, that .... but, however, to be ſure it's no buſineſs of mine. Poor folks muſt have nothing to ſay about ſuch gentlemen as his honour, Sir Harry."

"What I meant to aſk was," added Delmont, "whether there is not ſome houſekeeper, or the wife of his ſteward, I think I heard, who hires the ſervants, and directs the domeſtic concerns of the houſe?"

"Oh! yes, Sir, to be *ſure* there is."—This, ſaid with a peculiar expreſſion, made Delmont believe there was ſome myſtery.

"The ſteward's wife, I think?"

"Yes, Sir—Steward he is *now*—he *was* only an attorney's clerk but t'other day; unluckily for all Sir Harry's ſervants, his good old ſteward died lately, and ſo this man is in his place."

"And his wife?"

"His wife ..... is Sir Harry's *friend*, Sir

Sir—and directs his family . . . Sir Harry, you know, Sir, has been—nay, I ſuppoſe may be ſo ſtill, a very wild gay gentleman."

Delmont now thought he comprehended what Mrs. Billſon would ſay. About the character and arrangements of Sir Harry Richmond he had not the ſlighteſt curioſity, but he believed it highly probable that as the woman Medora had met with in her way, and whom ſhe ſeemed to conſider as a ſort of protection, was hired in this family, Medora, being without money, and above two hundred miles diſtant from London, might have ſought an aſylum under the ſame roof till ſhe could find the means of returning to her mother, which, deſtitute as ſhe appeared to be, was almoſt impoſſible without aſſiſtance.

"Do you know if Mrs. Crowling has hired any new ſervant, lately?" enquired Delmont.

"She is ſeldom long without three or four new ones, as I hear, and they are always beauties, forſooth! Sir Harry," added

added Mrs. Billſon, with a ſignificant half ſmile, "is ſo fond of pretty people, that he don't like to have even his cows milked, or his work at the dairy farm done, but by the beſt looking girls that Mrs. Crowling can find out for him."

"Indeed!" cried Delmont, as much alarmed as if he had been ſure Medora was already in the power of this profligate man.

"Yes, it is very true, I aſſure you, Sir; but I hope you'll not ſpeak of it as coming from me, for . . . . I muſt not diſoblige Sir Harry, though, God knows, if every body as have ſuffered dared to *ſpeak*; but then, indeed, what would be the good of ſpeaking; he is a rich and powerful gentleman, and can do juſt as he likes, and for ſuch people as *we* to complain is juſt nonſenſe.

"How far off is the dairy farm," ſaid Delmont.

"You'll hardly get there and back to-night, Sir," ſaid Mrs. Billſon; "for it's a pretty long way, and beſides 'twill be dark long enough before you get through the

the Netherwood, ſo that you would ſee nothing at all of the *curoſities* of the place."

"Curioſities! and pray what are they?"

"Dear, Sir, all ſorts of fine improvements that Sir Harry has made. There is places all lined with marble and china, that his honour calls challets *, or challots, or ſome ſuch name, and he've carried a ſtream of water through them from the lower caſcade; and there's rooms fitted up very grand indeed, with ſattin and ſilk and *chinchs's* for *curtins* and ſettees, and ſuch like, and ſweet ſmelling flowers in pots, and oranges and *gereenums*—fine large looking-glaſſes, ſhells, china, and a heap of beautiful things that there's no telling; and there is beſide an ice-houſe to make vittels into ice, and a cold bath, and an hot bath, with water that is let into a place with a copper to heat it. The cold bath is the moſt beautifulleſt thing; all lined with moſs and ſhells, and

* Chalet, a dairy houſe—ſo called in Switzerland and in the mountains.

clear

clear ſtreams of water, that comes as 'twere out of a rock where there's a white image of a lady, that they ſay is a roman catholic goddeſs, brought from the pope of Rome." At any other time Delmont would hardly have forborne a ſmile at this deſcription of luxuries collected by a determined voluptuary.

Of Sir Harry Richmond, Delmont now remembered to have heard. He had been brought up in the ſea-ſervice, being the youngeſt of four brothers, but in conſequence of the death of the three others, he had quitted the navy, retaining nothing of the beſt part of a ſeaman's character, and only having learned to refine on that groſſneſs with which he had practiſed the worſt. He was a tyrant both from nature and habit; and hardly took the pains to attempt concealing that determined preference of himſelf, which made him as careleſs of the feelings, as indifferent to the opinion, of others. Having married young, he was yet only entering on middle age; and though he began to feel the effects of his intemperate

perate life, his perſon was ſtill handſome; and when he had any point to carry, his manners very pleaſing. That Medora might be even an unwilling reſident in the houſe of ſuch a man, was a ſuſpicion ſo very uneaſy to him, that he could no longer bear to be unſatisfied; he, therefore, giving half a guinea in addition to his former preſent to the poor woman, aſked her whether, if he ſhould return late, ſhe would let him ſit up by her fire all night, unleſs ſhe could accommodate him with a bed, for he was determined to viſit the dairy farm that evening.

Mrs. Billſon wondered, but forbore to comment. She told him that he ſhould be welcome either to ſtay by her fire, or to ſleep, if he choſe it, on ſome clean fern and ſtraw in a little room at the back of her ſmall habitation, which ſhe told him was dry, and over which ſhe would ſpread a blanket and clean ſheets, and it was in fact a better bed than ſhe had for herſelf and her children. This arrangement being made in caſe he re-

turned, Delmont departed, taking the way ſhe directed him through an avenue of the woods, which would carry him, ſhe ſaid, near two miles before he would come to the broad avenue that led, at a quarter of a mile farther on, to the great houſe, which he muſt leave on the left, and make through the fir plantations towards the lake, on the banks of which, where it was fed by waterfalls from the heights beyond, were the chalets, concealed by thick woods from the dairy farm which ſtood in the center of the meadows. Delmont thought himſelf well enough inſtructed in the way not to miſs it, and having made a note of the name of the woman with whom Medora had travelled, he haſtened with impatience to gain ſome intelligence that might relieve the fears for her ſafety, now again tormenting him to a degree altogether inſupportable.

Before he had paſſed through the firſt wood, which was compoſed of fine timber and underwood of conſiderable growth, it was nearly dark; but arriving where the

the copse was cut away on high ground, he beheld the moon, now at full, rising red, yet clear, glowing, and seen to infinite advantage through the dark boughs which surrounded him. The idea that occurred to him was one that is common with those who love—"Beautiful planet! are the eyes of Medora fixed on thee at this moment? Does she now in peace and safety, though in humble life, gaze on thy orb, and recollect that blessed, that short period of our lives, when we together watched thy appearance over the eastern hill, and delighted in thy beams as they danced on the collected waters of Upwood brooks, or as they chequered the path where lay our evening walk among the beech trees. Oh, fleeting period of felicity! how little did I know how to value it, for I was not then content; and yet now, perhaps, I shall never be restored to such enjoyment again!"

Indulging such reveries, Delmont came to the second barrier of the woods, where two pillars, surmounted by the crest of

the family (an eagle in white marble) marked the gate which encloſed what was called the inner park; but ſtill covered with a magnificent growth of ancient wood, it ſeemed rather a continuation of a foreſt; the trees, however, became more regular, and at length ſtretched in linear grandeur into a long and overarched avenue of Spaniſh cheſnut, of which there were four rows, rich in the moſt luxurious foliage; on each ſide of them ſeveral rows of old beech, feathered down to the ground, ſo as to form on the largeſt ſcale a complete berceau, hardly pervious any where but in the center (through which lay the coach-road) to the rays of the moon.

Delmont kept his way on the ſide, where was a path made by foot paſſengers towards the houſe; he moved ſlowly, and hardly diſcerning his own way could not be perceived by any one who ſhould paſs along the other viſtas. The dews fell heavily, as is uſual after an hot day, but hardly did the ſlighteſt noiſe break the ſtillneſs of the air, ſave at intervals the call of the partridge

partridge, or the ſhrill cry of the mole cricket *. When theſe night ſounds of departing ſummer ceaſed, all was ſo perfectly in repoſe, that nature ſeemed for a while to have forgotten her progreſs, and to ſlumber in voluptuous tranquillity.

Delmont, looking down the middle avenue to ſee if he could yet diſcern the front of the houſe, perceived, as the moon-beams through the trees chequered the raiſed cauſeway, two figures in white, walking ſlowly, and, as it ſeemed, arm in arm in the road. Afraid of alarming them, as he concluded they were ladies belonging to the houſe, he ſtepped yet more cautiouſly on, and as he had as little deſire to diſturb them as to be obſerved himſelf, he ſtopped, concealed by one of the large trees, till they paſſed.

But great was his agitation when he

* The Gryllus, *grillo talpa*, mole cricket, haunts moiſt meadows, and frequents the ſides of ponds, and backs of ſtreams, performing all its functions in a ſwampy wet ſoil. With a pair of fore feet curiouſly adapted to the purpoſe, it burrows and works under ground like the mole.

White's Selbourne.

thought that the voice of one of them was that of Medora, he pauſed—he gazed earneſtly, and liſtened in breathleſs anxiety.—The figure indiſtinctly ſeen, ſeemed to be her's; the voice, though he only now and then caught its ſound, ſtrongly reſembled that always ſo delightful to his ears; yet he might be miſtaken; he might intrude upon and terrify ſome young perſon to whom he was a ſtranger. Again he liſtened—the two perſons approached, and were within a few yards of the place where he ſtood.—He diſtinguiſhed great part of what one of them ſaid—the voice ſo like that of Medora anſwered.—The words he heard from the firſt were; "To ſeem to arraign the conduct of a parent . . . . . diſtreſſing to me.—Already he ſeems to wiſh . . . . would I knew how to act. . . ."

The ſecond anſwered in ſhort, and, as it ſeemed, conſolatory ſentences; but though the words fell indiſtinctly on the ear of Delmont, he liſtened with more and more eagerneſs and ſolicitude, convinced it could be no other than the voice of Medora.

Yet

Yet a ſlight guſt of air, momentarily ſwaying away the boughs which impeded the moon-light, it ſuddenly fell on the figure towards which Delmont had actually determined to advance; he ſaw the face and form of the young perſon more diſtinctly.—Was it the face and form of Medora he beheld?—The reſemblance muſt be ſtrong, when ſeeing it as clearly as he now did, he yet heſitated a moment; but no!—it was not Medora.—Medora was rather taller, and certainly the face had not her features; yet there was ſomething in the air of the whole perſon, and a likeneſs of tone in the ſweet and plaintive voice, that had together ſo ſtrongly impreſſed on his mind the hope of his having found what he ſought, that the conviction of his being miſtaken threw him off his guard, and by a ſudden motion he was perceived by the two ladies, who obſerving ſo near them a perſon they might well ſuſpect of ſome ſiniſter purpoſe, ſince he evidently ſought to conceal himſelf, they both betrayed ſigns of fear, and haſtily retreated towards the houſe.

Delmont, conſcious that he had already acted improperly, and at once anxious to apologize and to relieve them from their apprehenſions, gave himſelf very little time to reflect before he hurried after them, and ſoon overtaking them, though fear quickened their pace, he beſought their pardon in a voice and manner that ſoon quieted their alarms, while it excited their curioſity.

Theſe two young women were Miſs Richmond, the only daughter of Sir Harry, and Miſs Cardonnel; who had obtained permiſſion of Lady Mary (as ſhe was herſelf in unuſual health, and had Mrs. Grinſted with her), to paſs three weeks with her favourite friend, at the magnificent ſeat of Sir Harry, where, not entirely to ſet at defiance the opinion and the cenſures of the world, he had his daughter as his inmate during two or three ſummer months.

As ſoon as the apprehenſions of theſe two lovely women had ſubſided, by the conviction that it was a gentleman who

ſpoke

ſpoke to them, Delmont, with the frankneſs natural to him, told them his name, and added—"I came into this country, and even into this neighbourhood, in ſearch of a perſon whoſe diſappearance has cauſed the greateſt miſery.—I dread leſt my enquiries may be as fruitleſs here as they have already been in other places, but I will take care at leaſt that my nocturnal rambles ſhall not again be the cauſe of any alarm to you Miſs Richmond, while I hardly know how to aſk, whether, in conſideration of our families being well acquainted, you will give me leave to pay my reſpects to you at a leſs improper hour, than that in which I ſo inadvertently broke in on your evening retirement."

Miſs Richmond, who was extremely well bred, anſwered, that ſhe was ſure, were her father at home, he would be extremely glad to ſee any one of the name of Delmont; and that even in his abſence, though ſhe had not the ſame powers of entertaining his viſitors, ſhe believed ſhe might

ſay that none who bore that name could fail of a welcome."

Delmont, enquiring how long Sir Harry would be abſent, and hearing it was uncertain, deſired permiſſion to wait on Miſs Richmond the next morning, and on its being granted, he conducted them to the houſe whither they were returning, not, as they aſſured him, in conſequence of the alarm he had given them, but of the dews falling ſo profuſely as to have wetted their thin ſummer clothes, nearly as much as would have happened had they been expoſed to rain. At the hall-door he took leave, his mind hardly diverted a moment, by this accidental rencontre, from the object which occupied all his thoughts, and continued the way he had been directed towards the Chalets.

To his new acquaintance, however, this accidental meeting was not a matter of ſuch indifference. There was ſomething romantic in it that had the air of an adventure, and Miſs Cardonnel, poſſeſſed of a naturally excellent, as well as highly

highly cultivated underſtanding, was not without a conſiderable ſhare of that ſort of imagination, which produces what is termed a romantic turn of mind.

As her grandmother, Lady Mary, never thought any one who had yet offered, (though among the offers ſhe had had were men of the firſt conſequence and fortune) equal to the merits and pretenſions of her dear Mary, they had all been declined almoſt as ſoon as heard; and the heart of Miſs Cardonnel, now in her twentieth year, was abſolutely free from any impreſſion.

Never, perhaps, did a man poſſeſs more requiſites than had Delmont to win the affections of a young woman. His perſon was uncommonly handſome, his manner eaſy without familiarity, and polite without formality, was remarkably attractive, and his ſentiments, every one of which carried with them the conviction, that they were the reſult of a reflecting mind on a good and generous nature, were ſo much in uniſon with the feelings

of Miſs Cardonnel, that though ſhe had paſſed hardly three quarters of an hour in his company, ſhe felt an extraordinary intereſt in his favour. "This Mr. Delmont," ſaid ſhe to Miſs Richmond, as ſoon as he had left them, "is a very agreeable man—ſurely he is wonderfully intereſting." "Indeed I think him ſo," anſwered her friend, "I cannot imagine of whom it is he is in ſearch?"

"And where is he ſearching for this loſt friend?" rejoined Miſs Cardonnel, "or wherefore ſhould he ſuppoſe this friend among your woods, my dear Annabelle?"

"I cannot even gueſs.—And from whence can he come or whither be going? It is inexplicable when one comes to reflect on it."

"It is indeed—I wiſh we had aſked him—however, you will have an opportunity of enquiring to-morrow, you know," ſaid Miſs Cardonnel.—

"Oh! perhaps not—it is not certain you know that he will come."—

"Not

"Not certain!—why ſhould he not?"

"Nay, ſay rather why *ſhould* he?—He is already certain we cannot give him the information he wants.—And when a man of his ſort has any ſcheme that occupies his imagination, he does not care much for any thing elſe."—

"What do you mean, my dear Annabelle, by a man of *his* ſort?"

"A young man, gay and *etourdi*, and in the purſuit, as I ſuppoſe him to be, of ſome woman."

Miſs Cardonnel felt at this ſpeech a ſenſation to which ſhe had been hitherto a ſtranger.—"A woman," cried ſhe, with quickneſs, "why ſhould you think ſo—Surely, my friend, ſuch a ſuppoſition is inconſiſtent with your natural charity and candour.—Why ſhould you ſuppoſe Mr. Delmont is purſuing ſome intrigue?"

"My dear Mary, how can you aſk *why* I ſhould ſuppoſe it?—It is true I have lived in the world but ſome eighteen or twenty months longer than you have, but I muſt have made but very little uſe

of my eyes, if I did not ſee that ſome ſuch project, ſome ſcheme of ſelf-gratification, occupies every individual; and that nobody cares for thoſe who cannot in ſome way or other contribute to their pleaſure or their profit."

"Nobody?—Ah! my friend, do you then make *no* exceptions." "Oh! certainly—it were illiberal not to make *ſome*," ſaid Miſs Richmond, ſighing, "and you know I have at leaſt one exception; but when my dear Mary has lived to obſerve the men of the world, ſuch as *I* have been uſed to ſee, ſhe will know how rare thoſe exceptions are, and how rarely they can ſafely be made in favour of a ſtranger, a young man ſuch as we have juſt ſeen.—Mr. Delmont will call to-morrow, perhaps, if he thinks he can procure any intelligence of this *friend* of his from us, but I dare ſay he will otherwiſe forget that he has ſeen us at all."

Miſs Cardonnel, who felt pain without knowing why, was not ſorry to let the converſation drop, and the fair friends

ſoon

ſoon after parted. Miſs Cardonnel, in ſpite of herſelf, continuing to recall the looks, the manner, the ſentiments of Delmont; while Miſs Richmond was compelled to entertain very unpleaſant ſpeculations, as to the actual ſituation of the perſon he had come into that neighbourhood to ſeek.

CHAP. VII.

Theſe are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O Cæſar!

WHILE all that was pleaſant and intereſting in the voice and manner of Miſs Cardonnel, affected Delmont from the general reſemblance ſhe bore to Miſs Glenmorris, he could not but compare their deſtinies; and his heart bled afreſh to reflect on what might at this moment be the ſituation of the wandering, unprotected, Medora.—If mere ſcenery had poſſeſſed the power to ſuſpend, for a moment, the anguiſh of the heart, he might have found a tranſient relief in the uncommon beauty of the place he viſited. A lake, reflecting the moon-beams on its broad and clear ſurface, was fed at its extremity by three waterfalls daſhing, in different directions, down rocks which were ſhadowed by trees, in ſome places hiding, in others

others receding from the ſilver torrents—round the edge of the lake the ſhade became darker, and the wood ſeemed to mingle with the reeds that crowded into the water. A narrow path, however, ſerpentined on the bank, and Delmont purſuing it as he had been directed, it led him along the margin of a ſequeſtered branch of the lake, which was indeed the river that carried its ſtill accumulating water to other parts of the eſtate. Here its channel was deep, but not wide: the weeping willows, planted on either bank, mingling their flexile boughs together in ſtreaming arches over it. He came to an almoſt circular receſs of turf; it was ſcreened by immenſe oaks and aſh, whoſe old fantaſtic arms ſtarted out as if to embrace the two ruſtic buildings that now appeared. They were white without, thatched with reeds, and partly mantled by odorous ſhrubs that crept round windows ſhaded by green lattices. A ſtream was heard to murmur through them; which then fell down a ſmall dark declivity

declivity (along which the path ſtill led), and ſupplied a ruſtic bath; where, though ſimplicity was its character without, there was within ſuch contrivances as a luxurious Roman would have choſen for his accommodation. But of theſe Delmont was content with the deſcription Mrs. Billſon had given him; and purſuing his way ſtill through a narrow and ſomewhat declining path, winding through the woods, he found himſelf in a quarter of an hour at their extremity on this ſide, where a long tract of meadows was ſpread between high lands on each ſide, richly clad with trees. The ſtreams from the lake, which here fertilized the grazing land, glittered in various currents. Its principal branch directed his eyes to a group of buildings, which Delmont imagined to be the farm-houſe, where he might, with great probability of finding her, ſeek for Medora.

By the time he reached the houſe, for the way was longer than it appeared, the moon, hitherto friendly to him, was ſo low

low that it lent him but little light around the dwelling, and the extenſive farm-yard adjoining to it—all was huſhed, ſave at intervals the noiſes of domeſtic poultry, which ſeemed to anſwer the cry of the wild-ducks and other water-foul from the river and lake, whoſe keen ſenſe of ſmell informed them that a ſtranger had intruded among their reedy receſſes and willowed haunts.

Delmont, prepoſſeſſed with the idea that he ſhould ſee Medora, was ſo agitated that he ſtopped at the gate, leading into a ſort of court before the houſe, to recover breath and recollection. He ſurveyed the windows. There was a light in one of the rooms.—"She is there," whiſpered the heart of Delmont;—as if it could be inhabited by no other than Medora. Approaching, and earneſtly fixing his eyes on the ſaſhes, he fancied he ſaw the ſhadow on the oppoſite wall of ſome one who ſat not far from the window. The figure roſe, took up the candle, and moved along the room till the

 light

light diſappeared. Delmont was convinced it was a woman, and became more and more perſuaded it was her whom he ſought.

After a ſhort interval light was again viſible in a room on the ground-floor; and Delmont paſſing as ſoftly as he could, through the gate towards the window, approached ſo near that he could diſtinguiſh a young perſon whoſe figure, as ſhe ſat ſtooping over a table, reſembled that of Medora, but her back was towards him, and ſhe ſeemed occupied in ſome kind of work which lay before her. Her whole appearance was very unlike that of an inmate of a farm-houſe; and if it was not, as on a ſteadier examination he believed, her whom he ſo anxiouſly ſought, the preſence of ſuch a perſon in ſuch a place confirmed his idea of the arrangements of Sir Harry Richmond. The young woman roſe and croſſed the room —opened a piano forte, which ſtood on the oppoſite end, and touched it with a grace and preciſion which, as well as a ſide-

ſide-view of her face that he now obtained, convinced Delmont it was not Medora. But was it not poſſible he might obtain ſome information of her? Yet how hazard alarming a young perſon by the abrupt appearance of a ſtranger, at ſuch an hour, in ſuch a place?

After a ſhort prelude ſhe ſang—Delmont liſtened to a plaintive Italian air: the words were from Metaſtaſio, and the manner of executing them ſhewed that they were felt by the ſongſtreſs;—while there could be no doubt from her manner of ſinging, as well as from the deep ſigh with which ſhe concluded, that ſhe was too ſenſible of her own ſituation to be acceſſary to the enforced confinement of another under the ſame circumſtances. After what he had heard from Mrs. Billſon, there was little doubt but that this young woman was one of the reſidents in Sir Harry's houſe whom ſhe had deſcribed. Delmont, however unwilling to alarm her, could not reſiſt his deſire of ſpeaking to her.

He

He opened the ſaſh ſlowly; the young perſon, who was arranging her muſic books, ſtarted, and turned towards the window, and perceiving Delmont, was haſtening in terror out of the room, when he ſaid, "One moment, I beſeech you, Madam, I would not terrify ..... I would not intrude upon you, but give me leave merely to aſk you a queſtion."

His manner was certainly not that of a robber. And though ſhe could not prevail upon herſelf to leave the door, the unknown ſongſtreſs, not perhaps altogether unuſed to attract by her muſic, ſtopped near it, and deſired him to explain himſelf.

"Will you, Madam," ſaid he, "condeſcend to tell me whether a young perſon who came hither dreſſed as a ſervant ..... a young woman of family and reſpectability, whom a ſtrange and alarming circumſtance compelled to have recourſe to that diſguiſe ..... will you tell me if ſhe is ſtill here?"

"No," replied the lady, "ſhe is not. I will not deceive you. Such a perſon undoubtedly

undoubtedly was here; not, however, brought here by Sir Harry Richmond, who is, as I ſuppoſe you know, the maſter of this houſe, but by mere accident. It is not, however, a place where ſuch a young perſon could remain. Means were found to acquaint Miſs Richmond of her ſituation, and ſhe was removed to London, but there is reaſon to believe Sir Harry has followed her thither. If you are her brother, Sir, or one greatly intereſted for her ſafety, I adviſe you to haſten after her, or it will be too late. I dare not ſtay, but believe that I heartily wiſh you ſucceſs."

"Oh yet a ſingle moment," cried Delmont. His informant was already gone. And a woman of a very different appearance, fat, red faced, and over-dreſſed, entered the room. Delmont retired from the window; ſhe came forward and ſhut it. In a few moments all the ſhutters were cloſed, as if thoſe within had taken ſome alarm. Delmont gazed on them a while, as if in hopes that he might again

ſee

ſee her who ſeemed ſo humanely to take an intereſt in his diſtreſs; but no one appearing, he ſlowly and reluctantly trod back his ſteps to the lodge—repeating to himſelf, "Miſs Richmond found means to releaſe her, but there is great reaſon to think Sir Harry has followed her to London. I will go, ſaid he, to Miſs Richmond; yet how relate what I have heard? how queſtion her on ſuch a ſubject, when it is of her father's infamy I muſt complain?" It then occurred to him, that the indiſtinct converſation he had heard in the avenue between her and Miſs Cardonnel, related to this very circumſtance, and a new field of enquiry was thus opened. "Did Miſs Cardonnel know it was her couſin? Had Medora, in the concealment ſhe had been obliged to have recourſe to, changed her name?" Theſe, and many other cruel ſolicitudes, prevented Delmont from ſleep, when he laid down on the humble bed which his hoſteſs at the lodge had provided for him. With the dawn of the

following

following day he was on foot; and in a ſhort conference with the unhappy woman, to whom he gave a ſum greater than ſhe had long been miſtreſs of, in return for the little hoſpitality ſhe had been able to ſhew him, he learned, that ſhe was a ſervant in Sir Harry Richmond's houſe, to whom unhappily he took a fancy. A conqueſt over a poor country girl of ſeventeen was not difficult; ſhe was ſoon obliged to quit the houſe, and he had two children by her, one of which was the elder of thoſe whoſe apparent poverty had excited the compaſſion of Delmont. The other was dead.

Sir Harry then inſiſted on the poor girl's marrying one of his huntſmen, who being a man of a fierce and brutal diſpoſition, continually reproached, and not unfrequently beat her during the five miſerable years ſhe lived with him. He then luckily broke his neck, and his widow and his children, as well as that which was known to be his maſter's, had ſince lingered on in poverty at the lodge;

where the poor woman acknowledged ſhe muſt often have wanted the common neceſſaries, which even ſuch an exiſtence demanded, but for Miſs Richmond, who was, ſhe ſaid, quite an angel. "Yet," ſaid Mrs. Billſon, "for all Sir Harry indulges himſelf ſo in every thing though ever ſo wrong, he croſſes poor Miſs Richmond in her love, though for one of the worthieſt, honeſteſt, and moſt generous gentlemen in this country, and he will give no reaſon for it, except that he does not chuſe it becauſe of an old grudge about game between their families, but every body hopes that when Miſs is of age, ſhe will have ſpirit enough to marry Mr. Archdale; though ſhe is ſo ſoft tempered, and ſo afraid of diſobliging her father, that people are afraid ſhe won't have courage."

"Theſe are indeed," thought Delmont, as he walked towards the great houſe—"theſe are indeed among the wrongs of woman."

It was yet early when he arrived at the ſplendid

ſplendid old manſion of the ancient family of the Richmonds. Miſs Richmond, however, was breakfaſting in a ſummer parlour that opened to the park, with her fair friend, whom Delmont no ſooner ſaw than he was again ſtruck with the reſemblance ſhe bore to Medora.

He apologized for ſo early a viſit, as well as for his appearance, accepting however their invitation to breakfaſt, and endeavouring to force his mind for a moment to converſe on common topics; but it was eaſy to ſee that the effort was painful to him, and he relapſed into that evidently anxious ſtate which he could not diſguiſe. He felt it equally awkward to deſire a private conference with Miſs Richmond, or to ſpeak before her friend on ſuch a ſubject. After their breakfaſt was ended, however, Miſs Cardonnel, as if ſhe gueſſed that he wiſhed to be alone with the Lady of the houſe, left the room on ſome ſlight pretence; and Delmont, though his faltering voice, and the blood mantling in his cheeks, gave teſtimony

how

how painful was the ſubject, entered upon it at once.

"I will not apologize," ſaid he, "for the liberty I am about to take in aſking Miſs Richmond ſome queſtions, which in any other caſe would be extremely impertinent. But the happineſs of my life is at ſtake—the peace, the preſervation of a young perſon, lovely and innocent as yourſelf, or your charming friend, to whom indeed ſhe is nearly related. Need I then make any other claims to the indulgence, the pity of Miſs Richmond? My heart, and her own amiable and generous character, aſſure me I need not."

Miſs Richmond, though prepared by what had paſſed the preceding evening for ſome enquiry from Delmont, was ſurpriſed at that part of his ſpeech which related to Miſs Cardonnel. She anſwered, however, "It is enough, Sir, to know I can give you any information relative to a perſon for whom you are intereſted; and if a relation of my dear Mary is concerned, it will

will add to my ſatisfaction if I can render her any ſervice."

"Give me leave then to aſk," ſaid Delmont, "if a young perſon appearing in the character of a ſervant, who was driven by ſome extraordinary circumſtances to an houſe of Sir Harry Richmond's, was not ſuppoſed by you, madam, to be ſo circumſtanced as to make her removal neceſſary, and if you did not generouſly contrive that removal?"

"I did," replied Miſs Richmond, deeply bluſhing, and appearing for a moment as if unable to proceed. She then, in a faint voice, and with downcaſt eyes, went on. "To Mr. Delmont I may ſay that the errors of a parent ought to be ſacred with his child, but when thoſe errors go to the injury of the innocent and unhappy, a duty ſuperior even to that due to a father demands our interference. I will briefly relate what has paſſed, and willingly diſmiſs a ſubject ſo painful to me, indeed, that nothing but

my wiſh to relieve your ſolicitude, and what I owe to truth, could induce me to ſpeak upon it. To wave every account of preceding tranſactions which gave riſe to any enquiry from me, I learned that a young perſon, whoſe appearance and manners rendered it certain that ſhe could not belong to the claſs which her dreſs indicated, was brought, my informer knew not by what contrivance, to the houſe, which, though it is inhabited by the ſteward, and a wretch he calls his wife, is a place where it is by no means fit a young woman of any character ſhould reſide. My pity has always been excited towards thoſe who, from whatever inducements, are its inmates, but for them nothing is in my power. I had ſoon the mortification of learning, that Sir Harry was purſuing, in regard to this very young girl, the ſame line of conduct as has already given me ſo much pain on other occaſions. I contrived, though at the riſk of incurring his heavieſt diſpleaſure, to ſee her. Without

out telling me her name, ſhe related her hiſtory, and the reaſons which had driven her to ſeek a temporary aſylum with a woman who was hired as a dairy ſervant for one of Sir Harry's farms. Falſehood never looked or ſpoke as ſhe did. I was immediately convinced that her narrative, though ſingular, was true, and I took meaſures to deliver from the imminent peril ſhe was in, a young creature for whoſe fate I felt the livelieſt intereſt. I ſucceeded, three days ſince, ſo far as to ſend her ſafely to London, recommended (as ſhe doubted whether her mother was ſtill there to receive her) to the wife of a very reſpectable tradeſman, whom I engaged to ſecrete her from the enquiry I was much afraid Sir Harry Richmond would make after her. He was then abſent, but returned the evening after her departure, and I have too much reaſon to believe he ſuſpected that I had been a party in her evaſion. I am very ſorry to ſay, that Sir Harry Richmond

immediately ſet out, as I fear, in purſuit of her, for unfortunately he uſually perſeveres in any project of this ſort, which once ſeizes his imagination; and I now wait, with extreme ſolicitude, to hear from the perſon in London, to whoſe care I recommended her, whether ſhe was conducted ſafely to the place of her deſtination."

Miſs Richmond then interrupting the juſt eulogium that Delmont warmly began on her virtuous and generous conduct towards an unprotected ſtranger, gave him the addreſs to the perſon to whoſe care Medora had been conſigned. He was ready to fall at her feet, and could with difficulty reſtrain himſelf from imprinting on the fair hand that preſented to him this paper, a kiſs of gratitude and reſpect, but the emotions which he could not wholly ſuppreſs were painful to Miſs Richmond; Delmont perceived they were, and in the narrative it was his turn to give, he endeavoured to confine himſelf

himſelf to the ſimpleſt detail: when it was concluded, not without having made a very ſenſible impreſſion on his auditor, Miſs Richmond aſked if ſhe had his permiſſion to inform Miſs Cardonnel how greatly her near and almoſt only relation was implicated in the hiſtory of the till then nameleſs young woman, who had excited their mutual compaſſion.

Delmont, haſtily running over in his mind the circumſtances of the family, had no difficulty in deciding that it was better to let this remain a ſecret. He ſaw not that any diſadvantage could ariſe from ſuffering their near relationſhip remain unknown; and it ſeemed as if Medora deſired her name to be as little called in queſtion as poſſible. Delmont indeed recollected how much ſhe and her mother had already ſuffered from the miſrepreſentations of malice; and though the two amiable women he had now met were undoubtedly of a very different deſcription from Mrs. Crewkherne

and her ſatellites, he thought it would be more agreeable to Glenmorris and her mother, and felt it to be ſo to the delicacy of his own affection, not to ſuffer her name to be more known than it already was, while ſhe was under circumſtances which were doubtful, and might be repreſented as diſcreditable.

Miſs Richmond aſſured Delmont that ſhe would obſerve the moſt inviolable ſecrecy. "I ſhould make," ſaid ſhe, "a point of conſcience of not deceiving my friend in any thing ſhe had an intereſt in knowing; but as this particular circumſtance can only give her pain, and cannot in any way be uſeful, I have no heſitation in aſſuring you, that from me it ſhall never be communicated."

Miſs Richmond ſeemed then very ſolicitous to cloſe the converſation, and rang the bell for her cloak and paraſol, directing at the ſame time that Miſs Cardonnel might be deſired to join them. "I know," ſaid ſhe, "to Delmont, you are juſtly impatient to begin your journey;

ney; but recollect, you will loſe no time in eating a ſandwich here, ſince you muſt take refreſhment ſome where on the road; and as you ſay your ſervant and horſes are waiting for you at the Richmond Arms, which is above two miles from this place; you ſhall regain the time you would otherwiſe loſe by having an horſe from hence, and therefore while they prepare you a ſlight repaſt, you cannot refuſe to walk with us round the home grounds, which are," added ſhe, ſighing, "what are called worth ſeeing."

Delmont could not refuſe an invitation at once ſo good natured and ſo accommodating; Miſs Cardonnel joined them, and they made the tour of ſome part of the beautiful plantations that were near the houſe, Delmont forcing himſelf to remark, as a matter of complaiſance, what at any other time would have given him real pleaſure, for the place, in a ſuperior degree, united magnificence with beauty, and modern cheerfulneſs with the nobler features of gothic grandeur,

deur, yet without any thing incongruous in their union.

Delmont's converſation, though to thoſe who had ſeen him under happier circumſtances it would have appeared evidently forced, yet ſeemed to his two fair companions, who had never ſeen him in happier days, ſo very attractive, that they agreed they had never met with ſo agreeable a man. Miſs Richmond ſaw, not without pain, that the favourable impreſſion he had on their firſt interview made on Miſs Cardonnel was now confirmed; inſtead therefore of rallying her friend, ſhe endeavoured to check the growth of this infant partiality, by intimating, that Mr. Delmont had an attachment, without repeating any part of their converſation, which might betray more than he wiſhed to have known.

Delmont, had he not indeed borne a charmed heart, would have parted with the fair friends with great regret; but his eagerneſs to overtake and protect Medora againſt the machinations he had ſo much

much reaſon to dread, conquered and abſorbed every other thought, and accepting the offer of an horſe, he haſtened to rejoin his ſervant, and without allowing himſelf any time to reſt, proceeded towards London.

CHAP. VIII.

"It is well obſerved (ſays Lord Bacon) that to be in love, and to be wiſe, is ſcarce poſſible even to a god."

ARRIVED in London, Delmont hurried to the houſe of Mr. Meyrick, a linen draper in the Strand, whither Miſs Richmond had directed him, and eagerly enquired at what time the young perſon, recommended by her to the care of Mr. Meyrick, had reached his houſe, and when ſhe had left it?

Mr. Meyrick anſwered, that the next day after her arrival in town, he had at her own deſire conducted her to the ſtage, going thrice a week to .... Had recommended her moſt earneſtly to the care of the coachman, whom he had paid, and from whom he had received aſſurances that the greateſt attention ſhould be ſhewn to

the young lady; that he had himſelf furniſhed her with money to pay her poſtchaiſe to Dalebury Farm, whither ſhe ſaid he ſhould inſtantly go; and Mr. Meyrick added, that he had no doubt but that ſhe was now ſafe in the protection of her friends.

Delmont, ſatisfactory as this account appeared, was not content with it. A thouſand queſtions, which he had no means of having reſolved, occurred to him. Had Medora then found her mother? Was ſhe aſſured of protection at Dalebury? Yet certainly going thither was the moſt prudent ſtep ſhe could take whether Mrs. Glenmorris was there or not. He now repented having brought Suſanne away, and determined to ſet out with her that night for Upwood, where he truſted he ſhould now once more behold Medora. Yet doubts and fears hung heavy on his heart. He ſought Armitage, in the hope of relieving his apprehenſions, and above all in the hope that he had diſcovered Mrs. Glenmorris, a reſearch in

which he knew he would be indefatigable. On enquiring, however, at his lodgings, he found he went ſuddenly out of town the day before, but whether intending to go to his own houſe, or any other place, the people where he had lodged did not know.

On more mature reflection, Delmont determined to ſend Suſanne away immediately, and to ſtay one day in town, as well to inform himſelf of Armitage's ſucceſs in the ſearch he had made, which he thought he ſhould hear, as to ſee the coachman, to whoſe care Medora had been committed on her journey, and who was to be at the inn where the coach put up the following morning. Having then diſpatched Suſanne, he ſlept not till he had ſeen this man; but what was his diſtreſs and conſternation at hearing the following account.

"Sir," ſaid the coachman, "the young gentlewoman was put into my coach by Mr. Meyrick, whom I know very well. I had no paſſenger but a very elderly woman going down to live with her grand-daughter,

ter, deaf and almoſt blind; and I'm ſure, to ſee the good nature that the young miſs ſhewed to the poor old woman quite did my heart good. We ſet out, you know, early, becauſe the ..... coach meets mine to go ſixteen miles bad road; and at this time of year the mornings are getting dark. Well, Sir, at the turnpike at Vauxhall, I was hailed by the landlord of the Queen's Head, with 'What, Ralph, any inſide place?'—I ſaid yes, and aſked how far. 'Why all the way to ....' ſays he. So preſently out comes a fine jolly handſome middle-aged gentleman" (the heart of Delmont ſunk with apprehenſion, while it ſwelled with indignation); "and he ſaid he had only a little parcel in a cloak-bag, and a black ſervant, who was to go outſide. So I opened the coach door, you know, as to be ſure I could do no other, and I ſaw Miſs was not much pleaſed to have another paſſenger, for ſhe wrapt the ſilk and gauze-like what d'ye call it, that the women folks wear, over her pretty face, and

ſat

ſat ſnug up in the corner by the ſide of the old gentlewoman. So, Sir, on we went for five miles, when all of a ſudden the gentleman (whoſe name I could not find out, for the black man would not ſay a word) all of a ſudden, as we came by the French Horn Inn, where, you know, there is poſtchaiſes to let, the gentleman calls to me to ſtop—got out, helped Miſs out, who had been crying till her eyes were all red, and ſeemed hardly able to ſtand, and ſo giving me his fare and his ſervant's, and half a guinea to boot (and Miſs's he would have given me, only I told him I had been paid before) he went away with her and his ſervant into the French Horn Tavern."

"And did the young lady ſay nothing," cried Delmont, impatiently, "did ſhe not reſiſt being thus ſtopped on her journey?"

"No, Sir," replied the coachman, "cannot ſay ſhe did, only ſhe ſeemed deſpert molloncholly, I thought, and I am ſure ſhe had been crying. I made bold, as Mr.

Mr. Meyrick had given me ſuch a charge, to ſay to the gentleman, that I hoped he was one as had a good right to take the care of the young gentlewoman, otherwiſe I ſhould be anſwerable for her to her friends; and he anſwered, 'Be in no pain on that account, honeſt Ralph; I am one of her beſt friends, and have the beſt right to protect her.'—So then to be ſure, as Miſs did not contradict him, why what could *I* do?—So there I left them, and as I came by the French Horn this morning, I ſtopped to enquire about them a bit, and John Newton the landlord ſaid how they ſtaid about an hour or ſo, and that Miſs was in a ſort of a fit, and forced to have hartſhorn and water, and ſuch like; and when ſhe ſeem'd for to be a little better, the gentleman ordered a poſtchai, and a ſaddle-horſe for the neger, and they went off back to London."

Delmont, as patiently as he could, liſtened to this relation, and then aſked every queſtion which he thought might enable

enable him to trace and to puniſh the man who ſeemed now to have finally cloſed upon him all the proſpects he had indulged of recovering Medora and happineſs. That this man was Sir Harry Richmond not a doubt remained; yet it was impoſſible to gueſs by what ſtratagem he could have prevailed on Medora to abandon her intention of going to Dalebury, and to put herſelf under the protection of one, of whoſe nefarious deſigns there could be little doubts, when ſhe was hurried by his daughter from Arnly Foreſt (his Yorkſhire place). The longer Delmont reflected on all the circumſtances he had heard the more incomprehenſible appeared the conduct of Medora, and for the firſt time, amidſt all the uneaſineſs he had undergone, he ſuffered himſelf to doubt whether ſhe merited the exceſſive, and even agoniſing, ſolicitude which he ſtill continued to feel—yet hardly had he ſuffered ſuch thoughts to gain upon his mind, before the image of her he loved returned to it as if to reproach

proach him, in all the candour and ſweetneſs of youthful innocence, unſuſpecting, becauſe unknowing of evil, and he aſked himſelf, whether there were not too many ways by which ſuch a man as Sir Harry Richmond might take advantage of the ſimplicity of a girl hardly ſeventeen, and ſo new to the world as was Medora?—The inſtances of courage and propriety of conduct which he had admired when they were only ſlightly related to him by Mrs. Tarbat, ſerved only to increaſe his wonder and embitter his regret. And what was now to be done? Whither could he go? He thought of and rejected many plans, and at length determined to go down to the inn the coachman had deſcribed, which was on a heath about ſix miles from London, on the Surry road, and endeavour to ſee the poſtillion who had conducted them from thence to London, imagining that by knowing where they had been ſet down he might trace them.

Loſing therefore not a moment, he got

got into a chaiſe at the firſt livery ſtable, and was driven to the French Horn—There Delmont ſoon found the lad he enquired for, and learned that with the middle aged gentleman, the handſome young lady, and the black ſervant, he had gone as far as the ſtand of coaches at Charing Croſs, where the two former had got into a coach, and the latter mounted behind, and he, being himſelf diſcharged, had immediately turned his horſes heads towards their ſtable, and knew not which way the hackney coach had been ordered to drive, nor what was its number. Here then again all traces of Medora ſeemed to be loſt.

The people of the inn gave him the ſame account as he had already had from the ſtage coachman; and in renewed deſpair, inſtead of the information he had hoped for, Delmont returned to London.

He had abſolutely forgotten, till reminded of it by unuſual faintneſs, that he

he had hardly eaten, and that he had not ſlept for ſix and thirty hours. The increaſed agitation of his mind, together with exceſſive fatigue, now made him ſenſible of perſonal uneaſineſs; he felt his blood inflamed, and his head giddy, while, though he was not himſelf conſcious of it, his looks were wild, his eyes bloodſhot, and his whole appearance — (an appearance altogether ſtrange to him) ſuch as a man falls into who has paſſed nights and days at the gaming table and the tavern.

He began, however, to ſuſpect, that if he did not allow himſelf a few hours repoſe, he ſhould be reduced to a ſtate in which it might not be in his power to ſeek Medora or her mother; he was therefore returning to his lodgings, when in croſſing towards Picadilly from the Haymarket, he ſaw in an hackney coach (which was for a moment in an embarraſſment between ſome coal carts) Medora ſitting in converſation, and, as it appeared, unreluctant converſation, with the

the well looking middle aged gentleman. He even ſaw that ſhe ſmiled, yet it was a faint and melancholy ſmile, while he hung upon her every word with an expreſſion of the fondeſt delight. This was not to be endured—Regardleſs, indeed not thinking of conſequences, Delmont ruſhed forward; but at that moment the impediment being withdrawn, the coachman whipped his horſes on, and as if to recover the time he had loſt, drove with unuſual ſpeed up Swallow Street.

Delmont, in all the haſte *he* could make, followed it—But it was now hidden from him by other coaches, and he was now impeded by a cart unloaded on the pavement. The people who ſaw him imagined he was either ſome unfortunate young man purſued by a bailiff, or one who had juſt eſcaped from the keepers of a madhouſe. Delmont heeded not what they thought; he did not even ſee them, but with eyes eagerly ſtraining after the coach, he croſſed in purſuit of

it

it Oxford Street, and at laſt ſaw it ſtop at the door of a private houſe in Portland Street. He waited in breathleſs agitation a moment. He beheld Sir Harry Richmond get out and aſſiſt Medora, and they went into the houſe together—The black ſervant took a parcel that was in the coach, paid the coachman, and was going to ſhut the door, when Delmont, without aſking or anſwering any queſtions, puſhed by him, and as, by the door of the parlour being open, he ſaw that thoſe he ſought were not there, he ruſhed up ſtairs, and threw open the drawing room door—He ſaw what completed his aſtoniſhment, indignation—Medora ſitting on the knee of her companion, his arm round her waiſt, and her head declined on his ſhoulder.

"Monſter! villain! ſeducer!" exclaimed Delmont, who ſtepped on, as if he meant to wreck his vengeance in another manner—when Medora ſtarted from her ſeat, and threw herſelf almoſt ſpeechleſs into

into his arms, faintly attempting to utter ſome words which he could not hear.

The ſtranger in the mean time, after a very ſhort pauſe, ſeemed to gueſs who Delmont was, and advanced towards him. "Mr. Delmont," ſaid he, holding out his hand towards him—"Is it not Mr. Delmont?"

"Dare you aſk?" exclaimed the enraged Delmont. "Oh! God!" cried Medora—"what do you mean, my dear friend! it is my father!"

"Your father!"

"Oh! yes, my own dear father."

Delmont felt the revulſion of his blood to be ſo violent, that he was compelled to ſit down, ſtill holding Medora's hand —"Your father!" repeated he—"Oh! Sir, what have I not endured of agony within theſe few moments—but Medora is ſafe, ſafe in your protection."

"And ſhall never leave it, Delmont," cried Glenmorris, embracing them both with great emotion, "but for yours—

Yes,

Yes, my dear friend, Medora is reſtored to us, the ſame innocent, the ſame lovely and admirable creature; but her mother!"

"What of her?" aſked Delmont, eagerly, "what of Mrs. Glenmorris?"

"Alas, we know nothing," ſaid Medora, ſobbing—"We have not yet been able to trace her, my father . . . ."

She pauſed, not having the power to proceed—"Delmont," cried Glenmorris, his voice trembling; "where can ſhe be? By what unaccountable accident have I loſt my wife? Think what I have ſuffered even in ſo unexpectedly regaining my daughter, to know that of her mother nothing has been heard ſince their ſeparation. Before I ſat out for the country I had learned that no one in London knew where ſhe was; all they were certain of being, that ſhe and her daughter were ſeparated, and nothing known of either of them."

Delmont put up his hand to his head —He was giddy and confuſed—The images

images he ſaw before him of Medora and her father ſeemed hardly real. He doubted whether he was not in the illuſion of a dream. Yet, attempting to ſoothe the anguiſh which he ſaw overcame Medora, he could only inarticulately expreſs himſelf; and after ſome words, attempting to comfort, though they only added to her diſquiet (ſince ſhe thought he knew more than he would tell) he ſtopped merely from inability to ſpeak on any ſubject with clearneſs at that moment."

"My dear friend," ſaid Medora, taking his hand, "I believe you are very ill!"

"No, not ill; only a little fatigued; but that is nothing. Why ſhould the ſoldier only be capable of long marches? Are not we farmers as hardy a race?—Come, dear Sir," added he, ſummoning his uſual cheerful manner, "let us not bring diſgrace on our profeſſion. Send me, I beſeech you, in ſearch of Mrs. Glenmorris, and I ſhall forget that I have been fatigued at all."

"Let

"Let us go, my dear Delmont," replied Glenmorris, who was already as well acquainted with him as if they had known each other for years. "Yet whither go?"

"You muſt not go, Sir; we muſt not leave Medora unprotected. I cannot now relate all the reaſons why I intreat you not to loſe ſight of her; but let *me*, I implore you, go inſtantly any where that is likely to yield us an hope of finding my excellent, my admirable friend; then may I once more ſee Medora happy, and be ſo myſelf, beyond all that I have hitherto believed poſſible—happy in proportion as I have lately been miſerable."

In deſpite of the effort Delmont made, it required leſs ſagacity than Glenmorris poſſeſſed, to diſcover that he was extremely ill; and at length he was induced to own that he had not been in bed for ſeveral nights, and that he *did* feel himſelf ſomewhat diſordered; "Nevertheleſs," ſaid he, "I aſſure you, that were

any thing leſs preſſing in queſtion than an inquiry after her mother, it is Medora's account of what has befallen her ſince we laſt met, that would the ſooneſt aſſuage this fooliſh ſenſation of fatigue which I have about me."

Glenmorris, however, would not ſuffer him either to begin his enquiry after the mother, or to liſten to the daughter, but inſiſted upon his going to his lodgings, and endeavouring to obtain ſome repoſe. "To begin our united ſearch after my poor Laura," ſaid he, "with effect, we muſt not ſet out as invalids, liable to be affected by perſonal illneſs; go, therefore, my dear Delmont, take the reſt which is, I am ſure, neceſſary for you, and return to us when you are better able to hear, than you are now, what my daughter has to relate, and then we will conſult together what can be done to relieve us all from ſo cruel a ſuſpence. I have written," added he, "to Armitage, who will, I hope, be in London to-morrow."

Delmont ſaw that Medora was extremely

tremely ſolicitous he ſhould follow her father's directions; he therefore conſented, though with reluctance, to go for a few hours to his lodgings, where, having changed his clothes, he threw himſelf upon the bed, and endeavoured to ſleep; his ſpirits, however, were in ſo great a tumult, that to ſleep was impoſſible, and to attempt it only increaſed the irritability of his mind. Fatigue, great as he had undergone, could not lull his ſenſes into temporary forgetfulneſs. The images of Glenmorris, of Medora, and of the beloved wife and mother they lamented, fleeted before his eyes, and merely fatigued by the endeavour to ſleep, he ſtarted up, and once more took his way to the apartments of Glenmorris.

Medora was ſitting with her father, more languid, as Delmont thought, and more affected by their ſudden meeting, than ſhe had been at the immediate moment. Glenmorris appeared to him exactly what he had been deſcribed; a perſon above the common height, and

giving the idea at once of perſonal ſtrength and mental dignity. Though his eyes were blue, and remarkably ſoft, there was at times ſomething ſo ſtern in his countenance as inſpired awe; and his voice deep, yet muſical, was one of thoſe which could not be heard without pleaſure, nor, when it was his purpoſe to perſuade, without conviction. His eloquence however was rather natural than acquired. He ſpoke rather from the feelings of his heart than the acquiſition of his underſtanding, and when animated and intereſted by his ſubject, he aroſe to exerciſe this native oratory, he appeared rather like an hero, ſuch as Homer or Virgil deſcribes, than a mere mortal of the preſent day. Glenmorris, who was hardly twenty when he married, was now only in his thirty-eighth year; but a ſcar acroſs his forehead and noſe, which he had received when he became a priſoner to the pirates, and his originally fair complection being very much changed by climate, he appeared two or three years older. Del-

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mont admired the juſtneſs of the deſcription he had received from the people of whom he had inquired, in the perſuaſion that it was Sir Harry Richmond; "that the gentleman was a very *grand* ſort of man;" the idea of grandeur being what ſtrikes perſons in that rank of life, from a tall, large, and martial looking figure.

The likeneſs that Medora bore to her father was rendered more remarkable by the dejection which abated much of the fire and vivacity of his countenance. He could not now ſpeak of his wife without betraying by his faltering voice, and by the tears in which his eyes ſwam, how cruelly he felt her unaccountable abſence; yet he evidently endeavoured to ſtifle theſe expreſſions of his concern for Medora's ſake, who watched every turn of his countenance with diſtreſſing ſolicitude, and ſeemed unable to ſupport the complicated pain of reflecting on the anguiſh of one of her parents, inflicted by the loſs of the other.

Glenmorris, who ſaw that Delmont would be reſtleſs and uneaſy till he had heard Medora's little hiſtory, and anxious himſelf to go out, though he knew not whither, in ſearch of his Laura, took occaſion, after they had drank tea, to leave them together, as he imagined his daughter would be under leſs reſtraint when he was abſent, and was on reflection ſenſible of the propriety of what Delmont had ſaid, that ſhe ſhould never be left without the protection of either her father or her lover; Glenmorris therefore, committing his lately recovered treaſure to the care of Delmont, ſet out in ſearch of the other. All that once gave pleaſure or pain to him in the great metropolis, which he thus reviſited after an abſence of above fifteen years, had entirely loſt its influence; he now wondered how he ever could have beheld theſe ſcenes with ſuch different eyes.

The charm he had formerly found or imagined in ſociety, ſuch as is to be met with in a great city, had vaniſhed; his friends

friends were gone; ſome were dead, others diſappeared from poverty or from wearineſs; and a few were become what are called ſtateſmen, and had put on the golden fetters, which they fancied were worn for the benefit of their country. It was not theſe that Glenmorris envied; he envied indeed no one, but rather beheld with wonder the toil and fatigue which were incurred to make a ſplendid appearance at ſuch an immenſe expence as would have ſupported in America fifty families in more real comfort and plenty. He ſaw men labouring in places like dungeons the greater and better part of their days in the hope of ſome future ſatisfaction which great riches were to beſtow; but the means were ſeldom acquired till the end was loſt, and till the power of enjoyment exiſted no longer. He ſaw the continual and often ſucceſsful effort of knaves to take advantage of fools, and beheld a ſpirit of quackery prevail from the ſtate charlatan, exhauſting and en-

feebling the public conſtitution, to the advertiſing puffer of ſome poiſonous noſtrum; and hardly as he contemplated the humiliating ſcene of almoſt univerſal impoſition and deception, knew whether moſt to deſpiſe or to pity thoſe who acted and thoſe who ſuffered.

Far from repenting that he had withdrawn himſelf to America, Glenmorris regretted only that he had, in attempting to obtain gilding for the invaluable jewels, whoſe intrinſic value nothing could increaſe, loſt perhaps one, and ſo narrowly eſcaped being deprived of the other; he now felt from conviction, what indeed he had never doubted, that great fortune had no power to add to that domeſtic felicity, which alone is worth the wiſh of a rational being, and he had no heſitation in determining, that when his Laura was reſtored to him, he would not be detained a moment by thoſe projects of obtaining her fortune, which had been the cauſe of their cruel ſeparation, but

that

that he would return directly to his farm, and, if it were poſſible, engage Delmont, with whoſe appearance and manners he was highly ſatisfied, to accompany them, and become an inhabitant of the new world.

To cultivate the earth of another continent, to carry the arts of civil life, without its miſery and its vices, to the wild regions of the globe, had in it a degree of ſublimity, which, in Glenmorris's opinion, ſunk the petty politics and falſe views ſo eagerly purſued in Europe, into ſomething more deſpicable than childiſh imbecility, in proportion as ſuch ſchemes are injurious to the general happineſs of the ſociety where they are exerciſed. When he reflected on the degradation to which thoſe muſt ſubmit, who would make what is called a figure in this country; that they muſt ſacrifice their independence, their time, their taſte, their liberty, to etiquette, to forms and falſehoods, which would to him be inſupportable, he rejoiced that he had made his election where human life was in pro-

greſſive improvement, and where he had not occaſion to turn with diſguſt, from the exerciſe of abject meanneſs to obtain the advantages of affluence, or with pity from fruitleſs efforts to eſcape from the humiliations of poverty.

CHAP. IX.

That noble grace, that daſh'd brute violence
With ſudden adoration and chaſte awe.

ALONE with Medora, whom he had ſo lately conſidered as loſt, ſeeing her reſtored to him ſuch as ſhe was when he had firſt given her his whole heart, or even raiſed to a ſuperior degree of excellence in his opinion, by the courage and propriety of conduct ſhe had ſhewn, Delmont was unable to repreſs or conceal the variety of emotions and affections which now crowded on his heart; he took her hands, and as he kiſſed them, the tears that fell from his eyes ſeemed to relieve the oppreſſion he had ſo long laboured under. "Medora," cried he, "my own, my beloved Medora, have you ſpirits to relate the ſtrange ſeries of circumſtances that have torn you from me? that have ſeparated your mother

from us both, at the very moment when I hoped we were to be united for ever? But do not, my angel, make any exertion that may be painful to you; I will repreſs my curioſity, and ſeeing you ſafe, will await for a calmer hour before I deſire you to recal theſe painful ſcenes; yet it ſeems to me, my love, as if your deſcription alone could afford us ſome clue, by which we may diſcover why and where your dear mother is concealed."

"That conſideration, Delmont, would alone be enough," anſwered Medora, "but your wiſh is with me of force enough to conquer whatever reluctance I may have. I will, however, be as brief as I can.

"You know that a few days after you were gone, letters from that odious Mr. Petrify, and ſome other circumſtances, compelled my mother to go to London. As ſhe hoped to return in a few days, ſhe would not take Suſanne with her, for you know I love to do any little ſervices about her, and ſhe was unwilling to increaſe

creaſe expence. Once, indeed, ſhe even thought of going to Mrs. Grinſted, merely as leſs expenſive than an hotel, but at my entreaty ſhe determined on the latter. As ſoon then as we got there, my mother, whoſe active and intelligent ſpirit ſeldom ſinks under difficulties, ſet about the buſineſs which had been the occaſion of our journey; ſhe would not take me with her, but left me employment in copying letters and papers on buſineſs, and I was well content to be in this way at leaſt of ſome uſe to her, without going among people who ſeem to me to be the moſt diſagreeable ſort of animals I had ever yet ſeen—for once, and but once, I found myſelf among four or five of them, and I knew not why, but they inſpired me at once with diſguſt and abhorrence."

"What were they, Medora?" ſaid Delmont. "Can you deſcribe them, my love?"

"Oh! yes, for they made a moſt diſagreeable impreſſion on my memory. There was that ſtrange awkward old man, whom they call Loadſworth—about his face

face there is ſomething that conveys ideas of lunacy ſubdued by ſelf conſequence, as if his pride and malignity had made him mad, and his conſciouſneſs of ſelf importance prevented his being juſt as much ſo, as to loſe the little provincial buſineſs he has left. His two little fierce grey eyes, his carrotty wig, and his undeſcribable way of articulating, even when he is not inſolently peeviſh (which he is at all times to every body who are forced to bear it) would render him a moſt offenſive wretch, even if he had not the character of being capable of any roguery, and of having art enough to bear himſelf through it; and if he were not known to be one of the moſt malicious and unmanly of a crew, who have in general but very little feeling, and, in being lawyers, forget all that is good as men."

"Indeed, Medora, you do not ſpare them," ſaid Delmont.

"Of myſelf, you know, I could not be informed of all this—I could only tell you the impreſſion made by the perſonal appearance

pearance of each of theſe men; but my mother, who is no bad judge, and who, you know, can draw a tolerable likeneſs, filled up in ſome of our converſations the outline my own obſervation made. Another man, who ſeemed to me equally worthleſs, was that Brownjohn, one of the moſt dauntleſs and ignorant coxcombs I ever beheld. The diſagreeable vulgar fellow prates of people he never ſaw as if they were his neareſt relations; tells of lords, and knights, and eſquires, whom he does not know even by ſight, and ſupports an appearance above what his iniquitous practice gives him, by dint of falſehood, fraud, and impudence.—You would not think any thing that can be ſaid of him too harſh, if I had time to relate the anecdotes I have heard of his daring iniquity; and when you know that the extraordinary and diſagreeable circumſtances I have been involved in were of his contrivance, you will not, I think, imagine I ſpeak of him too ſeverely."

"Of

"Of his contrivance!" exclaimed Delmont. "But I will be patient, Medora; proceed."

"I will not give you any more then of theſe ugly likeneſſes, but go on to tell you, that every day, on my mother's return from her conferences with theſe men, ſhe became more and more dejected; her uſual courage and juſt confidence on her own powers deſerted her, and for almoſt the firſt time in my life I heard her complain, and repent that in coming to England ſhe had ſacrificed ſubſtantial happineſs to the purſuit of a chimera, which, even if it could be attained, was not worth one year, nay, not one month, of the tranquil happineſs and domeſtic comfort we had known in America, before theſe ambitious projects had been liſtened to. I once more, for I had often done it before, moſt earneſtly exhorted her to purſue them no farther, but that ſhe would determine, as ſoon as you returned, which might be expected every day, to go back to America. If, ſaid I,

Delmont loves me, he will accompany us—(forgive me Delmont, for the doubts theſe *if*'s implied;) if he does *not*, the ſooner I find ſhelter with you, my mother and my father, againſt a conviction that will, I own, give me pain, the ſooner I ſhall be reſtored to tranquillity, and to the uninterrupted performance of thoſe duties which will always be enough for my heart, while I have ſuch a father and ſuch a mother to love me, and to love."

Delmont, fondly preſſing her hand to his lips, ſighed, and ſaid, "Medora, you are the only perſon who could have raiſed theſe doubts;" but I will not interrupt you.

"My mother," continued ſhe, "for what reaſon I knew not, always eſcaped from this ſort of diſcourſe, and, I thought, wiſhed, contrary to her uſual method in regard to me, to conceal ſomething from me; that ſomething then muſt be uneaſy, for the whole ſtudy of her life had been to ſave me from pain, and to give me pleaſure. She had however taught

me

me never to appear inquiſitive, never to ſeek to know more than ſhe thought proper to tell me. I therefore concealed my uneaſineſs, and endeavoured, when after theſe diſagreeable conferences ſhe returned to me, to receive her with cheerfulneſs. It happened that in the hope of ending this irkſome buſineſs a little ſooner, ſhe had one day conſented to dine with Brownjohn, on a ſudden invitation, and as ſhe thought I ſhould be uneaſy at her prolonged abſence, ſhe wrote a note with a pencil, accounting for it, which was brought to me by one of Brownjohn's clerks. Two days afterwards, my mother being again out, another note was brought to me by the ſame perſon, who waited in a coach for an anſwer. I opened it; but here it is, my dear friend; though almoſt effaced, you will ſee how artfully it was copied after the other pencil note written in my mother's hand, and how eaſy it was for me to be deceived."

Medora then gave Delmont a piece of paper, in which was written with a pencil,

in

in an hand not diſtinguiſhable from that of Mrs. Glenmorris, the following words:

"My deareſt girl, I am unexpectedly detained again, and induced, by the hope of bringing our buſineſs ſooner to a cloſe, to accept the invitation of Mr. Brownjohn to his houſe near Barnet, where ſome of the parties will be, whoſe advice is the moſt material to me; and if we are together, we may perhaps be enabled to decide at once; come, therefore, my Medora, with the gentleman who delivers this, to your moſt affectionate

"L. G."

"I am now, to ſave time, ſetting out in a poſt-chaiſe with Mr. Brownjohn; he ſends his coach and a confidential perſon for you."

Not only the hand, but the ſtyle of Mrs. Glenmorris were ſo well imitated in this letter, that Delmont owned he ſhould himſelf have been deceived. Indigna-

tion,

tion, however, at ſo baſe an artifice was for a moment predominant. Medora proceeded.

"In conſequence of this note then I made ſome very ſlight alteration in my dreſs, and got into the coach, taking with me my night linen, as I underſtood, from the decent looking oldiſh man in the coach, whom I ſpoke to before I entered it, that we were to remain one night at the villa of Mr. Brownjohn; and I went the more cheerfully, as I imagined my mother meant that this conference, which I knew to be utterly diſagreeable to herſelf, ſhould be final. I hoped therefore that at its cloſe would be decided either our return to Upwood or to America, or at leaſt that nothing depending on theſe lawyers would afterwards delay either one or the other.

"In this expectation I got into the coach. The man I ſaw there was, I thought, between forty and fifty. There was nothing remarkable about him. He was ſuch

ſuch a man as one every where ſees; a round faced man in a light coloured wig; and he put on a ſort of cringing complaiſance, ſuch as is frequent from people who fancy that ſervility is politeneſs. He talked to me as we went along towards Barnet, and called me now and then *Miſs*, and *dear Miſs*. I could have diſpenſed with his converſation and his dear Miſſes; and in fact I found it above all things impoſſible to give him my attention, for as ſoon as we got a little out of the immediate neighbourhood of the city, I ſeemed once more to be in my element; I ſaw heaths, and fields, and trees. Finchley Common (I did not then know its name) was delightful, and I long'd to wander over its turf; but beyond it the country ſeemed almoſt enchanting. I had, you will remember, been ſhut up more than a week in a dirty hotel, in a cloſe part of London, in the month of Auguſt, and to breathe the free air of the country even though there had ſtill

a ſub-

a ſuburbian look about it, was delicious.

"I began, however, to remark to my fellow traveller, that we were a long while on the way. The man anſwered, that Mr. Brownjohn's horſes were fat pampered creatures, his coachman very fond of them, and that the coach was heavy; all which might be very true, and we continued our way for ſometime without any farther marks of impatience on my part.

"At length I ſaw that the ſun had ſunk below the horizon. I had paſſed mile ſtones, which ſaid, from Barnet two, from Barnet one, yet ſtill we went on through a town that I fancied was Barnet, ſtill, ſtill we went on, more and more ſlowly however, for the horſes, though not the ſleek pampered ſteeds of Mr. Attorney Brownjohn, were certainly very tired.

"I now again began to expreſs my uneaſineſs, and the man again attempted

to appeaſe my impatience. He ſaid that Mr. Brownjohn's villa was a little out of the road; a ſort of hunting box at the edge of Mr. Somebody's park; and that we ſhould preſently turn out of the great north road and arrive at it.

"Turn out of the great north road we certainly did; and went for I think about half a mile up a lane, which ſeemed but very little frequented. When between two ſmall woods, and in a place where no paſſengers were likely to paſs, the coach ſtopped.

"I looked out; the fine ſummer evening was fading into night. I ſaw no houſe, and turning to my conductor, whoſe countenance I thought aſſumed a very ſingular look, I aſked, but I felt my voice tremble, where was the houſe of Mr. Brownjohn?

"He looked white; for even a *lawyer* may *ſometimes*, I underſtand, feel compunction. I thought he trembled, but I knew not what he anſwered, for I heard at that moment the rattle of wheels.

An

An hack poſtchaiſe and four drew up to the coach door, and I ſaw in it a man, whoſe name I did not remember. He had once been with my mother about buſineſs; but I ſhould have forgotten, perhaps, that I had ever ſeen him at all, if there had not been a ſomething in his countenance particularly pert and diſagreeable, a ſomething that though it is felt can hardly be deſcribed.

"I looked in wonder and in terror towards the chaiſe; the man in it was *Darnell*, the brother of Brownjohn.

"He got out, opened the door of the coach as well as that of the chaiſe, and ſaid, "Miſs Glenmorris, you will pleaſe to get into this chaiſe?"

"I into that chaiſe, Sir, ſaid I, for why?

"Eh! ah! eh! Miſs, cried the odious looking-man, Your *Mammaa*, your *Mammaa*, Miſs, has, has, has, gone farther on, and wiſhes you to, to, to, to come with me, Miſs, to her.

"I now began to dread I knew not what

what—my fear, indeed, was for a moment ſuch as deprived me of every power of conjecture. Recovering my recollection, however, I recovered alſo ſome portion of courage, and I poſitively refuſed to remove into the chaiſe. Sir, ſaid I to the man, who had, as he pretended, been ſent to conduct me from the hotel, you have brought me here on I know not what falſe pretences; but farther I will not go. In truth I hardly know what I afterwards ſaid; I only recollect that I reſiſted to the utmoſt of my power the compulſion uſed to oblige me to paſs from one carriage to another; but my reſiſtance was uſeleſs, and I found myſelf ſeated by the ſide of that Darnell, and proceeding with as much ſpeed as four poſthorſes could exert, I knew not whither.

"The impertinent man had the rudeneſs to take my hand, muttering ſomething about his love and his admiration, which he hoped would plead in my fair boſom his excuſe for the ſtep he had taken.

This inſolence rouſed me—I ſnatched my hand from him, and aſked him how he dared addreſs himſelf in that manner to me?—I then let down the glaſs, though he tried to prevent me, and called out to the poſtillions; but the horſes were at their utmoſt ſpeed; the pebbles and gravel of the road were even forced into my face by the violence with which they galloped. The poſtillions either could not or would not hear me; and though my determined manner prevented the ſlighteſt addition to the impertinence that odious Darnell had before preſumed to inſult me with, I was, in deſpite of all my remonſtrances, carried on to the next ſtage.

"There I was determined to make a deſperate effort to eſcape from this inſolent and ridiculous man, from whoſe awkward attempts to make love to me I learned, that he had heard from his brother, Brownjohn, that I was the undoubted heireſs to near half the fortune of the rich old Dutch merchant my grandfather; but he fancied he had the art to perſuade

perſuade me that my perſonal charms had made a deep impreſſion on him, and that it was on that account only he had been impelled, from the *irreſiſtible nature of his paſſion*, to take the only method which ſeemed to him likely to ſecure me to himſelf. Do you doubt that I treated as he deſerved this contemptible miſcreant? He had imagined, perhaps, that becauſe I was very young, he might terrify me or impoſe on me; but I aſſured him in plain terms, that the firſt attempt at perſonal rudeneſs or impertinence ſhould be the laſt he would have in his power to make; and I as plainly told him he was to me the object of as much abhorrence as was conſiſtent with the moſt ineffable ſcorn and contempt; and that as to the love he pretended, I thought of it only as an inſult which he would never have dared to have ventured, if inſtead of naming it in a poſt-chaiſe, into which he had ſo infamouſly trepanned me, he had been in a place

where I could have directed a ſervant to turn him down ſtairs."

"Charming girl," cried Delmont, paſſionately kiſſing her hand, "how are you raiſed in my opinion by ſo proper an exertion of ſpirit."

"And yet," ſaid Medora, "while I was thus ſincere with this miſerable Darnell, my cowardly little heart ſeemed to have left its place, and to have taken up its reſidence in my throat. The man, however, ſeemed diſappointed, but not repulſed. He probably collected together all the proverbs he had ever heard, ſuch as, "Faint heart never won fair lady;" "Speak and ſpeed;" and, "None but the brave deſerve the fair;" for he ſeemed after a little pauſe to determine to be very brave; ſo he told me that I might perhaps ſuppoſe he had contrived to elope with me on account of my *fortin*, but 'I aſshore you, Miſs Glanemorris,' quoth he, ſeeming much elated as he ſpoke, 'I aſshore you, Ma'am, I've a very an-

ſom fortin of my own, and midn't be to ſeek; for parſons of the fuſt conſequence in the city, and tother end the town too, ave viſh'd me to make my addreſſes to their daaters. Hive a wery good eſtate in Shropſhire as come by my grandmother, and my mother's aunt ave a pretty little property too, I'll aſſure you, in Yorkſhire, and money in the funs, which we're ſure of!—beſides that hive the onor to bere his majeſty's commiſhon.'

'What is all this to me, Sir? ſaid I. Do you imagine if you were poſſeſſed of the firſt property in England, that *I* ſhould for a moment think of *you?*'

'Indeed, Ma'am, I don't ſee why not? I aſhore you, Miſs, if it ad not bin that hive a ſomethink of an unaccountable ſort of a attachment for your parſon, it is not your fortin as would ave induced me for to ave taken this miſſure—But come now, dear Miſs, moſt *amabel* Miſs Medorer, let me ope that ſins ve har eer . . . . .'—The man would again have

taken my hand, but I ſnatched it from him, and ſummoning all my reſolution, ſaid, 'Mr. —— whatever your name is, let me tell you once for all, that I never will liſten to you; that I will never endure the ſlighteſt liberty; and that unleſs you immediately take me back to my mother, I will moſt aſſuredly have you proſecuted, for I know ſuch conduct is as illegal as it is infamous. Sir I never ſaw you to exchange a ſingle word with you in my life. I cannot, I think, be an object to you as to fortune, and I beg you will conſider the riſk you incur of puniſhment for ſuch an action as this. Take me back, Sir—reſtore me to my mother, and this ridiculous attempt ſhall be overlooked.'

"The man, who really ſeemed to me to be half a fool, had however vanity to ſo abſurd an exceſs, that I could at any other time have laughed at it. He really, I believe, fancied that his merit and his perſonal perfections were ſuch as no young woman could behold with indifference, eſpecially when he profeſſed what

what he termed violent love to her; ſo he went on to exert this irreſiſtible eloquence, while I was ſilent, and thinking of the beſt method of making my eſcape. I heard however that he was the only ſon of a man who had been brought up to trade, but ſucceeding to a fortune had married Brownjohn's mother, then, as he related, a fine buxom vidow; and ſo he vas partly edſhewcated at Shrewſbury; and then his father viſhing to put him to ſome buſineſs, but thinkink a ſhop not *genteel enouge* for im, vy he vas put prentice to a Veſt Ingée marchant, vere he ſtaid a year or two, but not much liking it, and aving no need to be in trade becaus of his pretty fortin, he ad even become a ſojer, and got a commiſshon to defind his kink and country.

"There was one advantage in my hearing all this jargon, which ſeemed to be collected from the different lines of life he had been in; it convinced me the man was a fool; and though I have often heard my mother declare, that no animal

is ſo difficult to manage, I thought the ſpecies of fool into whoſe hands I had ſo ſtrangely fallen had ſo little real reſolution, that he might be made to deſiſt from his purpoſe. He ſeemed as if he had never been accuſtomed to the company of any woman above the condition of a bar-maid at a tavern, and his notion of ſaying fine things was, I ſoon perceived, taken from the ſcraps of plays he had heard at half-price, which he quoted, as the French ſay, *a tort et a travers*, and ſometimes remembered a whole line, ſome times only half a one; poor Shakeſpeare was moſt cruelly mangled by him. After *aſshoring* me of his good qualities, he ſaid with great emphaſis;

"Speak hoff me has I ham,
"Nothink hextenerate, nor ſit down hought in malice."

I aſſured him, that if he would ſit *me* down where he found me, I ſhould do my utmoſt endeavours not only to make no

no report of him in any way, but to diſmiſs him from my mind as ſoon as poſſible."

"Deareſt Medora," exclaimed Delmont, "that at your time of life you could have ſuch true courage as to make remarks upon this ſtupid ſcoundrel, and to ſmile!"

"Indeed I did, Delmont; but it was not becauſe my heart was a moment at eaſe; it was becauſe I ſaw that by contemptuous treatment, which the poor wretch knew he deſerved, though it was new to him, I really awed him into reſpect; and I was not without hope that I ſhould prevail upon him by this means to give up his inſolent yet ſenſeleſs project, and to carry me back to my mother, whoſe anguiſh of heart, which I for ever repreſented to myſelf, was the moſt bitter of all my fears, though I was not ignorant how much injury my character might ſuſtain from this excurſion, involuntary as it was. You will wonder, perhaps, that I ſhould have command enough over

myſelf to recal the paſt or to think of the future, while the preſent circumſtance was ſuch as might well overwhelm me with terror; but after the firſt flutter of my heart had ſubſided, and I began to comprehend the character of the man in whoſe power I was, I remained ſtill, it is true, under conſiderable terror, but not to ſuch a degree as to deprive me for a moment of my recollection and preſence of mind. My mother, and what ſhe would ſuffer, was my moſt uneaſy thought; but I conſidered that to ſuffer myſelf to be enervated by fear, when only courage and ſteadineſs could reſtore me to her, would be doing her the greateſt injury ſhe could ſuſtain—for her ſake then, for her whom I love better than any human being——" (Medora remembered that ſhe knew not whether her mother yet exiſted, and her voice failed her)—Recovering herſelf, however, ſhe proceeded.

"For my mother I determined to exert that reſolution, which ſhe had often told me was a virtue as becoming in a

woman as in a man. It is not firmneſs, Medora, ſhe has often ſaid, that gives an unpleaſant and unfeminine character to a woman; on the contrary, the mind which has acquired a certain degree of reliance on itſelf, which has learned to look on the good and evil of life, and to appreciate each, is alone capable of true gentleneſs and calmneſs. Sullen indifference or ſelfiſh coldneſs may ſometimes give ſomething of the ſame appearance to a character, but they are always repulſive, and women who aſſume either affected ſoftneſs or languid apathy are never beloved. She who has learned to deſpiſe the trifling objects that make women who purſue them appear ſo contemptible to men; ſhe who without neglecting her perſon has ornamented her mind, and not merely ornamented, but has diſcovered that nothing is good for any human being, whether man or woman, but a conſcientious diſcharge of their duty; an humble truſt that ſuch a conduct will in any future ſtate of exiſtence ſecure more fe-

licity than is attainable here; and an adherence to that pure morality, which ſays, Do what good you can to all; never wilfully injure any—theſe are the acquiſitions that will give tranquillity to the heart and courage to the actions, and even amidſt the heavieſt ſtorms of fortune, beſtow repoſe on their poſſeſſor—I ſay repoſe, my Medora, becauſe we abuſe the word happineſs; it is meant to convey an idea which is, I fear, never realized."

Medora, never able to expreſs what ſhe felt for Mrs. Glenmorris, was again unable to proceed; yet in a few moments again recovering her voice, ſhe ſaid—"Oh! beſt and deareſt of mothers, what comfort, what inexpreſſible comfort it would now be to know that you, who have deſerved every bleſſing, are now even tranquil; to know that you do not at this moment experience in your own perſon the ſad conviction that there are evils for which fortitude, and ſweetneſs, and goodneſs

goodneſs like your's adminiſter no conſolation."

Delmont, who ſaw that Medora was now too much affected to proceed, deſired her to delay a little the continuation of her narrative.

CHAP. X.

What peril then in ſavage wood or waſte,
Or foreſt dark, or where the wild waves roar
Inceſſant on the bleak and deſert ſhore,
Appals the virgin reſolutely chaſte
From man's baſe arts eſcaping?

MEDORA thus proceeded:

"Nothing but the vigilance with which it was neceſſary to guard againſt the leaſt inſolence could perhaps have kept me from ſinking under the complicated oppreſſions of fear and fatigue, added to the diſtracting conjectures on what my mother would think, and what ſhe would do. Arrived at a conſiderable town, of which I know not the name, between one and two in the morning, Mr. or, as he chuſes to ſtyle himſelf, Captain Darnell, who I believe was little accuſtomed to expoſe that beloved perſon of his to any kind of violent exertion,

tion, began to diſcover that he wanted his ſupper, an article of which I found he thought as being of conſiderable importance. After a preamble of ſome length he ſaid, if I would promiſe him not to make any complaint to the people of the houſe, which, after all, they would not believe, we would get out, and would reſt for ſome hours. I told him I ſhould make no promiſe; that on the contrary I would make every poſſible effort to eſcape from him; yet as I perceived he then heſitated whether he ſhould go into the houſe, I thought it more prudent to diſſemble a little, or rather to abate ſomewhat of my apparent indignation. The poor wretch, for indeed he is a very contemptible animal, ſuffered himſelf to believe what he wiſhed though I would promiſe nothing, and I was handed into the inn. As my hope was that I ſhould have an opportunity of intereſting the miſtreſs of the houſe in my favour, I ſuffered him to believe me more tranquil than I had hitherto appeared; I

even

even took the refreſhment he offered me; and he now ſuppoſed, that reconciled to his ſcheme I was gradually becoming milder, and that what reluctance ſtill remained was only pride, not yet determining how to accommodate itſelf to circumſtances.

" As ſoon as the waiter withdrew, whom to my infinite mortification I ſaw conſidered us a young couple going on a matrimonial expedition to Scotland, I repeated to him, commanding myſelf however as much as I could, that if he would aſſure me he would the next day return to London, and reſtore me to my mother, I would moſt ſolemnly promiſe him to forgive his attempt, and would engage that my relations ſhould not take ſuch vengeance againſt him as he knew would otherwiſe be in their power. He again began to plead the violence of his uncontrollable paſſion, which, he ſaid, rendered it impoſſible for him to commit ſo great a violence on all his feelings as to part with me. He threw himſelf at my

my feet, and repeated ſundry ſcraps of plays in a tone, and with ſuch grimaces as would at any other time have excited my mirth, but now, as he made an attempt to ſeize my hands, I was not able to endure his inſolent folly, and ſtarted from him with a reſolution to ruſh into the moſt frequented part of the houſe, and throw myſelf on the protection of the firſt perſon who had the appearance of having human feelings; Darnell, however, who would thus have ſeen all his fine project overturned, was too ſtrong for me; he threw himſelf between me and the door, and ſnatching up at the ſame time his piſtol caſe, which lay in a chair near it, he took out one of them, though I ſaw his hand ſhook as he did it, 'Ma-a-dam,' ſaid he, his voice trembling in his throat, 'Ma-a-dam, I-I I-I cannot endure this cru-cru-cruel tre-e-e-tment; I vill put an end to my *torturs* unleſs you inſtantly vill conſent to become my vife.'

"I know not now," continued Medora,

dora, "and at this moment am diſpoſed to wonder how it happened that I felt very little terror at the folly of the man—I thought he loved himſelf too well to hurt himſelf, and was tolerably ſure that if any miſchief happened it would be by accident, and not by any deſign of this frantic lover; yet I own a loaded piſtol in hands that had been accuſtomed to wield only the pen or the ſugar board was not a circumſtance one could be very quiet under—I ſhould be very ſorry to be the occaſion of the death of any creature that breathes, and certainly know not how I ſhould have endured the ſpectacle with which this new Orlando threatened me; but beſides that I had a conſiderable reliance on his extreme affection for himſelf, I really had, even at the moment which he intended ſhould oppreſs me with terror and amazement, ſo much preſence of mind as to reflect, that the loſs of an inſignificant and uſeleſs conſumer of the fruits of the earth would be no great evil; and that if he was determined either

either to kill or marry, he ſhould certainly, if I was to decide, make his election for the firſt of theſe deſperate deeds.

"I left him, therefore, with the piſtol graſped in one hand and the lock of the door in the other, and croſſing the room, which was a very large one, I applied myſelf to the *bell*, and repeatedly rang it with as much force as I could exert.

"The waiter was on one ſide of the door in a moment; the Captain therefore, not to make what had happened public, was compelled to recede from the other, and without waiting while this hero, whoſe white face was covered with powder, his hair ſtaring wildly, and his geſture ſuch as might well make the man wonder, accounted for the ſummons. I paſſed them both, and going along a paſſage found the bar, and entering it aſked for the miſtreſs of the houſe.

'There is no miſtreſs, Ma'am,' ſaid an odd and unpleaſant looking woman, to whom I applied myſelf, 'I has the management

nagement of this here houſe—I begs to know your commands?'—I did not, I own, much like the appearance of this perſon. 'Is the maſter of the houſe within?'—'Yes, Ma'am, he is to be ſure, but he's ill in bed with the gout."

'Well then,' ſaid I, 'I muſt apply to you, Madam, and I hope you will protect me. The perſon who has brought me hither by a ſtratagem, a trick, is a man I knew not before even by ſight. He is endeavouring between force and perſuaſion to compel me to go with him to Scotland, but I will die firſt. Whoever aſſiſts me in eſcaping from him will be moſt liberally rewarded; but thoſe who aid his views and help him to detain me will undoubtedly ſhare in his puniſhment.' I ſaw by a glance, that Darnell, who had probably made his bargain with the waiter while I was out of the room, had now crept after me, and ſtood near me, his mouth half-open, and his deteſtable eyes ſtaring with an expreſſion of fear and rage. I continued to urge the

the bar-woman, who at length ſaid, 'Lawk Miſs, I'm ſure it is a great quandary for me to know how to do in ſich a caſe; law, Miſs, why did you come with his honnur, if ſo be as that you was like for to alter your mind. For my part I don't ſee what I can do I'm ſure. You know, Miſs, them there ſort of things be not the biſneſs of we at inns. Ladies and gemmen muſt ſettle all that there as they pleaſes; I don't ſee how we can hinterfere in no ſhape.'

'You are quite right, Miſs Jane,' cried Darnell, advancing, 'I admire your good ſenſe, 'tis wery much to your credit I'll aſhore you. Indeed, upon the onur of a gentleman and an officer, this young lady has only juſt changed her mind by reaſon of a ſort of a lover's little quarrel, and all will come right again. Come, come, my dear Miſs Medora,' and again he would have taken my hand—'Come, come, let us be friends.' I own, my dear Delmont, that at that moment my courage had nearly forſaken me. What

will

will become of me, thought I—Good God, what will become of me among ſuch people as theſe. I believe all thoſe in the inn were by this time aſſembled about us, and I looked round to ſee if there was in the group one face indicating honeſty and ſenſe; but the hoſtlers, the waiters, the poſtillions, and the female ſervants, and even two or three perſons who ſeemed not to belong to the houſe, all appeared to be mightily amuſed with the ſcene, and I found I had no chance of procuring my releaſe from them; I felt too at the ſame time, that the fatigue and haraſſing anxiety I had now ſo long been in were likely, in deſpite of my ſtruggles to ſuſtain myſelf, ſoon to overcome me. I was afraid I ſhould have fallen, and was compelled to hold by and lean on the pillar that ſupported the window of the bar opening into the entrance of the inn. I recovered, however, voice enough to ſay, if then there is no one here who will prevent ſuch infamous conduct, I demand the ſecurity of a room

to

to myſelf, where I may be ſure of being free from moleſtation during the night.

'To be ſure,' cried Darnell, 'who ever hintimated any deſign to hinterrupt you?—Never me, I'm ſhore—I deſire to be upon onour, ſtrict onour, and nothink els; come Miſs Jane,' went he on, addreſſing himſelf to the bar-woman, 'come, let the *cha-am*bermaid ſhew Miſs to a proper and genteel room.' A ſervant girl now came curteyſeying with a light; and as I did not ſee that any ſituation could be leſs hateful than that I was now in, I followed her to a neat room, where, having made her go with me round it, and aſſured myſelf there was no other door than that I could bolt (for there were very ſtrong bolts to it within ſide) I diſmiſſed her, not however, till I had offered her all the money in my pocket, if ſhe would contrive my eſcape; but whether the ſum (not above thirty ſhillings) was too ſmall to tempt her, or whether the girl really was ſtupid, I know not, but ſhe only looked at me with an ideot grin,

and

and ſhook her head. When ſhe was gone, I again examined the room, and felt all round the paper; there was no door but that I had bolted and locked; I looked out of the windows, but from thence there was no probability of my eſcape, for beſides that they were very high from the ground, the place beneath them was a ſtable-yard full of men cleaning their horſes; and I ſaw ſoldiers, poſtillions, and waggoners continually paſſing and repaſſing. I ſuffered however the ſaſhes to remain open, becauſe I could hear theſe perſons talking, which ſeemed to be a ſort of protection, and the air was refreſhing to my wearied and exhauſted frame. I ſat down near one of them, and contemplated the ſkies. My ſpirits were relieved, but I could not ſhed tears. My mother, my dear deſerted mother, was before me the inſtant I was alone. I thought I beheld her loſing all her fortitude under a ſtroke ſo ſtrange, ſo unexpected; I heard her call for her Medora! I heard her wild her eager inquiries,

and

and at laſt conjured up ſuch an image of anguiſh and deſpair that I could bear it no longer, but was conſcious that unleſs by an effort of reſolution I forced my mind from the contemplation of this fearful ſubject, I ſhould loſe in frenzy the power of ſo acting as might, when I was reſtored to her, heal the cruel wounds under which my poor mother at this moment ſuffered.

"The houſe ſoon became as quiet as ſuch an houſe ever is; I thought its inmates, and Darnell among the reſt, were gone to their repoſe, and finding it difficult to ſupport myſelf any longer, I lay down in my clothes, and obtained ſome hours of partial forgetfulneſs. I could never ſo far diveſt myſelf of terror as to ſleep quietly, but ſtarted at every noiſe, and recollected with renewed apprehenſion where I was and what I had to fear. At five o'clock I aroſe, however, conſiderably refreſhed, and again looked from the windows, and again reconſidered what could be done to eſcape. My contriv-

ances, however, were very vain; no means were at hand, and between five and ſix the bar-woman herſelf tapped at my door, and ſaid, 'The Captain, Ma'am, gives his compliments, and deſires me to let you know that he waits breakfaſt for you.'

"I anſwered, that I had nothing to do with the Captain, and meant to ſtay where I was. To the arguments ſhe thought proper to uſe I gave no anſwer; but ſhe had at length the inſolence to tell me the door muſt then be broke open, for nobody ſhould ſhut themſelves up ſo in her maſter's houſe. As I thought her not unlikely to execute this or any other piece of brutality ſhe was paid for, I opened the door, rather I own in a tranſport of indignation than of fear. Darnell, who had heard of the conteſt, by this time appeared, and again put on his creeping humility, and began to talk of his paſſion. I told him that my reſolution was unalterable, and that unleſs he reſolved to return to London, nothing but direct force ſhould compel me to enter

enter a carriage with him. He endeavoured by half ſentences and vague profeſſions to perſuade me that my will ſhould be his; and I in my turn diſſimulated a little, and affected to believe him, for at that moment it occurred to me, that as there were ſoldiers in the houſe, there were certainly officers, and if I could ſee any one of them, I determined to appeal to him for protection againſt Darnell, who I was ſure was perſonally a coward. I was aware that there was ſome hazard in doing this, but I had not ſo contemptible an opinion of mankind as to ſuppoſe it probable I ſhould fall into worſe or as bad hands as thoſe of this ſtupid, obſtinate, and worthleſs pretender to the character of a gentleman. The mere chivalric turn of a military man would, I hoped, be in my favour, and at all events my reſolution was taken to riſk it; but Mr. Darnell, who perhaps foreſaw ſome ſuch attempt on my part, thought he ſhould do wiſely not to put it in my power; and as ſoon as he had himſelf ſwal-

lowed an haſty though a very plentiful breakfaſt, the chaiſe was announced, and he deſired me to get in. It was in vain I made every excuſe, and then peremptorily inſiſted on delay. The bar-woman ſeemed to have enliſted in the ſervice of the Captain with a zeal which I believe no more worthy cauſe would have excited; this wretched woman rather encouraged the man than checked him. She had no notion, ſhe ſaid, of ſuch childiſh airs; the Captain would be very much to blame indeed if he minded them. I had more fear of remaining where this woman could inſtigate the fooliſh animal to perſiſt in or to aggravate his atrocity, than of being left to his mercy, which I knew would be tempered according to his fears. I had heard, that when women are thoroughly bad and abandoned, they are more determined and inveterate in wickedneſs than men; I therefore reſolved to entruſt myſelf once more to the noble Captain, and was once more ſeated in a poſtchaiſe by him, moſt

moſt reluctantly I own; but though I had hitherto been ſo unſucceſsful in my attempts to eſcape, my contempt of him had increaſed, and I thought I ſhould hardly fail of meeting at another inn a more womanly and humane governeſs of it than Miſs Jane ——. Our converſation, however, as we proceeded, was for ſome time carried on with increaſed aſperity on both ſides. The Captain ſeemed to hope to frighten me; I was not without the ſame hope in regard to him. We arrived at a late hour at Skipton; I there, you know, put myſelf into the protection of the landlady. You have told me, Delmont, that you know great part of what paſſed the firſt time of my being there. Darnell moſt ſolemnly promiſed that he would forthwith return to London, and on the ſtrength of that promiſe, and becauſe in fact I knew not what elſe to do, I once more conſented to travel with him. The horſes heads were undoubtedly, this time at leaſt, turned towards London. I ſaw by the mile-ſtones on the road

that we were actually going ſouthward, and I hoped that Darnell, repenting of an exploit which muſt be fruitleſs and dangerous in the extreme, had determined to give it up. I ſpoke to him, as if I were in this perſuaſion, with leſs acrimony than I had ever done ſince the beginning of the expedition. He was ſullen, however, and the natural malignity of his temper began to ſhew itſelf. I imputed it to his finding himſelf completely baffled, and to the gloomy half-ſtifled reſentment of mortified pride. I was miſtaken.

"About two miles before we got to the next ſtage ſouthward from Skipton, on a wide and dreary moor, an old-faſhioned poſtchaiſe, that ſeemed an ancient country apothecary's viſiting tub, compelled into a ſomewhat more active ſervice, ſtood waiting in the road. Darnell gave a ſignal, which had, I ſuppoſe, been agreed upon between him and the boy who drove us, for he drew up cloſe to this

this vehicle, and I was desired to get out of that I was in, and to enter it.

"Again I would have resisted, and again I found that resistance might subject me to insults, but would finally avail me nothing. I reproached Darnell with the perfidy and infamy of his conduct. He seemed now to have found an unusual degree of courage, and answered me with a surly sort of triumph. I implored him to tell me whither he was about to take me? he said, to people quite as good as I was—people of honour and character. I could give no other answer to his impertinence, than I should be very much surprised if I found it so, since it would be indeed extraordinary if people of honour and character were connected with a man, who was acting in absolute defiance to both. After travelling, as nearly as I could guess, sixteen or eighteen miles, and stopping once at a very forlorn looking house, which I have since thought belonged to one of Mr. Darnell's tenants, for the people, as if through

fear, preſerved a profound ſilence, the chaiſe ſtopped before the old faſhioned thick walls of a ſort of court, ſurrounding, or rather which was before, an old manſion houſe of gloomy and gothic appearance. There were two great brick pillars, with heavy ſtone work over them, which time had eaten into excavations, and which chance and nature had ſown with wall-flowers, valerian, rag-wort, and antirhinum; within they were mantled with ivy, or lined with holly. Over the front of the houſe a vine was trained, which concealed ſome of the caſements. I refuſed to get out, for the appearance of the place, which I did not then, as you may believe, ſo minutely inveſtigate, frightened me. Again however I had no choice. I deſcended, and entered the houſe up ſeveral ſteps; and this I found was the place in Yorkſhire Darnell had ſpoken of, and was the reſidence of his mother, and of an old aunt of her's, to whom the houſe belonged. I was ſhewn into a parlour, which I am perſuaded had remained in the ſtate it was

now in for ſome centuries. The tapeſtry with which one ſide was hung repreſented Judith with the head of Holophernes—a moſt terrific ſubject and moſt ghaſtly execution. The other two parts of the room were painted to imitate cedar. The curtain of an immenſe old window ſeemed once to have been green mixed damaſk, but it retained very little of its original hue, and was now of a dingy yellow. The great chimney was all ſhining with braſs, and there was a worked ſkreen and worked chairs, which the old lady's care had not been able to ſave from the depredations of the moths. You will wonder how I could have at that moment a mind ſufficiently diſengaged to attend to theſe minute remarks; but I had time enough to make them after my firſt diſquiet ſubſided.

"That diſquiet was not, you may imagine, inconſiderable, when I found myſelf in ſuch a place, of which I had no doubt but that Darnell was abſolute maſter. He left me as if to give the firſt impulſes

of terror time to operate; but it had a contrary effect, and allowed me a reſpite, which I uſed in conſidering the means of eſcape, and reſolving rather to hazard my life than long to remain in this man's power.

" After about half an hour, a coarſe but clean female ſervant entered the room, and took from the corner of it an old Japan tea table, on which was arranged the beſt tea equipage. A ſmall ſilver tea kettle and lamp next made their appearance, and in a few moments Mrs. Darnell, the buxom widow, as ſhe ſtill affected to be, entered, led by her ſon, who with wonderful aſſurance introduced me as the young lady who had done him the honour to have ſo favourable an opinion of him. She was a fat gentlewoman, almoſt as broad as ſhe was high, with her hair or wig frizzled and powdered quite white, fine roſy cheeks hanging down on her ſurpriſing buſt, which was ornamented with beads, and her ſon's picture ſuſpended to them. She approached me with

with the ſort of air people have who feel the moſt perfect confidence in their own powers of pleaſing, and would have kiſſed my cheek, but I liked her familiarity almoſt as little as her ſon's, and ſtepped back, 'You are in an error, Madam,' ſaid I, 'that perſon whom you call your ſon, but whoſe name I hardly know, has deceived you, and I call upon you, as you are a woman, and I am willing to ſuppoſe a gentlewoman, to influence him that I may be reſtored to my mother.'

'Well,' cried the jolly dame, her great face appearing to enlarge as ſhe ſpoke, 'Well, this does indeed, Miſs, ſurpaſs all belief. Humph! Very ſtrange ſurely! but I will nat believe a young perſon like *you*, Miſs, will ſtand in her own light ſo much—and beſides, let me tell you, that aftar the ſtep you have taken it is doing yourſelf a great injary, and you cannot ſappoſe you will make your market alſewhere.' The woman then went on to give me a long hiſtory of her ſon's virtues, qualities, property, and expecta-

tions; putting great ſtreſs on the great *fortin* he would have, and the *genteel* line of life he was in, as well as on her own *genteel* connections, and the great buſineſs and conſe*quance*, and *gentility* of her ſon Brownjohn, who ſhe ſaid was *look'd* upon by people of the firſt *quality*, and dined very *often* with my Lord —— and Sir Robart ———, and once had even paſſed two days at the cauntry houſe of the Marquis of ———; ſhe did not know what I might think, or what *fart* of people I had been uſed to in America, but *ſhe* could *infarm* me that few Engliſh young ladies of ever ſo great fortin look'd higher than to Captain Darnell. I ſeized the only occaſion ſhe allowed me to tell her, that to ſome of thoſe who ſo looked, I begged ſhe would adviſe him to recommend himſelf, for that he was utterly diſagreeable to me, and if inſtead of being as he was, he could offer me a diadem, he would ſtill be the object of my abhorrence and deteſtation. I am ſure it was not without conſiderable efforts that

the

the ſturdy widow checked the violent inclination ſhe felt to ſtrike me; for a moment ſhe even lifted up a fiſt, the apparent proweſs of which a butcher might have envied; and I ſaw that her ſon, who had probably felt what it was capable of, turned of a more cadaverous hue as ſhe uttered words which I only recollect as being words of reproach and menace. It would be endleſs were I to relate the whole converſation; I thought, during its progreſs, I diſcovered that this woman acted from other motives than thoſe which appeared on the ſurface; that ſhe was aware her ſon had hazarded ſo much, that he muſt either go through with the undertaking or be liable to a puniſhment which might coſt him a great deal of that fortune ſhe now ſo proudly boaſted of. After a moſt weariſome and long dialogue, which would with more propriety be called a monologue (for her ſon ſeldom was an interlocutor, and I ſpoke not) ſhe told me, that though ſuch condact as mine might well

well *diſgaſt* and alarm any young man, and *fright* away love, yet ſince her poor Dicky had ſtill the weakneſs to feel an unfartinate affiction far me, ſhe ſhoud conſidar harſelf as my mather. The odd manner in which ſhe put an a almoſt always in place of an o, and which I found was the dialect of the common people of a great part of Hampſhire, where ſhe had been brought up (not far from Portſmouth) had the effect, I hardly know why, of leſſening my apprehenſions, by rendering her menaces ridiculous. I thought it abject to fear ſo ignorant and vulgar a woman, not ſufficiently conſidering that ſuch only, and one who had beſides a bad heart, would act as ſhe acted; and that it is from ignorance combined with avarice and malevolence that there is always the moſt to apprehend.

"I believe ſhe was now irritated by diſcovering how little I feared her; for when ſhe left the room, and told me ſhe would ſend her houſemaid to ſhew me to mine, ſhe had the countenance and voice of a fury,

fury, only that ſhe was too plump for one of thoſe monſters of poetical antiquity. The houſemaid came, and I followed her up an oaken ſtaircaſe of great width, which was kept nicely waxed and rubbed, ſo that it was like the fine mahogany of an indefatigable houſewife, and it might have been ſkaited upon with great ſucceſs. The room I was ſhewn into was in the ſame ſtyle as the reſt of the houſe. My imagination could people it with nothing but ghoſts, but of them I had no fear; my apprehenſions were much greater of Maſter Dicky Darnell, againſt whoſe intruſion I guarded with as much care as poſſible. There were two doors in the room where I was left to my contemplations; one from a paſſage by which I entered, the other I unbolted, and found it led into a cloſet which was lined with arras, while the room adjoining, where the bed ſtood, was of dark wainſcot in little pannels, and ornamented only with two full length pictures of ſome former ſquire and his ſpouſe, poſſeſſors of the man-

ſion,

ſion, he in blue velvet with ſkirts ſticking out and a tie wig, his fair companion in a fine yellow robe, ornamented with jewels, and holding a very full blown red roſe to her boſom; they were ſuperb, and probably it was expected they would impreſs me with veneration; but the only ſentiment they inſpired was fearful curioſity to know if they did not conceal behind them any door or entrance to the room. I thought, after the beſt examination I could make, that they were merely what they appeared, monuments of impotent vanity; but in regard to the arras in the cloſet I was far leſs eaſy. It was nailed down ſo that I could not move it, nor could the wind perform any of thoſe operations upon it which conſtitute great part of the terror in ſome novels I had read at Upwood, little imagining then that I ſhould ſo ſoon become involved in adventures, and really be in one of thoſe ſituations which I have ſometimes thought, rather ingeniouſly imagined than really poſſible.

"After

"After going round and round it repeatedly without being thoroughly ſatisfied, I was compelled to have recourſe to the only ſecurity within my reach, which were bolts within the chamber; they faſtened both that door and the other apparently very ſecurely. I examined behind and under my bed, and as to the windows I was ſure nobody could get in that way, for I had diſcovered, in the ſlight ſurvey I made, that it would be extremely difficult to get out; I did not, however, deſpair of effecting my eſcape. As through the vine leaves that almoſt covered the old caſement I looked out to the ſky and the ſtars, I recollected my mother's ſingular ſtory, and particularly the time when ſhe was a priſoner, a ſick and ſuffering priſoner, in the Abbey of Kilbrodie. Her courage, her truſt in heaven, did not fail her, ſaid I, in that trying hour, and wherefore ſhould I allow mine to ſink under circumſtances of leſs danger? Oh! my deareſt, my adored mother, were I but ſure you

you do not at this moment endure great miſery on my account, were I but ſure your health has not ſuffered, I ſhould feel myſelf ſtrengthened and ſupported ſo as perhaps ſooner to conquer this temporary tyranny from people ſo deſpicable that I cannot fear them. I found reflection, and the ardent hope I entertained of eſcaping compoſed my ſpirits. Ah! it is well that we know not the evils that menace us. Had I then known, that after I had twice eſcaped, after I had been reſtored to my father and to Delmont, this dear, dear mother would not be with us; that we ſhould ſtill deplore her abſence yet be ignorant of her fate, I know not that it would have been poſſible for me to have made any ſtruggle againſt the inſolent oppreſſion I underwent."

Medora, affected by what ſhe had ſaid, could not for a moment proceed. Recovering herſelf, however, ſhe continued.

"I thought I might ſecurely go to bed; and indeed I ſo greatly wanted repoſe that I know not if any thing but the certainty

certainty of being diſturbed by the daring intruſion of Darnell could have given me ſtrength to remain without ſome repoſe. I knew, however, that my ſlumber, if I could obtain it, would be ſuch as it had been the preceding night, when the ſlighteſt noiſe was to me an *alerte*, ſo much were my fears awake; I therefore went to bed, and ſlept till ſun-riſe. The earlieſt rays of light entered my chamber through the vine leaves, and were hailed by an houſe-ſparrow *, which had made its neſt among them, and with its loud chirping, the monotony of the chaffinch and the robin, and the ſhrill ſhort ſhriek of the ſwallow, announced the approach of day even before the ſun was above the horizon. I found myſelf reſtored greatly when, after I had done what I could to ſupply the want of a more comfortable change of clothes, I ſat down to conſider once more of my ſituation, and felt the morning air blow

* This bird builds at all ſeaſons, except the deadeſt months of winter.

ſharp

ſharp and freſh from the hills or wolds; high heathy lands which I ſaw beyond the houſe for ſome miles. My doubts now were whether I ſhould be confined or no? of which I imagined the tranſactions of the day would be ſufficient for me to judge. The ſcene ſoon opened by the entrance of Mrs. Darnell, who once more undertook to try her eloquence. She affected the ſenſible matron who knew the world, and retailed, like many other preachers, an infinite number of very wiſe and very true ſaws and ſayings, to every one of which her whole life had probably, and certainly her preſent conduct, formed the moſt glaring contradiction. I forebore, however, to remark this, and even let her ſay what ſhe would, contenting myſelf, when ſhe ſeemed nearly to have exhauſted her logical powers, with aſking her, whether ſhe really thought any thing could juſtify Mr. Darnell's conduct towards me? The woman ſtill affected to believe that I had encouraged him; that I had even conſented to elope with him; and

and I found my abſolute and firm denial of it as vain as were the expreſſions of ſcorn and abhorrence, which certainly I did not ſpare, but I was not abſolutely confined. The lady bade me walk with her in the garden, and I obeyed, glad of every opportunity to ſurvey the place, from which I was determined to attempt my eſcape. The garden, however, was ſurrounded by a wall high and thick enough to have been deſigned for a defence at the time it was built, which was, I dare ſay, three centuries ago; it ſeemed impoſſible ever to ſurmount, by any powers I could exert, ſo formidable a barrier, and I regarded it with that ſickneſs of the ſoul which is truly ſaid to be the conſequence of diſappointed hope.

"Mrs. Darnell ſtill took every occaſion to exhort me to a due conſideration of my own intereſt, and pleaded her ſon's paſſion with at leaſt more warmth, though certainly with as little effect as he did himſelf. From the ſight of the old lady to whom the houſe belonged I was concealed;

cealed; but I had an opportunity of ſeeing her as I paſſed by the door of her chamber, and beheld a melancholy example of extreme old age;

"Of ſecond childiſhneſs and mere oblivion;"

And I believe ſhe was entirely ignorant of the whole tranſaction, in which, however, it is probable Mrs. Darnell had a ſhare even from the firſt.

"Three days had paſſed, the greateſt part of which I had paſſed in the room where I ſlept; for at no other time would Mrs. Darnell ſuffer me to be abſent from her ſight. They had no reaſon to flatter themſelves that they had made any progreſs in their deſign, for my coldneſs and averſion would have appeared to increaſe, if to increaſe were poſſible; I ſpoke in the plaineſt terms of my reſolution never to change my mind in regard to Mr. Darnell; and I believe they were very much at a loſs how to proceed, yet ſaw that their retreat was not unattended with danger. In reconnoitring the garden, even at-

tended as I was, I had obſerved an old green houſe, which had long ſince been dedicated to no other purpoſe than keeping plants hung up for their ſeeds to dry, pots, mats, garden tools, and lumber, but there was a door opened in the back of it into a lane, as I ſaw by puſhing againſt it at a moment when Mrs. Darnell was giving ſome directions to her gardener. I was almoſt ſure that even if it was locked it was ſo much decayed that I could force it open. The difficulty was how to get into the garden unperceived, and at an hour when I ſhould not be miſſed, and to accompliſh this I bent my whole thoughts, making light of the hazards I might afterwards have to encounter in a country to which I was a ſtranger, and which appeared to be remarkably wild and deſolate.

"The cloſet within my room, which had on the firſt night of my arrival been the ſubject of my dread, now I hoped offered the means of my eſcape, for I had diſcovered that the iron bars of the windows were

were a part of the caſement, and not faſtened to the ſtone work, and I believed I could force myſelf through it, and deſcend by the help of the vine, which covered alſo this ſide of the houſe, and was ſo old that the enwreathed branches ſeemed capable of ſupporting a greater weight than mine."

Delmont ſhuddered—"And had you," ſaid he, "my Medora, courage to undertake this perilous experiment?"

"It was not ſo great an effort of courage, Delmont," replied ſhe. "How often have I heard of greater hazards incurred by girls to fly from their parents; I thought, I hoped, that I was haſtening *to* mine, and haſtening too," added ſhe, "from a man I deteſted to one who had all my love, all my confidence, and with whom I was ſure of finding happineſs."

To put an end to the acknowledgments Delmont began to make for ſo ſweet and voluntary a declaration of her affection, Medora haſtened to proceed with her narrative.

"I knew

"I knew this way was the only one by which my getting out of the houſe was poſſible, for I had tried the maid, and had been repulſed; I had learned too that all the doors were locked every night, and the keys carried to Mrs. Darnell; and there was an houſe dog in the yard, which ſhe aſſured me would tear to pieces any ſtranger who ſhould venture about the buildings of a night. This dog was my principal dread; but of my confinement I ſaw no end, and it was abſolutely neceſſary for me to hazard ſomething; I perceived that the hope of this woman and ſon was, that in proportion as my abſence from my mother and abode with them was procraſtinated, I ſhould conſider my marriage inevitable, and be induced to conſent to it. While I, alas! thought that my mother's not hearing from me might occaſion to her illneſs or death.—On the third day of my moſt unwilling reſidence, however, an opportunity offered, which I ſeized, to write to you. A travelling Scotchman came to the houſe;

Mrs. Darnell, always eager after dreſs and faſhions, ordered him in, and her ſon inſiſted on preſenting us with muſlins and ribbons. I poſitively refuſed to accept any thing, but left the room, and ſnatched up a pen, with which I wrote the few words you have told me you received at Upwood. I did not till then know the houſe I was in was in Yorkſhire, and the name, whether Dartnell or Darnell, I was yet leſs perfect in, becauſe I always ſuſpected it was not really the name borne by the man, or at leaſt not by his mother, who had had ſeveral huſbands; but I wrote in ſuch haſte and dread that I knew not what were the words I put on the paper, which having with trembling hands ſealed and directed, I ran down again to the pedlar, and for almoſt the firſt time in my life uttered a ſentence meditated to deceive. I told Mrs. Darnell that I ſhould be extremely glad to purchaſe ſome linen and a gown, as nothing could be ſo diſtreſſing as my preſent want of clothes. The fooliſh woman, with whom the

the fineries of dreſs were of the utmoſt importance, believed me. I chaffered with the man, though by no means well informed of the price I ought to have given; while ſhe, pleaſed in believing I began to be reconciled to my deſtiny, beckoned her ſon out to tell him how he ſhould manage the little gallantry of preſenting me with theſe things. This was beyond my hopes; I haſtily gave my letter to the man, entreated him to put it into the poſt, and aſſured him, that on applying to my mother, whoſe addreſs I gave him, he ſhould be handſomely rewarded. I told him I had no money to make any purchaſes, and would not accept them from the perſon who lived there; but I begged he would accept for his trouble the half guinea I gave him. The man ſeemed willing to oblige me; and on the almoſt inſtantaneous return of my perſecutors, I excuſed myſelf as well as I could from my intended bargains, and retired; truſting that the pedlar

would not betray me, and knowing my ſituation could not be materially worſe if he did.

" Mrs. Darnell and her ſon were both in very good humour at ſupper; they hardly doubted now of their final ſucceſs, and ſeemed already to be allied to, and to poſſeſs the fortune of the coheireſs of M. De Verdon, for ſo this ſapient Mr. Darnell had heard from Brownjohn that your poor Medora certainly was; and it was Brownjohn who, in conſequence of that perſuaſion, had contrived with his brother the honourable exploit he now thought he ſhould moſt undoubtedly execute ſo happily.

" It was in the exultation of his heart, enlivened and elevated tōo by a conſiderable quantity of ſtrong beer, that during ſupper he betrayed to me theſe particulars. I ſuffered him to prate and parade of his ſchemes and projects; and as I never checked his impertinence ſo little, he ſeemed at laſt diſpoſed to carry it farther,

and began to leer at me in a moſt diſagreeable way, and to recal ſome of his ſcraps of plays; but afraid his mother would leave us, I quitted the room ſo haſtily that he had no power to prevent me, and diſregarding his entreaties as he followed me half way up ſtairs, I locked the door of my room, and he was compelled to repeat to "the ſilent moon his enamoured lay," which I heard him do for ſome time at the ſtair-caſe window to my very great annoyance; and ſtill more was I diſquieted by his folly when he came to my door, and quoted from I know not what plays an infinite deal of nonſenſe, in a tone which he probably thought very theatrical. I collected, however, from his murmuring lower and lower, and ſpeaking more and more inarticulately, that the effects of what he had drank would ſoon prevent his continuing to moleſt me. His mother, apprehenſive that he might loſe the ground ſhe imagined he had gained in my

favour, came up, and in a whiſper perſuaded him to retire. The whole houſe ſoon became quiet, and I prepared with a beating heart for my evaſion.

"The moon, only in its firſt quarter, was fading away. I ventured to open the cloſet window. The wind had riſen, menacing a ſtorm, and I ſaw the branches of ſome great walnut-trees, which were in a cloſe adjoining to the garden, bend and ſway with violence before it. This was in my favour; for the rattling of the old doors and windows, and the fluttering of leaves, would prevent any noiſe I might make from being attended to. I adjuſted my clothes as well as I could, put my night linen and cloak into my pockets, and tied my hat under my chin, and then with all the reſolution the urgency of the caſe required, I mounted on the window ſeat, and began to try to deſcend, finding a footing on the vine branches, which befriended me more than I had dared to hope.

hope. I held by ſome while I ſtepped on others; once one of them looſened from the wall, and I had very nearly fallen; but I leaped down, and found myſelf on my feet on the ground, with no other hurt than ſome ſcratches on my arms from the nails and roughneſs of the wall, which was not ſo high as my fears had repreſented it. I loſt not a moment now in haſtening away, yet trembling ſo much for fear of the dog that I could hardly move. I heard no noiſe, however, and hurried, breathleſs, and looking behind me at every ſtep, towards the old green houſe. It was immediately before the windows of the back front of the houſe; yet I truſted that none would at that hour be on the watch. My heart now fluttered leaſt either of the doors of the greenhouſe ſhould be faſtened; and when I tried the firſt, the exceſs of my fear prevented me ſome time from opening it, but it was not locked; and I entered the greenhouſe, which was almoſt entirely

dark, I ſtopped to recollect on which ſide was the door opening to the lane that I had perceived the day before. Oh! there is no conveying an idea how my fooliſh heart beat, when, as I ſtood in this old gloomy place, I heard the ruſtling of the dried pot herbs, and at length ſomething move among them, and ſoftly, ſoftly, ſtep among the matting; it was the garden cat; ſhe came cloſer, purring and careſſing me, and I never remember a ſenſation more welcome than the certainty that my fears had at that moment been excited only by this inoffenſive animal. I now acquired compoſure enough to find the door; it was faſtened, and dread again ſeized me. I felt about for the bolts, and found them, but could draw only one of them. All my efforts were fruitleſs with the other, though I applied my whole ſtrength, and I then gave myſelf up for loſt—for a moment I was under the neceſſity of leaning againſt the wall to recover my breath, and conſider to what expedient I could have recourſe. I thought

thought a ſtone or an iron tool might aſſiſt me, and began, though in almoſt perfect darkneſs, to ſearch for one, and fortunately I found in the window, to which the little light without doors guided me, a piece of a broken iron rake. I returned then with better hope to the inexorable bolt, and at length it gave way before my perſeverance. The door was open, and I was in the lane.

"I was again compelled to ſtop to recover my breath. I looked round me, undetermined which way to go; and indeed I had not yet conſidered whither to bend my ſteps if I ſucceeded in eſcaping from my priſon, the proſpect of getting out alone filling my whole mind.

"My ſituation was ſtill moſt diſtreſſing—I was alone, unprotected, and a ſtranger—I had not the leaſt idea which direction it would be ſafe to take to lead me *from* my purſuers, and *to* ſome place from whence I might find a conveyance to London. But it is, perhaps, only thoſe who have felt themſelves in the

power of people they at once dread and deſpiſe, who can judge how much leſs wretched any ſituation appeared than it would have been to have remained in the houſe I had left. I was, I hoped, free from that odious Darnell, and every other evil ſeemed light.

" Fortunately I took the way, though by mere chance, that led to a common; and in about half an hour I reached a more ſandy and beaten tract, which would, I thought, if I followed it, conduct me to a village or a town. I went on near a mile, and approached the entrance of another lane, but I then found it neceſſary to ſit down, for I feared that if I fatigued myſelf too much, I ſhould be overtaken by the morning light before I could reach any place that might be an aſylum againſt purſuit. It was better to manage my ſtrength, and not to exhauſt it all at once.

" I reſted myſelf, therefore, in a ſort of hollow way worn by heavy carriages at the entrance of this lane, and liſtened to the dull

dull night noiſes, congratulating myſelf that all was ſo quiet; for only the bells of a few ſheep that fed on the common, and at a great diſtance the ſound of a water mill, and now and then the barking of a village watch dog, came in the pauſes of the wind, which had now much abated of its violence; but judge, my dear friend, of my apprehenſion and aſtoniſhment, when all at once I heard, and as I thought immediately near me, the yell of human voices, of men and women, either in riotous frolic or drunken contention; ſome laughed, ſome hooted, others ſang or ſwore, and two or three were quarrelling and uttering words of abuſe and menace. I cannot deſcribe what I felt at that moment; I cannot recal it without ſhuddering. The noiſe ſeemed, I thought, approaching me. Oh! yes, there was no doubt but that it came nearer and nearer, and now it was ſo near that I could diſtinguiſh oaths, curſes, and threats. How my heart ſickened at the dread of falling into ſuch hands! What or who

could they be? and was it of me they were in purſuit?—Away fled all the fortitude I fancied I had collected and could exert! Terror abſolutely deprived me of my breath. Theſe people, for I heard the voices of women among them, were either villagers ſent in purſuit of me by Darnell, or they were night ruffians, vagabonds, gipſies, or ſome ſuch aſſociated marauders; and the very idea of being in the power of ſuch perſons was more terrific than that of even Darnell himſelf, for of him my contempt abated my apprehenſion.

I ſat ſtill, however, becauſe I had no power to move, and thought that it was impoſſible I could eſcape from this party, of whatſoever perſons it was compoſed; but fortunately they took the way above the excavation of ſand-rock where I ſat, and I crept cloſer within its crumbling hollows, as I heard them walking immediately above my head. They paſſed; I liſtened, and their voices became fainter and fainter, yet I continued to hear them,

them, and I now dared not move from the place where I was, for ſtill at intervals came the voices that ſo alarmed me; and therefore I fancied I could not move without ruſhing into perils that my very ſoul recoiled but to think of.

In one of the longeſt intervalsof ſilence I crept up the bank, and looked over it around the heath; then I heard the ſounds of terror more diſtinctly, and looking towards the ſide where they ſeemed to come from, I perceived a barn, which I concluded was the rendezvous of ſome nightly depredators (either robbers or gipſies, or both) for ſmoke iſſued from it, as I could now plainly diſtinguiſh, and the wind came loaded with loud noiſes of ſinging, hallowing, and quarrelling. The morning was juſt dawning—I dreaded leaſt iſſuing from their den any of theſe ruffians ſhould diſcover me where I was; I dreaded, leaſt on the other hand, the perſons who would undoubtedly be employed by Darnell ſhould overtake me as ſoon as I was miſſed, whether I ſtaid in

or

or left this place of concealment. The light, however, rapidly advanced. The ſong of the larks, to which I had ſo often delighted to liſten, now on this wide plain, as it announced the appearance of the ſun above our horizon, ſeemed to tell me only of danger and horror, while the probability of diſcovery appeared greater than ever. The noiſe, however, of the men, gradually ſunk away, and I hoped that, like other animals of prey, thoſe which had occaſioned to me ſo much terror were retired to their reſt for the day.

"Yet how paſs the lane into which the road led almoſt cloſe to the barn? how return, to meet directly thoſe whom I had fled from?—Every moment that I debated, the danger became more preſſing. It was abſolutely neceſſary to determine on ſomething. Oh! Delmont, how did my heart then ſwell with painful recollections of my mother and of you; mingling with ſelf pity as I ſaid, 'Moſt beloved of mothers, and you, my dear Delmont, how little do you know the deſolate,

deſolate, the perilous ſtate of your Medora.' Several ploughed fields, and others of graſs, adjoined the common. I was in hopes that farmers ſervants might appear, to whom I could apply; yet even from them I might dread the ill office of being betrayed to the Darnells. At length I heard a village clock at ſome diſtance ſtrike ſeven. It was an hour at which I knew I ſhould be miſſed; and even while I heſitated, the perſons ſent by Darnell might perhaps be approaching. I aroſe therefore, and perceiving that in the lane was certainly the moſt beaten tract, I hurried along it, looking fearfully towards the barn, from whence I expected to ſee ſome of thoſe ruffians appear, whoſe diſcordant and hideous voices had ſo much alarmed me. I paſſed for about three hundred yards unmoleſted; at length, at an abrupt turning of the lane, I ruſhed immediately on a a place where two women were boiling ſomething in a kettle, and under a ſort of tent, compoſed of a piece of rug ſuſpended

pended on two poles, a man, a moſt terrific figure, and a boy, lay apparently half aſleep. One of the women exclaimed on ſeeing me, (for I was within a few paces of them) 'Hey day! what have we here?'—The other gave a ſort of ſhout, which rouſed the man, who ſtarted up, and rubbing his eyes, aſked, in a gruff voice, what was the matter. You may imagine that inſtinctively I hurried on, though well aware that no ſpeed I could make would relieve me from the conſequences of theſe people's purſuit, if to purſue me was their purpoſe.

"The boy, who appeared about fifteen, and two other bare-footed children, inſtantly overtook me, and began to beg. I knew not whether it was ſafeſt to ſtop and ſatisfy their demands or to proceed. I looked back, the man was haſtening after me, and, I could perceive, gave a ſign to the boy to detain me, for he held me by my gown, clamorouſly demanding my charity. Heaven only knows what would have become of me; but at that moment

moment a ſmall tilted cart appeared, coming along rather faſt, in the ſame direction. Diſengaging myſelf, I know not how, from my purſuers, I darted towards it, and ſhrieking rather than ſpeaking, implored the driver, who ſat on a little ſeat before, to receive and protect me. The gipſy man whom I had ſo much dreaded, now retreated with evident marks of ferocious diſappointment, while the driver, who had ſtopped his horſes, ſaid, in anſwer to my entreaties—'Why, Miſs, I'd take you in with all my heart, but we be but a baddiſh ſort of a party. I've got a ſick woman and her children in this here cart. They've become chargeable, and not belonging to our pariſh, the overſeers have got an order to move them to Skipton. They ſays 'tis a ſort of a catching fever; and ſure enough the poor ſouls are deſperate ill.' 'Oh never, never mind,' cried I, 'what it is; do but allow me to get into your cart, and I will make it worth your while.'

while.' The man was not unwilling to oblige me, and got down to help me in.

"I never had ſeen poverty and miſery till this moment; I never had an idea of the degree of wretchedneſs which the laws of England permit a ſet of men called pariſh officers to inflict upon the poor. I will not ſhock you, my dear friend, with a deſcription of the wretched ſtate of theſe poor creatures, a woman and three helpleſs children—Of their diſeaſe I could not know much, but it ſeemed to me to ariſe from poverty and want of neceſſary food. The little aſſiſtance I could give them on our melancholy way was but their due; for how dreadful was the peril from which their chancing to paſs had ſaved me!—I arrived once more at Skipton, and returned to the inn, from whence I had gone with the wretch Darnell, on his promiſe to reſtore me to my mother."

The entrance of Glenmorris now occaſioned an interruption; and Delmont ſeeing

ſeeing Medora much affected at his melancholy looks (which too truly told that he had heard nothing of her mother) he would not ſuffer her to continue her narrative till the following day, when Glenmorris again going out on the ſame anxious enquiry, Delmont liſtened with eagerneſs to its continuance.

CHAP. XI.

Speránza mia cára non ti ho perdúto, vedrò il t'uo ſembiánte, i tuoi ábiti, la tuá ómbra; ti amero, telo dirò a te ſteſſo. Quali ſono i torménti a cui úna tal felicità non ripári?

"As I was now," ſaid Medora, "in the houſe of a perſon who had before ſhewn every diſpoſition to protect me, and who now was willing to promote my ſafe return to London by a conveyance ſhe pointed out, I endeavoured to calm my ſpirits, and to recover the terror and fatigue I had undergone, before I began my journey, which it was determined I ſhould do by a coach, on the driver of which Mrs. Tarbat ſaid ſhe could rely, and which was to ſet out at eleven o'clock the next night from her houſe, coming from a more northern town to London; I therefore obtained ſome repoſe during that night, and the

the next day, on the evening of which I was to depart, I employed myſelf in writing a narrative of what had happened to me ſince I was cheated into quitting the hotel, and I anticipated the ſatisfaction it would give to my mother and to you, my dear friend, when you found that I had exerted in ſome degree, and as I hoped ſucceſsfully, fortitude which did not diſcredit her inſtructions and your confidence.

"In this occupation, which I found tranquilliſed my mind, I employed myſelf till towards evening, then having occaſion for ſome more writing materials, and no one anſwering my bell, I ventured along an open gallery, which was carried round in the inn yard, to call a ſervant, when caſting my eyes towards the bar windows, which were open, and oppoſite the place where I ſtood, I ſaw a gentleman who ſtruck me as being ſo like you, Delmont, that my aſtoniſhment, mingled with doubt, with hope, and fear, hardly left me

me the power of moving. I looked ſteadily at the perſon; his back was towards me; but he moved a few paces, and his air, his walk, were ſurely your's. At that moment one of the houſemaids paſſed me; I eagerly enquired of her if ſhe knew who that gentleman was?—'Oh! yes Miſs,' anſwered the girl, 'It is one Squire Delmont, as his ſarvents have been a telling below; he's come out of Ireland, and is a going up to London. He only ſtops a bit here.' This was enough for me to hear—I conſidered no farther—To me there was only one Delmont in the world—I ran down ſtairs, and exclaiming, Delmont, my dear, dear friend! I took the arm of him whom I believed to be that dear friend with the familiarity my mother's approbation had authoriſed; with all the trembling earneſtneſs ſo naturally inſpired by the delight of ſeeing you again, and of knowing with what joy you would afford me that protection which would end my perils and my fears. Ah! judge then how ſevere

vere was my mortification, and how cruel my diſappointment, when I found my miſtake; when vainly apologizing for it, I was treated as an abandoned wanton, and purſued with inſolent profeſſions, ſuch as I never liſtened to or heard before, and ſuch as by a gentleman could be offered only to one whom he conſidered as a proſtitute."

Delmont, at this paſſage of Medora's narrative, ſtarted up, traverſed the room with haſty ſtep, and ſeemed to make every effort to conquer at leaſt the appearance of the paſſionate indignation this account of his brother's behaviour had raiſed in his boſom. Medora, frightened at his emotion, repented that ſhe had uſed ſuch ſtrong terms, and reſolved to paſs over as ſlightly as ſhe could what remained to be told of Major Delmont; yet it was impoſſible altogether to diſguiſe, and indeed difficult to palliate the circumſtances which had driven her away from the inn, and compelled her to

aſſume

aſſume a diſguiſe in order to eſcape from this new purſuer.

" You ſhould recollect," ſaid ſhe, as ſoon as Delmont became once more calm enough to liſten to her, " you ſhould recollect that your brother knew nothing of me, or that if he had ever heard me mentioned, it was probably in a way very much to my diſadvantage. In ſhort, my dear Delmont, there are perhaps excuſes to be offered for his conduct, which do not, which are not likely indeed to occur to me, and which, among men, may greatly ſerve to alter that ſort of proceeding, which at the moment it occurred impreſſed me with fear. I own I did hope when I explained, or attempted to explain who I was, that I ſhould have found protection from your brother; but I know not why, unleſs becauſe he had received ſome falſe impreſſions from Mrs. Crewkherne as to my mother and myſelf, he ſeemed to diſbelieve, and to turn into ridicule all I ſaid, and

and in a word, for I hate the ſubject, I was ſo much terrified, perhaps more ſo than the occaſion called for, by his manner, that I conſidered my intention of going to London that night as impoſſible to be executed, unleſs at the hazard of ſubjecting myſelf to treatment and perſecution I was not able to think of without greater terror than any former circumſtances had impreſſed upon me. This indeed, Delmont, I do not wholly impute to your brother; his manner might ſeem to convey more than he intended. I had never ſeen a man of the world before, and what ſhocked me as unwarrantable freedom, might be nothing but airs which ſuch men aſſume without much meaning."

"Do not attempt to palliate his conduct, Medora," cried Delmont; "there is no palliation, no excuſe; it was cruel, it was unmanly; it cannot, no by heavens! it cannot be forgiven."

"You will compel me, however," ſaid Medora, "to falſify or ſtifle the reſt of

what I have to ſay. Your violence my dear friend, ſo unlike yourſelf, is almoſt as painful to me as were your brother's humiliating freedoms."

"Go on, my deareſt love, and I will repreſs my feelings; go on," cried Delmont.

"I was very probably wrong in ſo raſhly determining to fly. Impute it, if you will, to ill placed timidity, increaſed perhaps by the recollection of ſcenes in the few novels and romances my mother had given me to read, in which men of ſuch a deſcription are repreſented as carrying off damſels, and involving them in very diſagreeable adventures. However that might be, whether my fears were well or ill founded, I felt them to be ſuch as rendered my ſtaying where I was, or attempting to return alone in the ſtage to London, impoſſible; I therefore reſolved, and perhaps with the uſual raſhneſs of fear, to eſcape from the inn, where I began to have doubts of every body, and

and particularly of the landlady, whoſe countenance towards me I thought was greatly changed. To ſet out as I was, however, in handſome but dirty clothes, would, I thought, ſubject me to new inſults, and I ſuppoſed it an admirable expedient to change habiliments with one of the chambermaids. Such a bargain was not difficult to make, the advantage being greatly on her ſide in point of value, while I was much gratified by having a change of clean though coarſer linen; and when I ſaw myſelf ſo equipped, I hoped that I might paſs unremarked and unmoleſted along the road, and by ſome of thoſe conveyances to which inferior ſervants, and perſons in humble life, have recourſe, obtain my paſſage to London, I thought the very little money I had left might ſerve as earneſt; and that when I got thither I could ſomehow or other make up the deficiency.

"With this project in my head, and in

my new dreſs, I walked, as ſoon as it was dark, out of the garden door of the inn, and croſſing two or three fields found myſelf at the extremity of the town on the ſide which I knew was the road to London. I paſſed ſeveral people who took no notice of me; yet every time I ſaw any body advancing along the road my heart ſunk within me, and it was ſtill worſe when I heard horſe or foot paſſengers coming from the town, for then I concluded I was purſued. Where the road was wide enough I crept out of the path, and moved as near the hedge as I could. As night advanced, however, paſſengers of any kind became leſs frequent, and ſoon I ſeemed almoſt the only being in the wide extent of country around me, thus wandering without a ſhelter and without protection.

"The gipſy party from whom I conſidered myſelf as having ſo narrowly eſcaped before, was now remembered as a chief object of terror. If I ſhould again, at

at this lone hour, encounter ſuch another troop! Oh! how anxiouſly did I deſire to hear the diſtant bells of a waggon! I liſtened; but through the ſtillneſs of the night no ſuch welcome notice reached me. I walked till I was ſo weary I could go no farther, and then perceiving, for the night was fine and clear, a field of wheat, part of which was uncut, I got over the ſtyle, and making a ſort of bed and pillow of the ſheaves, which were dry and warm, while the corn yet ſtanding ſerved, I hoped, as a concealment, I wrapt my ſcarlet cloak around me, which, as well as a linen ſhawl, was part of my purchaſe; and then I laid me down, and recommending myſelf to the protection of God, fell aſleep, and for two or three hours my fears and fatigues were ſuſpended.

"When I awoke the ſtars were fading before the ſun, and I was completely rouſed by hearing very near me ſeveral voices, which I concluded to be thoſe of the harveſt people returning to their taſks. Unwilling to be found treſpaſs-

ing, I put a few ears of wheat in my pocket, to ſupply in a ſmall degree the want of a breakfaſt, and ſtealing from my friendly concealment, continued along what I ſuppoſed to be the high road to London. I was not, however, unmindful of the hazard I ran of being overtaken by Major Delmont, or even by Darnell; yet the latter, I thought, would hardly know me. My greateſt dread was of your brother; and I endeavoured to eſcape from it, by taking the path through fields that bounded the road, wherever ſuch a one could be found; it was a ſatisfaction to me to find, that ſeveral peaſants I met, taking me for what I appeared to be, gave me the ſimple ſalutation of the morning: 'Good *doiy*, pretty *moiden*,' ſaid the honeſt Yorkſhire labourer, and paſſed on. Had they known the ſickneſs of heart, the wearineſs I felt, I am perſuaded, however, that they would have acted like the good Samaritan, and that their cottages would have been open to me. I met many little parties going

to

to their harveſt-work, others to glean, where the work was completed. One of theſe groups, a woman and her two children, were paſſing the way I was; I felt a ſort of protection in their company, and exerted myſelf to keep up with them. The woman inquired whither I was travelling, and from whence I came? I anſwered, from a ſervice in the north, back to my mother, in a county on the other ſide of London. I told my ſtory very ill, I believe; however it was very ſhort, and my caſual companion did not detect its falſity. I added, that I was in hopes of getting a conveyance part of the way in a waggon; and ſhe then informed me, that I was out of the high London road (I had probably taken the wrong during my night-walk) but that by croſſing a few fields, and a copſe, which ſhe offered to ſhew me, I ſhould get into a road that went to London, only not through the ſame towns; and that a waggon, driven by a very honeſt man, paſſed by at four o'clock every evening. I readily accept-

ed her offer to ſhew me the way to this road, which ſhe ſaid was conſiderably nearer than my going back again to that from Skipton, and reached about one o'clock the hill, where my conductreſs aſſured me, that if I waited I ſhould certainly ſee a waggon paſs. It had, ſhe told me, the fineſt ring of bells of any team in all their country, and I could not fail to hear it at a great diſtance. She left me to continue her way, and I ſat me down by the way ſide.

"But I ſoon found my ſeat a great deal too public; an horſeman paſſed, who ſeemed to be one of thoſe men I had been ſhewn, called London riders; he ſtopped, looked earneſtly at me, and ſaid ſomething of which I only heard enough to know it was extremely rude. He ſeemed diſpoſed to get off his horſe; but I ſprang over a ditch and ſtile, among bruſhwood and furze, a little farther on, with ſuch celerity that he loſt ſight of me, for I plunged inſtantly into a copſe which clothed the ſteep hill, and I heard

him

him endeavour, but in vain, to force his horſe over, but failing, he uttered a few curſes, and I heard him ride away. Alas! my dear Delmont, how deſpondingly did your poor Medora think at that moment of her deſtiny; ſhe ſeemed doomed to endure every ſpecies of inſult, every attack from inſolence or inebriety, that could diſcourage and appal her. Faintneſs from want of food helped to increaſe the dejection I felt; when making my way farther down the copſe, in order to be more completely concealed, I at laſt threw myſelf on the ground, and exclaimed, 'I muſt then yield to my deſtiny; I muſt die here. Oh! my mother, ſhall I never ſee you more! is it denied to me to ſhew my tenderneſs, my gratitude, to the deareſt, the beſt of parents! and my father is not with you! you have not the conſolation of weeping with him for your poor girl!—Delmont, may you help to conſole her—yet, ah! yes, Delmont will himſelf want conſolation.' Fatigue, hunger, and deſpair, thus com-

bined to oppreſs me. The more immediate fears, which before had given energy to my ſpirits, were ſuſpended, and I thought at this moment that I could die rather than make any farther exertion.

"The day was extremely hot; it could not yet be more than two o'clock, and I thought that if I did find courage to exiſt till four, when the waggon was to paſs over the hill, it muſt be where the ſun had leſs power than in the lately cut underwood where I had ſtopped. The hanger below me looked thick and inviting; I deſcended among the roots and bruſh wood, and was refreſhed even to *hear* the murmuring of water. Going ſtill lower, I came to a clear and rapid brook that wandered through the wood, and ſometimes ſpread itſelf into a ſmall pool, then filtered away through ſedges, alders, and willows, till it guſhed out again, and from the higher ground, and fell on a gravelly hollow, where it ſeemed to invite the thirſty and weary pilgrim to partake of

of its pellucid water. No human foot ſeemed to have violated its wild banks; they appeared to be the unmoleſted abode of innumerable birds. Here then, ſaid I, I may reſt, for here is no path, and cruel man has not yet polluted this quiet ſolitude. To me, who had not ſwallowed any thing ſince the preceding evening but a few grains of wheat, the water was moſt tempting. I had been ſketching ſome trees when I was alone in the London hotel, and the ſketch being worth nothing, I had folded the piece of ſtrong drawing paper, and put it into my pocket; with a little contrivance it now made a cup, not very laſting indeed, but ſerving to convey the water, which was moſt refreſhing, to my parched mouth. I immerged my hands in the current, and not having been educated with thoſe fears of wetting my feet which are ſo general in England, I bathed them alſo in this friendly ſtream, and dried them with my handkerchief. The relief, the refreſhment I thus obtained is inconceiv-

able; I felt my ſtrength renewed, my ſpirits return. I reſted yet ſome time in this delicious nook, and ſo much are we creatures of accident and of phyſical ſenſations, that I was now aſhamed of that feebleneſs of mind which I had but half an hour before yielded to as inevitable. I had regained courage to conſider that it would be folly to loſe the only opportunity I might have of being carried forward by the waggon the woman had named; I therefore, though reluctantly, was about to leave my friendly ſhelter and refreſhing rivulet, when the diſtant bells of the horſes were borne in the wind. I was now afraid of arriving on the ſummit of the hill too late; but when I attained it, I looked down the road, and diſtinguiſhed the waggon, at what I thought, and I believe it was, a mile off, ſlowly, ſlowly, dragging its ponderous weight along; yet it ſeemed a ſort of ſecurity to me that it was ſo near—and I ſat down as much out of ſight as I could to await its arrival.

"The interval was ſufficiently long to give me time to reflect on all the hazards I muſt incur in one of theſe waggons. Little as I had travelled in England, I had often obſerved ſoldiers, ſailors, and perſons of all deſcriptions in ſuch vehicles; I might be liable to inſult from the waggoner himſelf; and in ſhort, before the man who drove it came up and ſpoke to me, I had contrived to render the ſame thing an object of terror, which had a little before been that of my ardent wiſhes; however, the man ſpoke kindly to me; a very decent looking woman was the only paſſenger, and I conſented to get in.

"As we went, this perſon entered into converſation with me; I told her as much of my hiſtory as I thought might intereſt her in my favour. She adviſed me by all means to go with *her*, boaſted much of her place, and told me ſhe was ſure I might ſtay there as long as I pleaſed, and till I could hear from my friends; that the lady who had hired her was a very good lady, and Sir Harry Richmond, whoſe

whoſe family ſhe managed, one of the moſt *generouſteſt* gentlemen in all that country. She then endeavoured to repreſent the danger of travelling in a waggon. Our preſent conductor, ſhe ſaid, would go no farther than the next market town, and then there would be all ſort of folks. In a word, I thought ſhe could have no motive but a real wiſh to ſerve me. I conſidered that I could write from the place whither ſhe invited me to go, and ſhould not fail in a few days to hear from my mother or you; or one of you, perhaps both, might haſten to your long loſt Medora, and reſtore her at once to happineſs.

"Flattered with theſe hopes, and truſting to the good faith of the woman, who could, I thought, have no intereſt in deceiving me, I conſented to go with her. Depreſſed by exceſſive fatigue, by want of nouriſhment, and by the ſtrange ſituation in which I found myſelf, I was glad to take the aſylum that was offered me immediately on my arrival, in a very neat

ſervant's

ſervant's room, where my conductreſs ſoon came to me, brought me ſome tea, and told me ſhe had mentioned me to Mrs. Crowling, who had ſent her to let me know that I ſhould be welcome to ſtay there as long as I pleaſed; and that ſhe deſired I would take care of myſelf, aſk for any thing I liked to have, and try to get ſome reſt after my fatigue. I had been uſed to the hoſpitality of America, where the ſtranger, of whatever nation or perſuaſion, is received with the ſimplicity of patriarchal kindneſs; and though I had obſerved nothing that at all reſembled it in London (the only place where we ahd been in England that we did not conſider as our home) yet I believed, at ſo great a diſtance from the metropolis, might be found ſuch generous welcome as in America I had been accuſtomed to ſee. The idea was conſoling, but of the tranſient tranquillity it promiſed me I could not avail myſelf till I had written to Upwood, which I did before I lay down to ſleep.

The

The letter, however, you never received; undoubtedly it was ſuppreſſed.

"Having, as I ſuppoſed, diſpatched to my mother and to you ſuch information as I believed would bring you immediately to me, and put an end to our mutual ſolicitude, and imagining myſelf in a place of ſafety, I reaſoned myſelf out of that irritable ſtate, which long anxiety, and a ſucceſſion of dread and of danger had brought me into, and for the firſt time ſince the hour of my quitting the hotel, I obtained many hours of undiſturbed repoſe, and awoke to feel once more the delicious illuſion of hope. Ah! it was but illuſion; but for ſome few days it amuſed a mind which would otherwiſe have ſunk under ſuch long protracted ſufferings.

"As ſoon as my ſuppoſed friend Sarah informed Mrs. Crowling that I was up and dreſſed, that fine lady took the trouble to come to me. I never ſaw a more diſguſting affectation of the manners of a gentlewoman than this woman diſplayed.

diſplayed. She had been, I believe, what is called handſome, if two great full black eyes ſtarting out of their ſockets, and a ſhewy but coarſe complexion, had in her youth made amends for an unpleaſing expreſſion of countenance; ſhe was tall and confident, and had a ſomething of a daring and maſculine air both in her walk and manner, which there is no deſcribing. She looked at me while I was ſpeaking to her, as if ſhe was to make a memorandum of my features; and I ſhrunk from her big round eyes in uneaſineſs, and even in ſome degree of terror; yet ſhe ſpoke ſoothingly to me, and ſeemed trying to engage me in an account of my name, and all the circumſtances that had happened; in fact, by her artful queſtions ſhe obtained more than I meant to have told her, but my name I reſolutely, as I fancied, concealed. She knew, however, that I was not what my appearance, as well as my firſt account of myſelf, had indicated, and inſtead of treating me like a ſervant, ſhe

deſired

deſired me to conſider myſelf as her viſitor, inſiſted on my accepting other clothes, and ſo oppreſſed me with kindneſs, that nothing but my ignorance of the exiſtence of ſuch characters as her's would have prevented my ſeeing that ſhe was over-acting her part.

I declined, however, every thing ſhe offered me from her wardrobe, that might alter my appearance above the upper claſſes of the rank I had aſſumed, and in which I wiſhed to continue (only being ſuffered to remain in my own room) rather than to be dreſſed and conſidered as her viſiter, which I thought would expoſe me to remarks and inquiries that I was on every account ſolicitous to avoid. I was equipped therefore with clean linen, a plain brown cotton gown, and a ſtraw hat tied with brown ribbons, which was the plaineſt dreſs I could ſelect among many ſhe offered me for my choice, and which, except that the gown was too big, did tolerably well. I begged of her to give me ſome work, and allow me to ſit

in

in the room I ſlept in, adding, that it could not be many days before I ſhould hear from my friends, who would, I knew, help me to acknowledge the kindneſs I thus received. I ſhould do, ſhe ſaid, as I pleaſed; if it amuſed me, ſhe would ſend ſome muſlin, or any other light work I deſired; and as to ſtaying in my own room, I was entirely at liberty, only ſhe hoped, as I was quite alone, I would do her the favour of dining with her. This I could not refuſe on the ſecond day of my abode (for on the firſt I did not leave my bed-chamber) and I found her alone, waiting for me to partake of a dinner which I own I was ſurpriſed to ſee in the houſe of a ſteward, for it was ſent up with a degree of elegance which is not often ſeen in middling life, and conſiſted of fiſh, veniſon, and poultry, with paſtry, a deſert, and ices. Mrs. Crowling, while we ſat ſtill at table, took occaſion to ſpeak of the large fortune and great generoſity of Sir Harry Richmond, who was, ſhe ſaid, one of the

the beſt men in the world.—'My dear Mr. Crowling,' ſaid ſhe, in a ſort of canting tone, which almoſt tempted me to ſmile, 'My dear Mr. Crowling is Sir Harry's boſom friend, and they live more like brothers than patron and ſervant. Oh! he is an excellent man. No man knows better how to enjoy a fine fortune than Sir Harry; and yet he does abundance of good—vaſtly charitable—all the poor, I aſſure you, hereabouts are ſupported by him; and then he is moſt exceedingly clever; it is delightful to hear him talk, he has ſo much wit—he makes one ready to die a laughing at his wit. He is vaſtly approved of, I aſſure you, by certain great people; they ſay they never laugh ſo much as when Sir Harry is of the party—he has ſuch a funny way, and ſays ſuch a number of comical things; and as he is always chairman at our quarter ſeſſions, he makes fine ſport upon the bench, and it is the drolleſt thing in the world to hear him hoax any of the reſt of them that pretend for to be in oppoſition, and badger the

the witneſſes whenever he can, and put the counſellors themſelves quite out of countenance.' I know not how long this deſcription would have laſted, which was, however, far from giving me a ſublime idea of the perſon for whom the eulogium was intended; but I had at that moment the glimpſe of ſome man paſſing the windows of the room where we ſat, and Mrs. Crowling, affecting ſurpriſe, ſaid, 'Dear me! if here is not Sir Harry himſelf. Lord, I declare, I did not know he was returned to Ardley Foreſt. Dear! oh! here he comes.' The door opened, and Sir Harry appeared. He made a bow that might have paſſed rather for a familiar nod. 'Servant, ſervant, Mrs. Crowling; how do you all do?' 'Oh! law, Sir Harry, I did not know you was come home, Sir Harry. Hope you're quite well, Sir Harry.' I cannot repeat the dialogue. Imagine a ſort of quaint condeſcenſion on one part, and the moſt abject fawning on the other. I ſaw the man look now and then at me in a very odd

odd manner. I felt very uneaſy, and though Mrs. Crowling almoſt inſiſted, and Sir Harry took my hand and entreated me to ſtay, I ſeized the firſt moment it was poſſible to eſcape to my own room. Alas! this interview had been ſettled between them, and was intended only to give Sir Harry a ſight of your poor Medora. The woman was a wretch he employed for the moſt infamous purpoſes. I knew not that there were ſuch women in the world; yet I extremely diſliked both her and this Sir Harry, and determined, at whatever riſk, to leave the place. I have ſince learned that the dairy woman, whom I thought ſo much my friend, was herſelf a creature employed by Mrs. Crowling; and that her being hired as a ſervant was a mere pretence, for that ſhe had been ſent beyond Newcaſtle to inveigle away the wife of a miller, whoſe extraordinary beauty had in one of his northern tours attracted Sir Harry; but he had conducted himſelf with ſo little prudence that the miller had given him

a ſevere

a ſevere beating, which, though he dared not complain of it, added another bad paſſion, that of revenge, to thoſe he had felt before, and Sarah, whom he had long employed as a deputy to Mrs. Crowling, had been diſpatched to try ſome of thoſe artifices which had often ſucceeded before, but which had now failed completely; ſo that having met your luckleſs Medora on the road, and knowing that youth, and a perſon only not ugly, were always approved of by Sir Harry as long as they had the recommendation of novelty, ſhe had engaged me to go with her."

"I tremble," exclaimed Delmont, "when I think, my dear love, that you were among ſuch people. How was it poſſible you could by any fortitude, any exertion of your own, eſcape from them?"

"It would, indeed, have been difficult," replied Medora; "for the moment (which happened the next day after that I have

I have been ſpeaking of) that I underſtood from Sir Harry's behaviour into what hands I had fallen, I rejected his inſolent offers with the ſcorn and abhorrence they deſerved, and reſuming my former humble dreſs, declared plainly my reſolution to leave the place, and menaced the wretch and his agent with the vengeance of my family, if they preſumed to make the leaſt attempt to detain me. Alas! Delmont, while I thus put on the ſemblance of courage, my heart ſunk within me; and I ſaid to myſelf, 'Unhappy girl! where are the friends of whoſe protection you boaſt? From your father an immenſe ocean divides you; Delmont is perhaps ſtill in Ireland; Armitage ſeems to have forgotten the truſt he undertook; and for your mother, your dear and tender mother, who knows whether ſhe has not ſunk under the troubles ſhe before had to contend with, aggravated by the loſs of her daughter!'

"The high tone I aſſumed ſeemed to be a matter of amuſement to that deteſtable

able Sir Harry; it had, however, one very ill effect; I was watched; and though for the four days I ſtaid I was not actually confined, yet Mrs. Crowling aſſured me in plain terms, that I ſhould be ſhut up if I made any attempt to eſcape; and ſhe had the audacity to add, that *ſhe'd* take care of me till I could be returned ſafe to my friends, for ſhe had no doubt, notwithſtanding the prudiſh airs I choſe to give myſelf, but that I had run away with ſome young fellow for Scotland, who had left me in the lurch for an artful girl, as ſhe was afraid I ſhould prove; adding, 'how elſe indeed ſhould pretty Miſs, in a fine romantic diſguiſe, and fancying herſelf like Pamela, I ſuppoſe, in the novel, be found rambling alone about our country? A likely ſtory truly, that ſhe came ſo many miles againſt her will! Who's dupe enough to believe that, I wonder!'—No my dear friend," continued Medora, "I ſhould not, perhaps, have now told you my ſad hiſtory, if a good angel had not been ſent to

interpoſe for me; this was Miſs Richmond, who, I have ſince believed, had notice of my being in the houſe from a young woman who lives there, and who, from whatever motive, contrived to let the admirable daughter of Sir Harry know I was an unwilling reſident under the roof of Mrs. Crowling. Miſs Richmond contrived, and undoubtedly by the aſſiſtance of this young perſon, to have me conducted in the dead of the night to the manſion houſe; I ſaw her; I told her all but my name, which for many reaſons I thought it better to conceal. Truth, thank God, never loſes its power over an ingenuous mind. Miſs Richmond believed me, and contrived my eſcape that very night with ſuch ſucceſsful rapidity, that on the evening of the next day, attended by an old ſervant of her's, on whom ſhe could depend, I found myſelf at the houſe of Mr. Meyricke, in London; and then having no fear of purſuit, I was contented oh! I was moſt happy, to be

put

put into the ſtage, which I knew would ſet me down the ſame evening within ſix miles of Dalebury and Upwood—there only I could enquire for my mother, of whom I could hear nothing in London; and there only I thought myſelf ſecure of meeting her and you.

"A few miles from London the coach took up a chance paſſenger—My head and heart were too full for converſation, which I therefore very unwillingly liſtened to, when this gentleman ſpoke; he ſpoke not long, however, you may imagine, before I threw myſelf into the arms of that dear father, who, on the firſt hint of our pecuniary diſtreſſes from the proteſted bills, and my mother's doubts how to act as to the proſecution of our law ſuit, had haſtened acroſs to Halifax, and the packet being that very day on the point of ſailing, had, after a very favourable paſſage, reached England."

CHAP. XII.

"Si l'homme ſçavoit rougir de ſoy, quels crimes non ſeulement cachez, mais public et connus, ne ſéparneroit' il pas?"

FROM expreſſions of thoſe mingled emotions, which ſuch a narrative had given riſe to in the heart of Delmont, he was diverted by a letter brought to him by Clement, which a ſervant had juſt left at his lodgings. He eagerly opened it at Medora's requeſt, who now referred every thing that happened to ſome information about her mother—It was to this effect:

"Sir,

"Accident having lately diſcovered to me, that you are much intereſted in the fate of a very near relation of mine, I avail myſelf of the very ſlight acquaintance I had the honour of making with you,

you, while with Miſs Richmond, and am perſuaded your candour will allow for the apparent ſingularity of my requeſting to ſee you here, as what I have to inform you of cannot ſo well be communicated by letter. I have the honour to be,

"Sir, your moſt obedient ſervant,

"M. G. CARDONNEL."

"——— Street,
Groſvenor Square, Thurſday."

Delmont immediately gave this letter to Medora, who exclaimed, "It is my mother ſhe means! Oh! haſten, Delmont, immediately; I conjure you loſe not a moment! If we can but diſcover her—if ſhe is but reſtored to us!—Perhaps, my dear friend, at the very inſtant I was concealing my name from Miſs Cardonnel, ſhe might, if I had revealed it, have directed me to this dear mother; and who knows what ſhe has ſuffered ſince! what ſhe may endure at this very time.

The impatience of Delmont was equal

to that of Medora. A thouſand uneaſy conjectures as to the fate of Mrs. Glenmorris had tormented him, though he had feared to reveal them all, and he was affectionately attached to her, as well on account of her own merit, as becauſe the happineſs of Medora was ſo cloſely interwoven with her ſafety. He now hurried with a palpitating heart to the houſe of Lady Mary de Verdon, where he underſtood Miſs Cardonnel expected him, entreating Medora not to leave her lodgings till he, or till her father, returned.

He found himſelf affected ſo as to repreſs his emotion with difficulty, and to tremble and heſitate as he made his compliments to Miſs Cardonnel, who was alone in the withdrawing room; but the agitation he remarked in her extremely added to his confuſion. Miſs Cardonnel was now pale, now red; ſeemed unable to begin the ſubject, yet more ſo to ſpeak on any other. The longer this heſitation and embarraſſment continued, the more painful it became. Delmont

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at length found voice to ſay, "I conſider myſelf greatly honoured, Madam, in being allowed to wait upon you, and have great hopes that your benevolence will reſtore to a huſband and a daughter, who are now extremely wretched, the bleſſing they have loſt."

"An huſband, Sir!" aſked Miſs Cardonnel—"What then is Mr. Glenmorris in England?"—She became ſtill more agitated as ſhe ſpoke; but while Delmont was anſwering her enquiry, ſhe appeared to make an effort to recover herſelf, and in a low voice proceeded.

"If any thing could add to the pain I have ſuffered from the circumſtances that have come to my knowledge relative to Mrs. Glenmorris, it would be the neceſſity I am under of arraigning the conduct of one whom I venerate and reſpect. My grandmother, Lady Mary de Verdon . . . . ."

She again pauſed.

"Has in ſome way or other," ſaid

Delmont eagerly, "been the cauſe of Mrs. Glenmorris's diſappearance."

Miſs Cardonnel now ſaw that what ſhare Lady Mary had in this myſterious tranſaction might appear more cruel than it really had been; ſhe therefore began, though with evident difficulty, to relate the circumſtances that had accidentally thrown Mrs. Glenmorris into the power of her mother. "I will not," ſaid ſhe, "affect to ſay, that Lady Mary might not, from her own deſire to ſecure to me a fortune which ſhe thinks neceſſary to my happineſs, (though I aſſure you I do not) have taken every advantage, and ſome perhaps that were altogether unjuſtifiable—yet I believe I may ſay Lady Mary would not have acted as ſhe has done, unleſs ſhe had been influenced by perſons, who, beſides their wiſhes for *me*, which I could moſt willingly diſpenſe with, have ſome pique againſt the unhappy lady, who has been ſo ſevere a ſufferer."

"And where is ſhe now, Madam?" cried

cried Delmont, breathleſs with concern and aſtoniſhment, "Can I ſee her? can I haſten to her? not a moment ſhould be loſt. Good God, Mrs. Glenmorris, the mother of my Medora, in a mad houſe! Confined, ill treated, driven perhaps by deſpair to the very ſtate which could be originally only a pretence to commit ſuch wicked injuſtice."

"You cannot be more ſenſible than I am," ſaid Miſs Cardonnel, "of the injury that has been done a perſon for whom I have the tendereſt eſteem—You cannot be more diſtreſſed to hear than I am to tell, that Mrs. Glenmorris, within theſe few days, has found means to leave her confinement, and to wander away alone."

"And why not?" cried Delmont. "If ſhe is not mad, and who will aſſert that ſhe has ever been ſo? If ſhe is not mad, wherefore ſhould ſhe be a moment ſubjected to this infamous oppreſſion? I beg your pardon, Miſs Cardonnel; I am convinced that you have no participation in this cruel buſineſs; that you are inca-

pable of it ; let me urge you then to aſſiſt me in putting an end to it for ever. Give me the name of the place where this victim of a mother's inhumanity languiſhed. I can trace her from thence, and find her, perhaps, before her huſband and her daughter are ſhocked by intelligence that muſt ſo cruelly diſappoint all their future hopes."

Miſs Cardonnel with a trembling hand wrote the direction ; and Delmont, who ſaw how much all that had paſſed had affected her, could not forbear ſaying, " Pardon me, Miſs Cardonnel, if I ſay, that it ſeems to me incomprehenſible that you, who ſeem to have, nay, who I am ſure have ſo good an heart, ſhould have lent your countenance to the impriſonment, for what elſe can it be called? of Mrs. Glenmorris."

" Alas ! Sir," replied ſhe, " it is a melancholy truth, that at the time that happened, Mrs. Glenmorris was in a ſtate of ſuch mental derangement, that it was impoſſible for me to oppoſe the deciſion made

made by my grandmother, certainly at the inſtigation and by the perſuaſions of Mrs. Grinſted.—Believe me, Mr. Delmont (the tears ran down her cheeks as ſhe ſpoke), believe me, that had I been permitted I would have attended on that dear unfortunate woman with the aſſiduity of a daughter; I would not have left her to ſtrangers in that condition, to which, though I now believe it was only temporary, her cruel loſs had certainly reduced her; but Lady Mary, far from allowing me perſonally to alleviate her ſufferings, would not permit me to be told where ſhe was; I was even the more readily allowed to go to Ardley Foreſt, becauſe Mrs. Grinſted obſerved that I was extremely reſtleſs about my aunt, whoſe confinement ſhe certainly wiſhed, I know not for what reaſon, to perpetuate. Indeed I do not know that Lady Mary would have thought of ſuch an expedient, if the people about her (and it is by the upper ſervants you know that perſons of her age are oftenеſt governed) and

Mrs. Grinſted had not perſuaded her to adopt it; the latter enforcing on her mind for a certainty, that the action ſhe thus agreed to was doubly meritorious, inaſmuch as ſhe would at once take care of her daughter, however unworthy ſhe was of her maternal ſolicitude, and put an end, and in the moſt effectual manner, to what Mrs. Grinſted called an unjuſt and invidious attempt to take from dear Mary Cardonnel her undoubted right. Lady Mary liſtened with avidity to counſel that ſo well agreed with her own feelings; and her reſolution was confirmed by I know not what lawyers; who were ſent for hither, and cloſetted with Mrs. Grinſted and that moſt odious of all odious men, Sir Appulby Gorges. My poor grandmother, whoſe great age may be ſome excuſe for her being ſo eaſily miſled by theſe unworthy people, acted, or rather they acted for her in purſuance of what was decided at this conference. As I could not help betraying many ſymptoms of uneaſineſs,

I was

I was hurried with my grandmother into the country, from whence I was ſoon diſmiſſed with Miſs Richmond, Mrs. Grinſted undertaking to ſtay with Lady Mary during my abſence. The place where Mrs. Glenmorris was confined I knew only lately, and by accident; and I have reaſon to believe that her real ſituation has, from the firſt certainty of her recovery, been concealed from Lady Mary, who ſo far from believing ſhe was acting with cruelty and injuſtice, was, from the repreſentations made to her, taught to imagine that ſhe was doing her duty towards her daughter, and ſaving her from I know not what guilty connection, which Mrs. Grinſted and Mrs. Crewkherne together had perſuaded her Mrs. Glenmorris had formed."

"Infamous!" exclaimed Delmont; "moſt infamous! To this odious falſehood it is owing that Mrs. Glenmorris has been expoſed to every diſtreſs; that her daughter has been torn from her; and that ſhe has been driven into a madneſs, and

and at length perhaps to beggary—her daughter . . . . ."

" As to my couſin," ſaid Miſs Cardonnel, who ſeemed glad to have an opportunity of calling her ſo; " my grandmother is firmly perſuaded that ſhe voluntarily eloped with ſome man, almoſt a ſtranger to her; and though I have now reaſon to believe this, like the reſt, was the cruel miſrepreſentation, if not abſolutely falſe, contrived by this knot of men, who ſeem to have derived an unaccountable pleaſure from the ſufferings of my unhappy relations, yet I fear it will be extremely difficult, if not impoſſible, to obliterate from the mind of Lady Mary theſe impreſſions, which perhaps were too willingly received at firſt, and have been ſo long cheriſhed. Age is naturally tenacious of its opinions, and perhaps my grandmother a little more liable to prejudices than moſt other perſons. My reverence for her does not prevent my being ſenſible that ſhe is of a very unforgiving temper, and has to a great

great degree that weakneſs or obſtinacy which I have read of as common to perſons of her rank, of whom it is alledged, that having once received a prejudice againſt any one, they never will take the trouble to conſider whether it be well or ill founded; and even when it is ſhewn them to be unjuſt, perſiſt in it rather than allow they could be in an error, and rather than be fatigued with explanations."

Delmont, charmed with the candour and underſtanding of Miſs Cardonnel, as well as with the affection with which ſhe ſeemed to conſider her relations, could not forbear expreſſing his admiration of her virtues; adding, "Believe me, Miſs Cardonnel, when I aſſure you, that if ever Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter ſhould reunited have together the comfort of knowing you, they will feel more real pleaſure in having ſuch a friend than any participation of your fortune can beſtow; and againſt you I dare believe they will never appear as opponents." Delmont then,

then, eager to ſet out in ſearch of Mrs. Glenmorris, took a reſpectful leave, and Miſs Cardonnel ſaw him depart with ſenſations, which, if envy could have had any place in ſo excellent an heart as her's, would have made the poor and almoſt portionleſs Medora the object of that paſſion.

He no ſooner got into the ſtreet than he began to conſider what he ought to do. Medora, who was fully perſuaded that the note of Miſs Cardonnel alluded to her mother, would be impatient for his return; but how divulge to her what he had heard? how diſcloſe to her, that after having been confined as a lunatic, her mother was become a wanderer, perhaps again diſtracted by fears and terrors for her, and again expoſed to want and inſult? how diſcover all this to Glenmorris; yet how conceal it from either of them? It had always, however, been a rule with him to act openly where it was poſſible; and after ſome conſideration he determined to relate the truth

to

to Glenmorris, whom he thought he could have an opportunity of conſulting without alarming his daughter.

Delmont repaired therefore to the lodgings in Portland Street, and intended to have inquired for the father before he ſaw the daughter; but Medora was at the window watching his return, and the moment ſhe ſaw him from it, ran down ſtairs and met him. "Delmont!" ſhe exclaimed eagerly, "have you ſeen my father?"

"Your father! No! Is he not returned?"

"Oh no! he has ſent hither twice for you, but the man who brought the meſſage would not tell me from whence he came; and he was ſo ſtrange, ſo ill-looking a man, that I cannot help thinking ſomething has happened."

"Where can I ſee the man? How long is it ſince he has been here?"

"The laſt time, hardly a moment ago," ſaid Jaſon, the negro ſervant. "If your honour pleaſes I can overtake him."

"Do

"Do then, my good fellow," anſwered Delmont. "No, ſtay! I'll go with you myſelf."—He then haſtened away with Jaſon, and was out of ſight in a moment, while Medora, fearing ſhe knew not what, breathleſs, and with a beating heart, liſtened to every ſound, and wearied herſelf with conjectures.

And ſome hours this cruel ſuſpence laſted—Glenmorris returned not—Delmont returned not—and all the information Medora could obtain of Jaſon was, that Mr. Delmont had in Oxford Street overtaken the meſſenger ſent after his maſter, on ſpeaking to whom he had appeared much confuſed and *very vexed* (was Jaſon's expreſſion); that Mr. Delmont had immediately called a coach, into which he got with this man, but Jaſon knew not whither he ordered it to be driven, for, a ſtranger in London, he had no recollection of the names of ſtreets. Medora from this account became more uneaſy than ever; yet there appeared

appeared no remedy for her uneaſineſs, for ſhe knew not whither to go nor of whom to enquire. Night came on, but ſtill nobody arrived; even late hours approached, but neither her father or her lover appeared. At laſt, about half paſt eleven, a loud rap was heard at the door. Medora, too impatient to wait till the meſſage could be brought up ſtairs, ran half way down. A perſon entered, but it was neither Glenmorris or Delmont; it was Mr. Armitage.

He met her, and in his uſual friendly and paternal way took her hand. "My dear girl," cried he, "why all this eager ſolicitude? Why do I find you here?"

"My father! my mother! where are they? and Delmont, too? ſomething is ſurely wrong? and you, my dear Mr. Armitage," added ſhe, when they entered the room where there were candles; "let me obſerve your countenance. Oh! all is not right. You come to tell me ill news. Tell me at once if you do, for ſurely I can

I can bear any thing better than ſuſpenſe."

"Come, come," anſwered Armitage, affecting to ſpeak cheerfully, "I will not be queſtioned in this way by a little inquiſitor. What is all this?"

Medora then related what had happened the preceding part of the day, and obſerving narrowly the countenance of Armitage, ſaw that he ſtruggled to conceal the effect her account had upon him.

"Well, well," ſaid he, "my dear little girl, as we know not whither to go after theſe truants, your father and Delmont, we muſt be quiet; they will come to us no doubt by and by; they know where to find you, and I think you need not doubt the ſolicitude of both to return to you as ſoon as they can; it will give them more pain than pleaſure to find you thus watchful, thus uneaſy. Come, give me a glaſs of wine and water; you ſhall drink ſome with me, and then I ſhall ſend you to bed. Good girls ſhould not

not be rakes you know, and you look already tired."

"No indeed," ſaid Medora, "I ſhall not think of repoſe till my father returns. Good God! my dear Mr. Armitage, how can you imagine I can ſleep, when there is every reaſon to believe my father is detained by intelligence of my poor mother, and that the intelligence is unpleaſant; for were it otherwiſe, would not he or would not Delmont have returned?"

Armitage, who was a very bad diſſembler, contented himſelf with aſſuring her ſhe was miſtaken, but he had not courage, and ſhe perceived he had not, to undertake deceiving her by any premeditated falſehood, and it was evident he was himſelf in ſo much anxiety, that he could not rally her's. They continued therefore together to liſten to every coach that approached, and to ſtart various conjectures, though what Armitage either knew or gueſſed he carefully concealed from Medora, while ſhe,

ſhe, who knowing nothing, imagined much that was diſtreſſing, and dwelt chiefly on her mother, became at length ſo wretched that Armitage thought it almoſt cruel not to diſcloſe to her the truth as far as he was acquainted with it.

Between one and two o'clock Delmont's voice was heard in the paſſage. Armitage with difficulty reſtrained Medora from flying to him, but aſſuring her upon his honour he would return to let her know in a moment, ſhe conſented to remain quiet, while Delmont, who had ſent for him down, took him into a parlour, and ſaid, "I rejoice to ſee you. Our friend is arreſted for a debt due before he left England. It is conſiderable. I have offered bail with a reſpectable tradeſman whom I knew, but the raſcals who have taken Glenmorris have refuſed it, and he having in his turn refuſed to go to a ſpunging houſe, I have been with him to the Fleet priſon, where I have juſt left him. I am convinced there is ſomething more

 in

in it than we know of. Brownjohn has been ſeen with the attorney employed againſt him, and it was intimated to me by one of the bailiff's followers, that there were people who were determined at all events to keep him in cuſtody."

Armitage appeared greatly ſhocked at this account. "Ah! my dear Delmont," ſaid he "what complicated evils are at this moment the lot of our unhappy friends; and how ſhall we reveal to the lovely girl above ſtairs an event which is, however, leſs diſtreſſing than that which has befallen her admirable mother—poor Mrs. Glenmorris!"

"You have ſeen her then?"

"Yes, I have ſeen her, but in what a ſtate! I know not Delmont, if death itſelf would not be preferable to ſo ſad a condition. I found her wandering about an abſolute maniac, raving for her daughter, and execrating the cruelty of Lady Mary. She had been ſome days in this deplorable ſtate before I found her, and I fear all help may be now too late.

What

What puniſhment do they deſerve who have occaſioned this? Execrable villains! infernal ſorcereſſes! my blood turns to gall when I think of them. Oh! my friend Delmont! we can relieve Glenmorris from their accurſed machinations; but who can reſtore to him his wife? who can give back her mother to Medora?"

Delmont, heart ſtruck, and running over in his mind all the diſtreſs that at once awaited his Medora, now heard with increaſed anguiſh, the particulars, which Armitage thus related: "I left London," ſaid he, "with a reſolution to find this dear unhappy woman if ſhe ſtill exiſted. It ſeemed certain from all that paſſed between you and the porter and his wife, at Lady Mary de Verdon's, that ſomething was known of her in that family. With extreme difficulty I traced her to a confinement, where Lady Mary had placed her, twenty miles ſouth of London. I enquired for her at the houſe. The people

people who keep it, positively denied that any lady of the name of Glenmorris either was or ever had been there. They disputed my authority to see, and still more to remove her if she was. I was however sure, by the manner of these people, that they were not ignorant for whom I enquired. After many fruitless attempts, I found out the apothecary who attended the house, and from him extorted an avowal of the truth, under the most positive promise of secrecy towards those with whom my revealing what he told me might injure him. He said then that Mrs. Glenmorris had been sent to that house, undoubtedly, in a state which for the moment authorized her confinement. He related, at some length, the progress of her cure, and her frequent conversations with him, in consequence of which, being convinced that her detention was extremely unjust, he had given it repeatedly as his opinion that she ought to be released; but a lady of the name of Grinston or Grimsted,

had been there, and on behalf of Lady Mary de Verdon, her mother, had repeated the order for her confinement, alledging that her mother was her only friend and ſupport, that ſhe was parted from her huſband, had been engaged in a diſcreditable connection, which the worthy old lady was very ſolicitous to prevent from being known; and that her daughter had eloped from her and was married, therefore ſuch a ſituation as ſhe was now in, was the only one wherein Lady Mary would ſupport her, of courſe the only eligible one for her. In conſequence of this, every precaution was taken to conceal her reſidence; and though ſhe was not treated as to diſcipline like a lunatic, ſhe was ſtill aſſiduouſly watched. For my own part, ſaid Mr. Seton the apothecary, I felt extremely for this poor lady, who is in truth a moſt intereſting woman, and I did what little I could to alleviate her confinement, ſince to end it was not in my power. But it was owing to an accident, that at laſt I was the cauſe of the

the deſperate reſolution ſhe took. I found the lady, who was called in the houſe Mrs. Tichfield, and whoſe real name I believe nobody knew but myſelf, was very fond of fruit; I have a remarkable vine in my garden, and having ſome very fine grapes, I collected a few of the ripeſt and fineſt bunches, and my wife packed them in a little baſket, with ſome of the leaves and ſome news-papers which were in the parlour—a friend of mine ſends the papers to me, though I ſcarce ever have time to read them. But here, ſir, added Mr. Seton, taking a piece of a news-paper out of a drawer, this is the paragraph. It was marked on the margin with a pen. "The young lady who lately eloped from ———'s, hotel with Captain D***ll, will, it is ſuppoſed, be entitled to a very great fortune, as coheireſs to the late Gabriel de V——n, eſquire. This, however, is diſputed by her couſin Miſs C——l, and is likely to make well for the gentlemen of the long robe, Captain D***ll being determined

to ſupport the pretenſions of his fair bride, with whom we underſtand he is returned from his matrimonial trip, and the young couple are gone down to paſs the reſt of the autumn at Bogner in Suſſex." And here, ſir, continued Mr. Seton, giving me a letter which accompanied this paper, is what I received from Mrs. Glenmorris before her departure.

" Sir,

" As you are the only perſon who have teſtified any humanity towards me, I will not leave this place where I have been moſt fraudulently and unjuſtly confined, without acquainting you of my departure. The paragraph I have marked in this news-paper, accidentally ſent me, relates to my daughter. Of its truth I am determined to be ſatisfied, not being able to endure life in my preſent cruel ſuſpence;—I have nothing to offer you but my thanks for your kindneſs, and I wiſh your happineſs.

L. G."

Every

"Every enquiry from hence will be uſeleſs, and every attempt to ſtop me dangerous, as no perſon has any right whatever over my perſon or conduct."

This was written, continued Mr. Armitage, with a feeble and trembling hand, and blotted in many places with tears. I waited no longer than to hear the particulars of Mrs. Glenmorris's diſappearance, and what clothes ſhe wore at the time. I found that at an early hour of the morning ſhe had taken advantage of the abſence of the gardener, who was wheeling out the graſs he had mown to an unfrequented lane; ſhe had walked away, and was not miſſed till three hours afterwards, when all ſearch for her was in vain. Not doubting but that ſhe was gone to the place in Suſſex, where the paper had reported her daughter to be (though how ſhe could get thither without money I could not imagine) I attempted to trace her, but my endeavours were for ſome time baffled; I croſſed to my own houſe, where, by letters I found there, I

firſt heard of Glenmorris's arrival, but I thought it better not to acquaint him with what I knew, till more ſatisfactory information could be obtained. I then went to the place where it ſeemed to me to be almoſt certain that Mrs. Glenmorris, miſled by the paper I had ſeen, had gone in ſearch of her daughter.

There I heard of her; ſhe had ſold her watch and ſome other trinkets for her ſupport, but ſome information ſhe had received, had induced her to leave the place two days before, and ſhe was gone, the people told me to Rottendean, a few miles beyond Brighthelmſtone.

Thither then I followed her, having ſent for Suſanne to join me as ſoon as I found it was probable I was right in my purſuit. I learned that a lady, who was ſuppoſed to be diſordered in her mind, had two days before taken up her abode at a very poor houſe in the village; that ſhe had wandered about in the evening either on the ſhore or on the high cliffs, and the people had been much afraid that

though

though gentle and good natured to them, ſhe meant, in their own phraſe, to do herſelf a miſchief.

Not a moment was to be loſt. I was ſhewn by one of the bathers, who had given me this account, to a very humble cottage—I inquired for the lodger—ſhe was gone, they ſaid, for her evening walk. I bade Suſanne accompany me; and we were directed by a fiſherman to the place where ſhe was.

It was on an heap of the fallen cliff, and where other fragments beetled fearfully over head, that the poor mourner ſat; her eyes were concealed by her hands, her arms reſting on her knees. She ſeemed liſtening to the burſt of waters on the ſhore, and to be quite regardleſs of our approach. I kept a little behind, and bade Suſanne, whoſe voice trembled ſo as to be hardly articulate, ſpeak to her. "My dear miſtreſs!" ſaid ſhe—Mrs. Glenmorris did not look up, ſhe only moved one of her hands languidly, and uttered, "Pray, pray, be gone my good

woman!" "Ah! don't you know me?" cried Suſanne, taking her hand, and burſting into tears—Mrs. Glenmorris looked at her—never ſhall I forget the look!

"Know you?" repeated ſhe, "yes, I think I knew you once; but you too, Suſanne, if that is ſtill your name, have left me—Yes, I am quite deſerted by every body ſince my child has abandoned me—I am poor and wretched, and perſecuted, and have no child, no friend!—none to care for me now, and I came hither to die."

"My dear friend," cried I, then ſtepping forward, "this muſt not be indulged. Come, come, Mrs. Glenmorris, you have been cruelly deceived."

"I know it," anſwered ſhe, in a low ſolemn voice—"I know it but too well. Yes, *I have* been cruelly deceived, but who would have thought it poſſible?" A ſigh that ſeemed ready to burſt her heart followed. I ſaid, "you have been deceived, but not by Medora." I was afraid

afraid of ſaying too much, fearing that if ſhe comprehended me, which from her now vacant and wandering eye ſhe did not at this moment ſeem to do, the tranſition from joy to grief would be ſo violent, as wholly to overſet her injured reaſon, I therefore ſpoke to her ſoothingly and confidently, and ſuddenly ſhe ſeemed to recollect me, or at leaſt ſhe had not appeared to do it till, ſtarting from her ſeat, ſhe held out her hand to me, and ſaid—"a thouſand thanks to you, my very good friend, for having taken this trouble; but you will not be offended, if I beg of you not to be ſeen here,—for," continued ſhe, ſpeaking very quick, "Lady Mary, you remember, has declared enmity to you on my account. Oh! you know not half ſhe has ſuffered people to ſay; cruel, cruel has been her conduct, cruel indeed to me!——But her cauſing my child to be taken from me—Oh! that it is which has been the deadly blow, and it has made me almoſt . . . . . almoſt forget all the reſt, except (and ſhe put

her hand to her head) except that I would not have any more victims—and who knows, after what Lady Mary has ſaid, what may happen? I am eaſy, quite eaſy at preſent, for if Medora is gone, why ſhould I wiſh to live? I would ſee Glenmorris however before I died, if I thought I could bear to meet him now that his daughter is loſt; but the very dread of it would kill me, before I could get to America." I endeavoured, continued Armitage, to impreſs on her mind, that nothing of all ſhe ſeemed to apprehend could happen; but I found the incoherence of her converſation greater, the longer I attempted to reaſon with her; I could not prevail upon her to allow me to eſcort her to Upwood or to Dalebury farm, ſtill leſs would ſhe hear of going to Aſhley Combe. She had been happy at all thoſe places with Medora; ſhe ſaid ſhe would never ſee them more! All I could obtain of her was to allow Suſanne to ſtay with her. Though ſhe often fixed her eyes on that faithful creature

with looks of anger and reſentment, ſuch as almoſt broke the poor woman's heart, and ſuch as ſhe ſaid her dear miſtreſs had never, in all the years ſhe had lived with her, looked at any creature with, however they had offended her. In this ſtate I left her, rather calmer however, and ordering Suſanne never for a moment to loſe ſight of her, but if poſſible to break to her Glenmorris's being in England, and the ſafety of Medora. I began ſeveral times this attempt, but ſhe always ſtopped me by ſaying, "I entreat you, Mr. Armitage, not to attempt to deceive me.—I know the worſt.—By the contrivance of my mother, my child has been taken from me.—At laſt her long meditated curſe has been fulfilled. God forgive her, poor old unhappy woman, God forgive her.—No, no, Mr. Armitage, none of your pious frauds, your friendly deceptions.—I know the worſt—and you ſee I am not dead!—Time, they ſay, time cures every thing.—Time will cure me." She ſhuddered, and ſunk into

ſilence, from which nothing could rouſe her; and in fact, my dear friend, it is in vain to flatter ourſelves; I do believe her intellects irrecoverably gone. Oppoſition ſeems ſo much to inflame her, that I dared not venture to preſs even her removing to a better lodging, but I have ſent two of my own ſervants over to attend her; I deſired a phyſician, of whom I have a very good opinion, to ſee her, but to keep the ſtate ſhe is in a profound ſecret; and having done this, I haſtened hither, as well to ſoften this ſevere ſhock to my poor friend, as to conſult with him on his going down with his daughter, and trying how the ſight of objects ſo beloved and lamented, might act on the diſordered mind of his wife."

"And you find him," ſaid Delmont, "in a priſon! and prevented by oppreſſion from flying to the wife he has ſo long ſought, from protecting her and his daughter."

"That, however," replied Armitage, "however diſtreſſing it is, can be only temporary.

temporary. My whole fortune, if it is neceſſary, ſhall be devoted to releaſe him."

"And mine," interrupted Delmont, "he is already to conſider as his own." Delmont now however remembered, almoſt for the firſt time ſince he firſt knew Medora had diſappeared, that his fortune was little better than nominal, for ſo deeply was it engaged to anſwer the debts of his brother, that whenever the creditors enforced the payment of thoſe debts, he ſhould not have even Upwood his own. This painful recollection however ſoon ſubdued, when he reflected that in conſequence of the Major's, marriage, he was certainly at this moment in a ſituation to ſettle all his pecuniary obligations.

As nothing could be done for Glenmorris that night, the doors of his priſon having been long ſince ſhut, all that remained was to conſider how to conceal from Medora the ſituation of her father and mother, at leaſt for the night, and in ſuch

ſuch a caſe, a pious fraud was undoubtedly allowable. They therefore agreed in telling her that Mr. Glenmorris, having had intelligence of her mother, whom he hoped to find in health and ſafety, had been detained by his expectations, and his return became uncertain.

"I ſhall take his place my dear Medora," ſaid Armitage "to night, and ſhall occupy his room, for as our little heroine has been more than once carried away by "Paynims vile and wicked Sarracen," it is neceſſary ſome truſty knight ſhould guard her, and modern chivalry is, I am ſorry to ſay, ſo degenerated, that it is no longer the etiquette to entruſt this honourable poſt to the choſen chevalier of the damſel's heart. Delmont therefore ſhall retire to his lodgings till to-morrow at an early hour, when he will rejoin us here, and we ſhall perhaps leave you, my dear Medora, for ſome hours, with no other protection than Jaſon, who will faithfully enact the enchanted

chanted Moor, againſt any intruders, for the ſhort time of our abſence."

This pleaſantry, which it coſt Armitage no inconſiderable effort to aſſume, ſerved in ſome degree to diſſipate the apprehenſions that aſſailed Medora. The countenance of Delmont, who was a wretched diſſembler, almoſt counteracted this attempt at cheerfulneſs on the part of his friend; but Medora, who had early learned never to appear importunate to thoſe who ſhe knew would entruſt her with all it was neceſſary for her to know, now repreſſed her uneaſineſs and ſuſpicion, and as ſoon as Delmont was gone, retired to her room; Mr. Armitage having informed her he ſhould take the opportunity of writing letters that night, that nothing might impede the buſineſs he ſhould have the following day.

To thoſe who have not from ſad experience learned what man, in a ſtate of poliſhed ſociety, is capable of executing towards his fellow man, when he can pervert the laws, the cuſtoms and prejudices

dices of the community, to the purpoſes of his paſſions, it would appear almoſt impoſſible that a combination of perſons, each acting on different motives, ſhould have the power to oppreſs, to perſecute, and ruin a family; yet ſo it happened in the inſtance of Glenmorris. This formidable phalanx conſiſted of Lady Mary, from whom time had taken every thing but her avarice, her pride, and hatred, againſt the huſband of her daughter, and that daughter herſelf; Sir Appulby Gorges, who joined againſt Glenmorris not only from dread of his openly avowed political principles, his enmity to all deceit and corruption, and that manly ſincerity which never allowed him to conceal how much he deſpiſed ſuch a character as Sir Appulby, (though clad in purple and fine linen, and faring ſumptuouſly every day) but becauſe, if Glenmorris's claims on behalf of his daughter ſhould be eſtabliſhed, the fortune of Miſs Cardonnel, all of which was not more than enough for

Sir Appulby's ambitious projects for his grandſon; would be divided, and enrich a man who had the inſolence to aſſert, that it was better a great many perſons ſhould live in comfort than that a few ſuch men as Sir Appulby Gorges ſhould wallow in ſwiniſh luxury and ſelfiſh indulgences. Totally regardleſs of every thing, but how to gratify the appetites he had left, and to enrich his grandchildren, the unfeeling and brutal character of this old attorney (for he was originally nothing more) became harder and more inſolent every day, as a vicious animal grows more offenſive by age; and there was nothing Sir Appulby Gorges could do with impunity that he was not capable of doing, to add only a few hundreds, or even a few tens, to the ſums he had collected, either while he was in place, or in conſequence of the power his having been in place had given him. Though he had never had any talents, and only a buſtling ſort of affected conſequence, which he impoſed upon thoſe who did not

not know him for induſtry and appli-cation; and though the ſmall ſtock of acquired intelligence he ever poſſeſſed, was obſcured by the fumes of gluttony, and the imbecility of age, ſo that he could not now write a common letter without betraying his ignorance or his indolence, yet was Sir Appulby Gorges a formidable enemy, in the exiſting circumſtances, to Glenmorris; for he had a number of re-tainers around him, men who, though for the moſt part they were paid only by hope, were as aſſiduous as they were baſe, and there was hardly one of them who did not poſſeſs, in ſome way or other, the means of injuring a defenceleſs ſtranger, who had not money or friends, among the ſame claſs of men. As ſoon as it was un-derſtood that Delmont was moſt warmly ſolicitous for the family of Glenmorris, they became more obnoxious to Sir Ap-pulby; he could not well hate any man more than the latter, unleſs it was the former; of whoſe legacy, left by Lord Caſtledanes, as well as of the ſums belong-

ing

ing on the ſame account to the reſt of the Delmont family, Sir Appulby had in fact long ſince poſſeſſed himſelf, and though he knew that ſooner or later he muſt pay theſe, yet he contrived, with the aſſiſtance of his friend Cancer, the attorney he employed, to raiſe ſo many difficulties, to imagine ſuch an infinite number of precautions, and to uſe ſo many of the quirks and tricks which have ariſen like poiſonous galls on the branches of the boaſted widely ſpreading oak of Engliſh juriſprudence, that he doubted not of being able to keep poſſeſſion for ſome years of this money, for which he made twenty per cent. while he knew the law would not oblige him to allow to the proprietors more than *three*. To ſay nothing of old Cancer of Gray's Inn (who never failed to ſtick to any unhappy wretch he faſtened on till mortification and death enſued, but who could only be conſidered as the creature of Sir Appulby) the third on the liſt of Glenmorris's perſecutors was Loadſworth, a man

man who had taken an averſion to him many years before, and now, though he had almoſt forgotten the cauſe, ſeemed to have a malignant delight in aſſiſting to do him every poſſible prejudice in gratification of this lurking hatred. So little conſcious, however, was Glenmorris of his ſullen antipathy, that he had directed him to be employed in the buſineſs of recovering Medora's fortune; and Loadſworth, who had been in habits of doing ſuch things, made no ſcruple now of availing himſelf of the confidence of Glenmorris, and enliſted himſelf, armed with all the advantages that confidence might have given him, under the banners of the oppoſing party. It happened, however, that the caſe was ſo plain as not to admit of a doubt from any man not predetermined to raiſe them, and Loadſworth knew that Medora muſt eventually poſſeſs a very conſiderable ſhare of her grandfather's fortune; a ſecret which he had from the very beginning communicated to his friend Brownjohn.

This

This puffing prater, who contrived, with thoſe as ſhallow as himſelf, to make poſitive aſſertion paſs for ſound knowledge, and impudent boaſting for eloquence, who was an harpy as inexorable as Cancer, only under a rather leſs repulſive appearance, having been convinced that he ſhould not ultimately make much, either by acting as the friend or enemy of the Glenmorris's, conceived the very honourable project of marrying his brother to the co-heireſs of De Verdon; and by that means aggrandizing his family, and getting into his hands the management of ſo conſiderable a property. Darnell himſelf would never have thought of ſuch an exploit, but he had been perſuaded, laughed, and teaſed into it; for Brownjohn, who would moſt willingly have been the principal in ſuch a coup de main, eſpecially in a caſe where he thought there was no father or brother to call him to an account, was unluckily obliged to recommend it to another, it being well known that he had a fine-

dreſſing

dreſſing *wulgur* vife of his own, who had exhibited herſelf among the crowd of the Margate and Brighthelmſtone *waſtly genteel wiſitors*, every year ſince he had kept a *carridge*. Brownjohn, who with all his daring volubility, was a wonderfully ſhallow fellow, had, in common with ſuch ſort of men, a great contempt for the underſtandings of women—He had not the leaſt notion that among them either ſenſe or diſcernment was to be found, and imagined that a red coat, a tolerable fortune, and a little aſſurance, would induce any of them to go off with the firſt young fellow that offered. He no more doubted, therefore, of his own conſequence and cleverneſs, than of the ſucceſs of the plan he had formed.

The malignant and prying ſpirit of Mrs. Crewkherne, irritated and ſtimulated by her deſire to aggrandize her family by the marriage of Delmont to Miſs Goldthorp, and her inveterate prejudices, as well as her paltry paſſions, had all been called forth and ſet in battle array, by

Mrs.

Mrs. Glenmorris and her daughter, on account of their perſonal advantages, their diſſent from thoſe forms and ceremonies which made the whole buſineſs of her life, and above all from their being under the protection of Armitage, towards whom the venerable ſpinſter avowed a degree of hatred quite inconſiſtent with her Chriſtian profeſſion, but which her ghoſtly directors tolerated, not to ſay encouraged; inaſmuch as Armitage, though living in a continued courſe of beneficence and in charity with all the world, was ſuppoſed to have notions on ſome ſubjects which, however reaſonable, were not *correct*. It was in vain that he reſtrained himſelf from any attempt to make converts; never wiſhed to diſturb the creed, whether political or religious, of others, and requeſted nothing but that there might be no attempt to force either the one or the other upon him. Mr. Armitage would long ago have been the martyr of his unobtruſive and ſimple ſyſtem of ethics, if theſe modern ſaints had, with the ſpirit

of

of Bonner and Gardner, poſſeſſed their power. His laſt conference with Mrs. Crewkherne had inflamed the zeal of that good lady almoſt to madneſs, and ſhe tired every body but herſelf by raving againſt him. If that, however, had been the extent of her active malice, no great harm might have been the conſequence. But ſhe continued, as well by herſelf as by her agents and deputy goſſips, ſo to repreſent him and his connection with Mrs. Glenmorris to Lady Mary — ſhe had ſo many anecdotes of him, "which ſhe knew to be true," and brought ſo many proofs which could not be contradicted of his artful and unprincipled deportment, that the impreſſions thus made, contributed as much as any thing to harden the heart of Lady Mary, and to confirm her, inſtead of the protectrice, the perſecutor and oppreſſor of her daughter and grand-daughter.

To theſe were added the officious interference of Mrs. Grinſted, who, deriving her preſent conſequence as ſhe had once

once drawn her actual ſupport, from her connections with people "*of a certain ſort*," could not, even though ſhe now loved her eaſe very much, diveſt herſelf of a ſort of buſtling zeal in their ſervice. She had a perfect conviction that her underſtanding was of ſo ſuperior a claſs, that the moral world would go on much better if ſhe was conſulted in its government. She really imagined, that if heaven had made her a man, the great compaſs of her mind, and her vaſt fluency of ſpeech, on which ſhe particularly piqued herſelf, would have placed her in a conſiderable rank among the ſtateſmen of her day and nation. To this maſculine, or rather univerſal propenſity to govern, ſhe added one purely feminine—a latent hatred towards Glenmorris becauſe he had not made love to her when he might, but preferred the little baby-faced Laura to her mature and ripened beauties; and ſhe had quite as great a diſlike to Mrs. Glenmorris, who, when a romping girl, had laughed at her prim maxims, and monopolized all the

men, in deſpite of all the wiſe obſervations ſhe uſed to make to her on the impropriety of talking to thoſe "*idle boys that only flattered her.*" Since the laſt interview between them, Mrs. Grinſted had found new cauſe to nouriſh this lurking enmity. Mrs. Glenmorris, though no longer in the bloom of youth, was ſo handſome that her prudent friend hated the ſight of her, and was determined to believe all the ill which, the goſſips of a country town having begun, had been ſeized with ſuch avidity, and diſſeminated with ſuch fatal ſucceſs by Mrs. Crewkherne

CHAP. XIII.

Againſt the threats
Of malice or of ſorcery, or that power
Which erring men call chance, this I hold firm,
Virtue may be aſſail'd but never hurt.
Surpriſed by unjuſt force but not enthrall'd,
* * * * * *
But evil on itſelf ſhall back recoil.

TURNING from the group which, thus aſſociated, had worked ſo much woe to the unoffending family of Glenmorris, and ſo completely ſucceeded in deſtroying the tranquillity, if not the philoſophy, of Delmont, the victims of this conſpiracy naturally preſent themſelves — Glenmorris in his priſon, his wife deprived of her ſenſes, and poor Medora, to whom Armitage had as gently as poſſible diſcloſed the truth, diſtracted between her agonizing fears for both her parents, and hardly more in

poſſeſſion of her reaſon than the mother ſhe deplored.

And all this was the conſequence of a vicious deſire to defame a man, whoſe opinions differed from thoſe of the common world, and to detract from the modeſt merit of a ſtranger; for without the malice of Mrs. Crewkherne, the more weighty, but not leſs hateful motives that directed the conduct of Sir Appulby Gorges and the lawyers, could never have effected ſo much miſchief; yet Mrs. Crewkherne was a woman pretending to many virtues, to a ſanctity almoſt monaſtic, and a zeal ſo ardent, that the common feelings of humanity were not purified, but conſumed in its blaze. Oh! if thoſe who calling themſelves Chriſtians, yet blinded by paſſion and by prejudice, could ſee the unhappy victims who, remote and unknown, ſuffer and periſh from their politics and their pride; the preſumption with which weak, yet arrogant beings ſend forth "*the arrow that flyeth in darkneſs, and the peſtilence that walketh*

at

at noon day," might be ſoftened into mercy; and he who from his cloſet or his council-board directs the extirpation of millions, as well as the minor inſtigator of miſchief, who only cauſes the ruin of two or three families, might feel what in ſo many of the powerful and the proſperous ſeems entirely extinct and dead, "*that ſpark of friendſhip for human kind, that particle of the dove kneaded into our frame, along with the elements of the wolf and the ſerpent* *."

Nothing of this, however, was viſible in the perſons into whoſe immediate power the unfortunate Glenmorris had fallen. His two anxious friends, Armitage and Delmont, were with him as ſoon as his priſon doors were open, having left his weeping daughter ſomewhat tranquilliſed by the hope of his immediate releaſe. While Armitage ſtaid with him to aſſiſt him in arranging ſome papers, Delmont

* Hume's Eſſays.

went in ſearch of the attorney employed by the party who had arreſted him.

Armitage plunged into the buſineſs with an ardour even greater than its neceſſity dictated, that he might conceal from the priſoner intelligence which would have rendered his confinement utterly intolerable. He greatly feared leaſt Glenmorris, already indignant at the perſecution he thus ſuffered, almoſt at the very moment of his return to his native land, ſhould know that his wife had alſo, though on a different pretence, been long confined; that ſhe was now diſcovered and at liberty, but that her reaſon was loſt; for Armitage knew that Glenmorris, who had always declared againſt the illegality and cruelty of impriſonment for debt, would incur any perſonal riſk to ſhake off theſe unworthy fetters, and fly to the woman he ſo fondly loved. Again, therefore, was Armitage compelled to put aſide his ſincerity, and with friendly deceit to engage his impetuous friend

to

to be calm till Delmont could take the ſteps that were to liberate him in a common way.

And this might ſoon have been done, if Glenmorris had only been impriſoned by the oſtenſible cauſe. The debt was ſworn to be ſeven thouſand pounds and upwards. It had not been incurred even by any of thoſe indiſcretions that had marked his early life; but occaſioned by his having advanced for a friend he loved four thouſand pounds to ſave him and a woman he was paſſionately attached to from ſuch deſtruction as poverty alone could not have inflicted on them. The generous purpoſe of Glenmorris, however, was not anſwered; his friend died abroad, and the heirs refuſed to repay him; he had therefore ſold one of his Scottiſh eſtates to ſatisfy ſome portion of the debt, and with the income of what remained, had yearly diſcharged a part of the intereſt; but ſtill it had grown upon him, and by the chicane of the attornies, and the complicated law-charges they had

contrived, it now amounted to the ſum alledged. The man who acted for his purſuer was a friend of Brownjohn's, and that worthy gentleman no ſooner heard that Glenmorris was in England, than conſcious of all that muſt follow, and dreading the vengeance of ſuch a man for Darnell's attempt to carry off his daughter, he made it every way worth the while of this brother attorney to proceed againſt him, and they concerted ſuch meaſures as would ſecure Glenmorris's impriſonment till ſomething more could be found againſt him, which Brownjohn, from what he knew of his affairs, was ſure would not be difficult.

When Delmont found this attorney, whoſe name was Evet, and offered him immediate bail in himſelf and Mr. Armitage, the man anſwered, that he ſhould not accept it.

"Not accept it?" cried Delmont; "Pray, Mr. Evet, why not?"

"I am not obliged to give my reaſons, Sir."

"I ſhall

"I ſhall certainly inſiſt upon them, Sir."

"You *can't* oblige me to give them, Sir; but if out of pure civility I am diſpoſed to do it, ſuppoſe we ſay, Sir, that I don't think either your ſecurity or Mr. Armitage's equal to the ſum."

"You don't!"

"No, Sir, I don't."

"This is a moſt unheard of piece of inſolence."

"Inſolence! Mr. Delmont!—I don't know, Sir, what right you have to talk to me in that manner, Mr. Delmont; but I ſay, Sir, that I will not accept your bail. In regard to your friend Armitage, his affairs are known well enough; and I know that he cannot juſtify fairly for the ſum; and then, Sir, I mean no offence, Mr. Delmont; but as to your's—"

"What as to mine, Mr. Attorney?"

"I don't mind your fierce looks, Sir, nor your calling me Attorney. Truth's truth, and I'll ſpeak it, let who will look with knock-me-down looks. *I ſay, Sir,*

Sir, and *you know*, that your money is all gone, and your eſtate mortgaged for as much as 'tis worth for Major Delmont. You cannot deny it, Sir; for I know the man who managed it all; and ſo, Sir, your ſervant; I am a little buſy juſt now, and I hope you will excuſe me."

Delmont had never before felt the paſſions of anger and contempt ſtruggling ſo violently in his boſom; he was ſtrongly tempted to ſtrike the man, yet ſcorn rather than philoſophy at that moment withheld him; for if he could not conſider ſuch a creature as a gentleman, he could hardly claſs him in the rank of man. Evet was a ſhrivelled aduſt being, who ſeemed to have been ſmoke-dried in the dark office where he carried on his iniquitous trade till he had almoſt loſt the form, and entirely the feelings, of humanity. It was hardly worth Delmont's while to waſte a thought or a moment on ſuch a reptile, and conquering his anger, as an emotion which ſuch a diſgrace to the ſpecies was unworthy of exciting,

he now hurried to his lodgings, and directing Clement to prepare himſelf to go off expreſs to Southampton, he wrote to his brother, requeſting that, as in conſequence of his marriage he could undoubtedly repay the ſum advanced for him without inconvenience, he would be ſo good as to ſend him by Clement ſuch orders or means of obtaining payment as might enable him to receive the whole in the courſe of two days. Having done this, Delmont repaired with an heavy heart to Medora.

Though ſtruck with the grief and concern expreſſed on his countenance, Medora refrained from importuning him with queſtions; yet the pain of her mind was too great for diſſimulation, and while ſhe liſtened to ſuch an account of her father as he hoped would ſoothe her, and while he flattered her with the proſpect of her mother's reſtoration to health (for Medora knew only that ſhe was ill) as ſoon as they ſhould all be together at Upwood, which he ſaid would be in a

few days, the tears ſtreamed from her eyes, and ſeemed to fall upon the heart of her lover as he fondly ſtrained her to his boſom.

Fear for her ſafety, ſince ſhe muſt be frequently left unprotected, had mingled itſelf with his other apprehenſions, and he propoſed conducting her to Upwood, where, ſaid he, "Louiſa, who is on a viſit till my return, ſhall meet you. Surely, my lovely friend, it would be better than your remaining here."

The tears of Medora now flowed faſter than before. "Oh! Delmont," ſaid ſhe, "it is in vain you attempt to deceive me. My poor father's detention will be long, or you would never think it neceſſary that I ſhould precede him in our journey to Upwood; and if I do leave London before him, if ſuch is his pleaſure in regard to me, ſhould my ſteps be directed to the once happy ſhades of Upwood? ſhould not the ſick bed of my mother be my deſtination? and is it *you*, my friend, who would have me con-

ſult my ſafety and my eaſe where ſhe is not?—No, never, never from Delmont ſhould I liſten to a propoſal that he would deteſt me if I ſhould conſent to. The truth is, that my mother ....." (ſhe could not finiſh the ſentence) "my dear mother is dead or perhaps ſhe is dying, and your tenderneſs would ſave me from undergoing the agony of witneſſing her ſituation, even at the expence of my duty and of future repoſe."

Delmont was now half-diſtracted; whether to reveal or ſtill conceal the truth he knew not; nor could he aſſent to what Medora inſiſted upon, that ſhe might ſee her father. At length he obtained, though with infinite difficulty, her promiſe, that ſhe would endeavour to calm her ſpirits for that day, on his ſolemn aſſurance, that if her father was not, as he hoped and believed he would be, releaſed on the next, ſhe ſhould ſee him; and that either Armitage or Delmont himſelf ſhould conduct her to her mother, relative to whoſe ſituation he laboured,

boured, though by no means with complete ſucceſs, to reaſſure her. Delmont then went back to the priſon, where it was again neceſſary to uſe diſſimulation to quiet the ardent and impetuous temper of Glenmurris, who, like a lion in his chains, was enraged by the infamous conduct of lawyers, and revolted at the abuſe of law, boaſting in vain of its clemency, while liberty and life were continually at the mercy of depravity and tyranny.

Alone with Armitage, Delmont related to him the reception he had met with from the attorney. Armitage, almoſt as little verſed in the forms uſed on theſe occaſions as Delmont himſelf, found it neceſſary to inquire whether this inſolent refuſal could be defended, and in ſuch wretched debates paſſed the reſt of this and a part of the following day, when Clement, who had travelled all night, arrived from Southampton, and delivered to his maſter the following letter:

"Dr

"DR GEO.

"Thou art miſtaken in ſuppoſing I can pay thee at half an hour's notice. Where the devil ſhould I get it? I lightened myſelf preſently of the little ready money which the ceremony I have gone through entitled me to. There was no putting by certain curſed bores any other way; and I aſſure you, la belliſſima donna, *who has made me the happieſt of men*, was more fortified with ſettlements and deeds (which made the caſh ſay *noli me tangere*) than I expected; and then above half is not tangible till ſhe is five-and-twenty, a ſecret I was not let into when I entered into the holy eſtate of matrimony. We have of courſe occaſion for other little ſums for preſent uſe—and in a word, dear Geo. the money I have not; but as ſoon as I have time to look about me a little, you ſhall hear further on that ſubject from

"Your's, &c.

"A. DELMONT.

"The firſt little lord, our couſin, is dead, and the other, it is ſaid, will never

never be reared to man's eſtate. To this doſt thou ſay amen as heartily as I do? I feel myſelf already in my place, and the odds are twenty to one in my favour."

George Delmont, well as he knew his brother, was ſhocked at this letter; he ſaw there was no hope of his obtaining the ſum neceſſary to liberate Glenmorris immediately, and all the conſequences of a long impriſonment preſſed with the bittereſt apprehenſions on his mind. Unwilling, however, to cruſh the hopes he had given Armitage, that every thing might be arranged that night, and dreading to ſee Medora till he could certainly aſſure her of the approaching freedom of her father, he conquered the extreme averſion to the ſolicitation of favours, and went to every body he could recollect, who were at all likely to afford him a temporary accommodation. His applications were totally fruitleſs. This man had been, as they aſſured him, under the neceſſity

neceſſity of borrowing himſelf; another had unfortunately purchaſed into the ſtocks when they were extremely high, and could not ſell out in their preſent depreſſed ſtate without ſuch a loſs as he was ſure his friend Delmont would never require of him. Some offered excuſes yet more frivolous. One did not heſitate to reproach him for his peculiar manner of life, and his pretenſions to ſingularity—"You forſake your friends," ſaid this dictatorial perſonage; "you abandon your proſpects, and affect to ſink your rank, and then expect that the old friends of your family ſhould come forward to repair the conſequence of theſe derelictions of your honour." It need not be added that Delmont from ſuch arrogant impertinence turned with indignant contempt.

Hopeleſs of ſucceeding this way, and almoſt aſhamed of having tried it, he paſſed another day—night came, and his promiſe to Medora was neither

to

to be evaded or poſtponed. He went to her, therefore, without having made up his mind how to tell her that the releaſe of her father was not only not completed but as remote as ever, when with mingled expreſſion on her countenance, for which he could not account, Medora met him, and put into his hands the following letter:

"Though we are unfortunately ſtrangers to each other, my dear couſin, my heart acknowledges the relationſhip, a relationſhip which to you has been only productive of misfortune. I am not of age, and to do all I wiſh to do towards repairing the partial diſpoſition of fortune is not yet in my power; but as I have heard that your father is under difficulties, and know that your mother has been a conſiderable ſufferer from Lady Mary's unhappy prejudice againſt him, I take the liberty of incloſing what is but a very ſmall part of that which your family,

as

as my neareſt relations, are entitled to; it is my own, and cannot inconvenience me to part with it; and be aſſured, that no other way in which it could be diſpoſed of would give me half the pleaſure which it will beſtow upon me, if I hear that you accept and uſe it to remove any preſent embarraſſments, and conſider it as a trifling teſtimony of the intention to do you all the juſtice poſſible, when more ſhall be in the power of

"My dear Couſin's

"very affectionate

"M. G. CARDONNEL."

The incloſure was five bank notes of a thouſand pounds each.

Never had any circumſtance merely pecuniary ſo warmed and elevated the heart of Delmont. He heſitated not to declare that Medora ought to accept of, and uſe the notes. "Your father," ſaid he, "my beſt love, will then be liberated this evening; we ſhall haſten to your mother; we

we ſhall once more ſee her reſtored to us, and Medora will be mine, irrevocably mine; hardly dare I truſt myſelf with the delightful contemplation of the happineſs thus opening upon me. What an admirable creature is this couſin of yours! and yet do we not think ſo, becauſe for any one to do their duty, and above all when money is in queſtion, is ſo very rare, that it has more effect than, ſimply conſidered, any ſuch action ought to have? Your couſin has diſcovered that ſhe has unknowingly and involuntarily injured you, and this is the firſt generous apology of a noble mind. She is however a glorious girl, and none can be more ſenſible of her worth than I am." Delmont at that moment thought of his brother's conduct; he felt himſelf humbled and humiliated for faults not his own, and for the firſt time in his life bluſhed to repeat the name of Delmont.

His opinion as to accepting and immediately uſing the notes was deciſive with Medora. She perſuaded Delmont to

to allow of her going with him to her father. The meeting between them was ſo affecting, that Armitage and Delmont found it abſolutely neceſſary to call off the attention of Glenmorris to the buſineſs immediately before them. Mr. Evet was, however, reluctantly obliged to accept the bail of Armitage and Delmont for two thouſand pounds; the reſt was immediately paid, and a diſcharge obtained, after which the liberated debtor, his daughter, and his friends, returned to his lodgings, where Armitage hoped to prevail upon him to remain, while he himſelf went to Mrs. Glenmorris, could ſatisfy himſelf of the ſtate ſhe was in, and endeavour to remove her to Upwood or Aſhley-Combe, where the favourable change that had happened in their affairs might gradually be diſcloſed to her, and the family ſo long ſeparated and ſo cruelly perſecuted, be re-united.

But Glenmorris was not diſpoſed to endure the delay of a moment; and Medora as well as Delmont, being eager to

ſecond him, they ſet out the ſame evening for the place where Mrs. Glenmorris, yet labouring under the cruel prepoſſeſſion, which with ſo much pains had been taken to impreſs on her mind, ſtill lingered in a ſtate that might with too much juſtice be called a degree of melancholy madneſs.

Glenmorris, leaving his daughter to the care of his two friends, inſiſted on being allowed to ſpeak to her alone. It was in vain both Delmont and Armitage remonſtrated againſt it; he would not be reſtrained; he beheld the woman he had ſo long, ſo fondly doated on, reſting on one of thoſe raiſed mounds of earth ſo frequent on the downs, ſuppoſed to be memorials of the dead; ſhe rather reclined than ſat, and her head was pillowed by her lovely arm, while her eyes ſeemed to be fixed on the moon as it roſe from the ſea. Sufanne, who had notice of his approach, glided away. He ſat down near his wife, and took her other hand, uttering her name in a low voice,

voice, " Laura! my own Laura!" The long frozen chords of her heart vibrated to theſe well known ſounds. Mrs. Glenmorris ſtarted up, gazed wildly on him a moment, and fell ſenſeleſs into his arms.

Delmont, Armitage, and Medora, who dreaded ſome fatal event from this ſudden meeting, were ſoon on the ſpot, and while Armitage aſſiſted the half frantic Glenmorris to carry his dying Laura to her bed in the poor cottage where ſhe had inſiſted on continuing, Medora, with the trueſt courage and feeling, refrained from expreſſing the deſpair which was in her heart, and thought only of being uſeful to her mother, and of conſoling her father. The violent revulſion which the ſudden appearance of her huſband had occaſioned was however uſeful to the long ſuffering patient; her ſenſes with her recollection ſlowly returned; for many days ſhe ſpoke but little, but liſtened with intelligent eyes to the long explanation that was given her by degrees, and as ſhe was

able

able to bear it, of the cauſe of Medora's abſence, and the heroic exertions by which ſhe had paſſed ſafely through ſo many perils. Mrs. Glenmorris, on whom the moſt invidious and cruel arts had been uſed to perſuade her that Medora had forſaken her, and who had ſuffered her mind, enfeebled by misfortune and cruſhed by pecuniary diſtreſs, to dwell on the imaginary miſeries thus preſented to her, now ſunk again under deſpondence and ſelf-reproach for having a moment yielded to ſuſpicions ſo unjuſt, and which ſuch a daughter could ſo little deſerve; but to what ſtrange changes is not the human mind liable, ſhook as her's was by perſonal ſufferings, with every thing to irritate and perplex her, without a friend to ſoothe her ſorrow, and appearing to herſelf to be abandoned by all the world. One of the objects who had conſtituted the happineſs of her life, ſhe believed torn from her, while the other, her huſband and her protector, was far away, and to him ſhe was denied the alleviation

of

of communication; it ſeemed indeed probable ſhe might never ſee him more!

It was ſome days before the extreme weakneſs to which Mrs. Glenmorris was reduced made it ſafe to remove her to Upwood, where Louiſa waited to receive them. Her thoughts often wandered, and often partial relapſes alarmed the watchful anxious group around her. When their indefatigable tenderneſs, with time and tranquillity, had in ſome degree reſtored her, the firſt wiſh ſhe expreſſed was for the marriage of Delmont and Medora, the ſecond, that they might go to America. "Oh let us not, my dear friend," ſaid ſhe to Glenmorris, "let us not ſtay in a country to which we have both returned only to ſuffer; where we know and have experienced that the poor may, in ſome caſes at leaſt, be perſecuted and oppreſſed with impunity; and where Lady Mary may ſtill think it too much to allow me to breath the ſame air with her. Do not let us attempt any more to recover that fortune which we *will*

not want. Already have we been ſeverely puniſhed for the attempt. Ah! think how many years of comparative felicity we paſſed before that unfortunate project was ſuggeſted to us. I fear, I know not why, that the calm and contented ſtate we then enjoyed, we ſhall never recover. Oh! no! I feel that my mind is hurt, my temper embittered; and here I ſhall be haunted by the images of lawyers, the dread of perſecution; and ſuch women as Mrs. Grinſted and Mrs. Crewkherne will ſeem for ever to purſue me; while I ſtay in England I am ſure I ſhall be incapable of happineſs." Glenmorris, though he did not quite aſſent to her reaſons, forbore at that time to contradict her; his whole ſtudy was to reſtore her mind to that firmneſs and cheerfulneſs which alone were wanting to the happineſs of Delmont and Medora, who were united as ſoon as the mother they equally loved had regained at leaſt apparent ſerenity. Very unwilling indeed were both Glenmorris and Del-

mont to pollute the firſt months of their happineſs with the hoſtile purſuit of thoſe miſcreants who had occaſioned to them ſo much calamity; but Glenmorris conceived it due to public juſtice to expoſe men, who (by abuſe of law) poſſeſſing the power, had the diſpoſition to perpetrate ſo much evil, and in the event Loadſworth and Brownjohn were puniſhed, the former with the loſs of his little remaining buſineſs, and by accumulated contempt, the latter by being ſtruck off the roll for *frauds*, in which Glenmorris detected him. Darnell, frightened at what he had done, exchanged his commiſſion for one in a corps going to the Cape, and eſcaped the chaſtiſement that Glenmorris and Delmont meditated—Much of all the tranſactions in which Lady Mary was concerned was ſuffered to ſink into oblivion on account of her age, and her being the mother of Mrs. Glenmorris, however unnaturally ſhe had renounced that character, and above all, in conſideration of the admi-

rable Miſs Cardonnel, who, though ſhe had really preferred Delmont to any man ſhe ever ſaw, commanded herſelf ſo much as to promote, by her generous conduct, his marriage with her couſin, having entered voluntarily into ſuch an engagement as, being under age, ſhe could give, to reſtore to Mrs. George Delmont all that ſhare of her grandfather's fortune, which, on her attaining her majority, any two men of honour would ſay ſhe was entitled to. Lady Mary ſoon quite ſunk into ſecond childhood, and Miſs Cardonnel was at liberty to cultivate the acquaintance of her only relations, the family of Glenmorris, where ſhe beheld with concern, which only ſo good an heart could feel, the ravage which ſome months of mental ſuffering had made on the ſtill fine form and face of her aunt. While ſhe was at Upwood for a few days, ſhe was firſt ſeen by the elder Delmont, whoſe wiſhes being at length accompliſhed by the death of both his infant relations, he came down in triumph to

Belton

Belton Tower as Earl of Caſtledanes. He was already heartily tired of his wife, and imagining he might have done ſo much better, repented of his precipitancy; he ſaw united in Miſs Cardonnel a fortune thrice as large as that he had obtained, with the various advantages of beauty, ſweetneſs, and underſtanding, in no common degree; he perſuaded himſelf that he might have married her, and his impatience at the yoke he had ſo haſtily put on empoiſoned the delight of his newly acquired title and fortune, while Lady Caſtledanes, though by no means indifferent to her elevation, ſecretly envied the humble but more fortunate lot of Medora.

George Delmont, who did not recover even the money of which Sir Appulby Gorges had got poſſeſſion without a law ſuit, and who, even when Lord Caſtledanes had paid him, was very far from being rich, was nevertheleſs a much happier man than Adolphus, though the latter was now in poſſeſſion of what he uſed to believe the

ſummit of his wiſhes. If George had any wiſh left, it was to reconcile Mr. and Mrs. Glenmorris to England, and to engage them to fix their reſidence at Upwood. Armitage too, whoſe pleaſures were ſolely dependent on literary gratifications, and in witneſſing the happineſs of his friends, endeavoured to perſuade Glenmorris to continue in his native iſland. He was contented to yield to their ſolicitations for ſome time, but never relinquiſhed his intention of returning to America. "If I have thoſe I love with me," ſaid he, "is not every part of the globe equally my country? And has not this, which you are pleaſed to call my native land, thrown me from her boſom when I *might* have ſerved her? Did ſhe leave me any choice between impriſonment and flight? Now, averſe from the means by which political power and influence can be obtained, and without a fortune to live but in continual pecuniary difficulties, why ſhould I aſk an aſylum of this haughty

haughty mother country for my declining days? *If ſuch things were done in the green leaf what ſhall be done in the dry?*"

"Have a care my good friend," ſaid Armitage, when he was once talking in this manner, "Have a care, leſt you yield in all this to a falſe pride, to a pride utterly unworthy of a mind like your's. You feel yourſelf out of your place in England, becauſe you have not power, or great affluence (which in fact is power); but is not that a ſenſation a little bordering on the ſentiment,

"Better to reign in hell than ſerve in heaven."

"No," replied Glenmorris, "I have no deſire to reign any where; but I do not love to be in a country where I am made to pay very dear for advantages which exiſt not but in idea. I do not love to live where I ſee a frightful contraſt between luxury and wretchedneſs; where I muſt daily witneſs injuſtice I cannot repreſs, and miſery I cannot relieve. In America, you ſay, I muſt abandon ſo-

ciety, and ſtarve my underſtanding. I deny it, however. The great book of nature is open before me, and poor muſt be his taſte who cannot find in it a more noble ſtudy than that of ſophiſticated minds, which we call ſociety here, where at every ſtep we take ſomething appears to ſhock or diſguſt us; where all greatneſs of character ſeems loſt; and where, if we deſire to ſtudy human nature unadulterated by *inhuman* prejudices, we act nearly as the painter would do, who ſhould turn from the ſtudy of the exquiſitely ſimple Grecian ſtatue to debauch his eyes with the ſpectacle of court figures in hoops and perriwigs. In this country, my dear Armitage, as you know very well, we do not value, '*le vrai beau*,' which, being tranſlated, ſeems to me to mean, '*the great ſimple*;' no, we appreciate moral excellence by ſucceſs, by fortune, which gives faſhion, and imputes perfection (a temporary one indeed, but which ſtill anſwers all their purpoſes) to the mere puppets of a ſeaſon. I will not talk

talk to you about politics, becauſe you are among the moderates and quietiſts; you endure all things, you hope all things, you believe all things. Now I, who do not love enduring much, who have little to hope, and . . . ."

"And who believe nothing," interrupted Armitage.

"Oh! pardon me," rejoined Glenmorris, "I believe a vaſt deal; but we will not talk of that; not that we ſhould differ in the great principles of our actions, and all the reſt is mere verbal wrangling, a difference in terms rather than things. While you can be tolerably happy yourſelf, my dear friend, in this country, or believe that you can do good to its people, it is very fit you ſhould ſtay; for me who, ſooth to ſay, am not happy in it myſelf, and deſpair of being of any uſe in promoting, beyond a very narrow circle indeed, the happineſs of others, the neceſſity of my remaining is by no means ſo evident. You agree with me, that true philanthropy does

does not conſiſt in loving John, and Thomas, and George, and James, becauſe they are our brothers, our couſins, our neighbours, our countrymen, but in benevolence to the whole human race; if that be true, let me aſk you whether I can be thoroughly contented here, where I ſee that the miſeries inflicted by the ſocial compact greatly exceed the happineſs derived from it; where I obſerve an artificial poliſh, glaring but fallacious on one ſide, and on the other real and bitter wretchedneſs; where for a great part of the year my ears are every week ſhocked by the cries of hawkers, informing who has been dragged to execution; and where, to come directly home, it is at the mercy of any raſcal, to whom I have given an opportunity of cheating me of ten pounds, to ſwear a debt againſt me, and carry me to the abodes of horror, where the malefactor groans in irons, the debtor languiſhes in deſpair. Is or is not this picture true? and if it be, can I love to live in ſuch a country

country only becauſe I drew my firſt breath in a remote corner of it? No, dear Armitage, if Delmont will not fail me, if he will let me for a little while at leaſt have my Medora in my adopted country, if, notwithſtanding his advantages here, he has, as I believe, manlineſs enough to ſay,

> All countries that the eye of heaven viſits,
> Are to a wiſe man homes and happy havens,

we will once more croſs the Atlantic, and I will try to teach him, that wherever a thinking man enjoys the moſt uninterrupted domeſtic felicity, and ſees his ſpecies the moſt content, *that* is his country."

Mrs. Glenmorris, whoſe mind long ſuffered from the ſhock ſhe had ſuſtained, and who could not hear ſome names without trembling, was equally anxious to quit England, and Delmont, who had nothing but his local attachment to Upwood as a balance againſt his deſire to gratify the parents of his wife, heſitated not

not a moment to determine to do as Glenmorris desired. Indeed the pleasure with which from a boy he had cherished that favourite spot of earth was considerably embittered now, by the residence of his brother so near it. The character of Lord Castledanes had acquired room to display itself, and it became every day more essentially different from that of Delmont. The house was altogether unlike what it once was; Lady Castledanes tried to make herself amends, by the splendor and profusion of her establishment, for the want of real happiness, and unwilling to acknowledge to herself that she failed, affected a sort of haughty gaiety, which made her utterly disagreeable to Mrs. Glenmorris and Medora, the former of whom was compelled entirely to decline parties which were too fatiguing to her in her present state of health. Glenmorris could never command his satyrical vein enough to mix with them, and Delmont persisted now, as he had done formerly, in keeping

his

his perſonal freedom inviolate, and not being compelled to ſacrifice half his time to this man, becauſe he was his relation, to another, becauſe he was rich or powerful, and to a third, becauſe he was reckoned a wit—Still his neighbourhood to, and near connection with, ſuch a family as that which inhabited Belton Tower rendered his own houſe leſs pleaſant to him, and his immediate ſtudy was, to make ſuch regulations as ſhould render his ceaſing to reſide on his eſtate as little injurious as poſſible to thoſe who looked up to him for the comforts of their humble ſituation; but Louiſa was at this time addreſſed by, and ſoon after married to, a Mr. Sydenham, a man who appeared to her brother as unexceptionable as he could deſire for a beloved ſiſter. It was agreed they ſhould tenant Upwood, and Delmont had no longer any apprehenſion that his poor neighbours, and more immediate dependants, would be greatly injured by his temporary abſence.

Mrs.

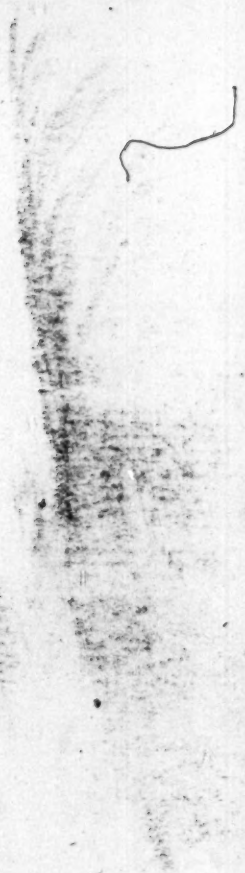
Mrs. Crewkherne, though it could not be ſaid that *concealed* malevolence, *like a worm in the bud, preyed on her ſallow cheek* (for ſhe failed not to continue her maledictions againſt her younger nephew and his connections) yet did not long ſurvive his marriage; ſhe died in charity with nobody; and if Mr. Bethune and Caroline had not taken conſiderable pains to prevent it, would have altered her will, and have left the bulk of her fortune to the brethren, having been much diſpleaſed with her favourite niece in as much as ſhe would not renounce her brother George. With Lord Caſtledanes ſhe was alſo at variance, and he ſcorned to take the leaſt pains to conciliate her. Yet, however diſſatisfied with this world, the old lady was extremely unwilling to go to another, which, with thoſe who had heard her aſpirations, and ſeen with whom ſhe was ſurrounded, did no great credit to their enthuſiaſtic profeſſions.

Miſs

Miſs Richmond, on the return of her brother from abroad, prevailed on her father to conſent to her marriage with a man to whom ſhe had long been attached. After their marriage, Miſs Cardonnel paſſed great part of her time with them, where ſhe was addreſſed by a great number of lovers, all of whom however ſhe declined without aſſigning the true reaſon, which was, that ſhe wiſhed to remain unmarried till ſhe became of age, when ſhe was determined on a juſt and amicable diviſion of the diſputed part of her inheritance with Medora, now Mrs. Delmont.

That lovely and beloved young woman, with no other alloy to her happineſs than what was created by fears for her mother's health, was the delight of all who knew her, as well in America as in England. In the performance of every duty that could render her dear to her family, and in the poſſeſſion of every accompliſhment that ſweetens and adorns

ſociety,

ſociety, ſhe ſeemed to have been created as a counterpart to the generous and almoſt faultleſs character, while ſhe conſtituted the almoſt perfect felicity, of THE YOUNG PHILOSOPHER.

THE END.